

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE

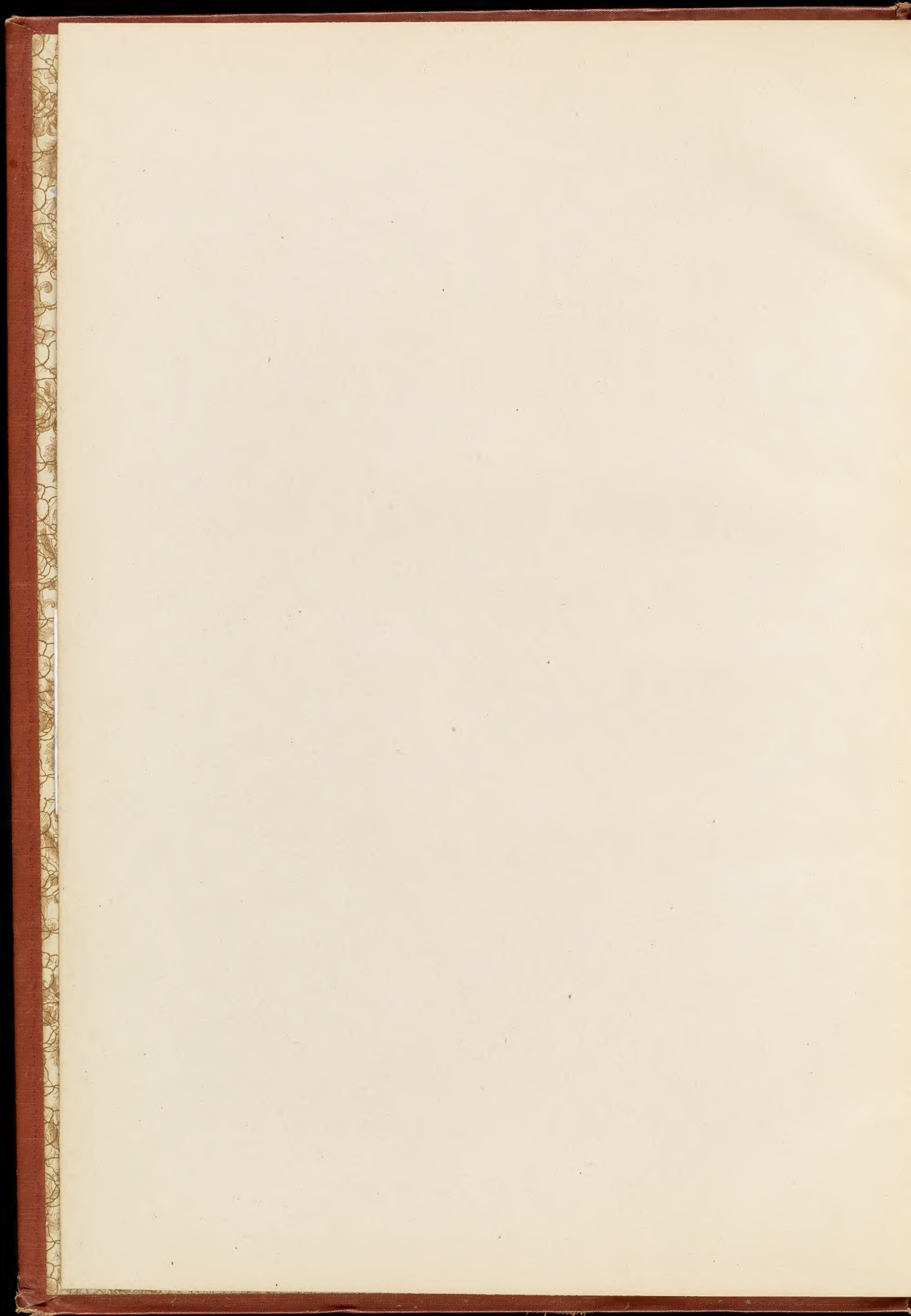
AS SEEN WITH
CAMERA AND PENCIL

WITH OVER
1200 PHOTOGRAPHS













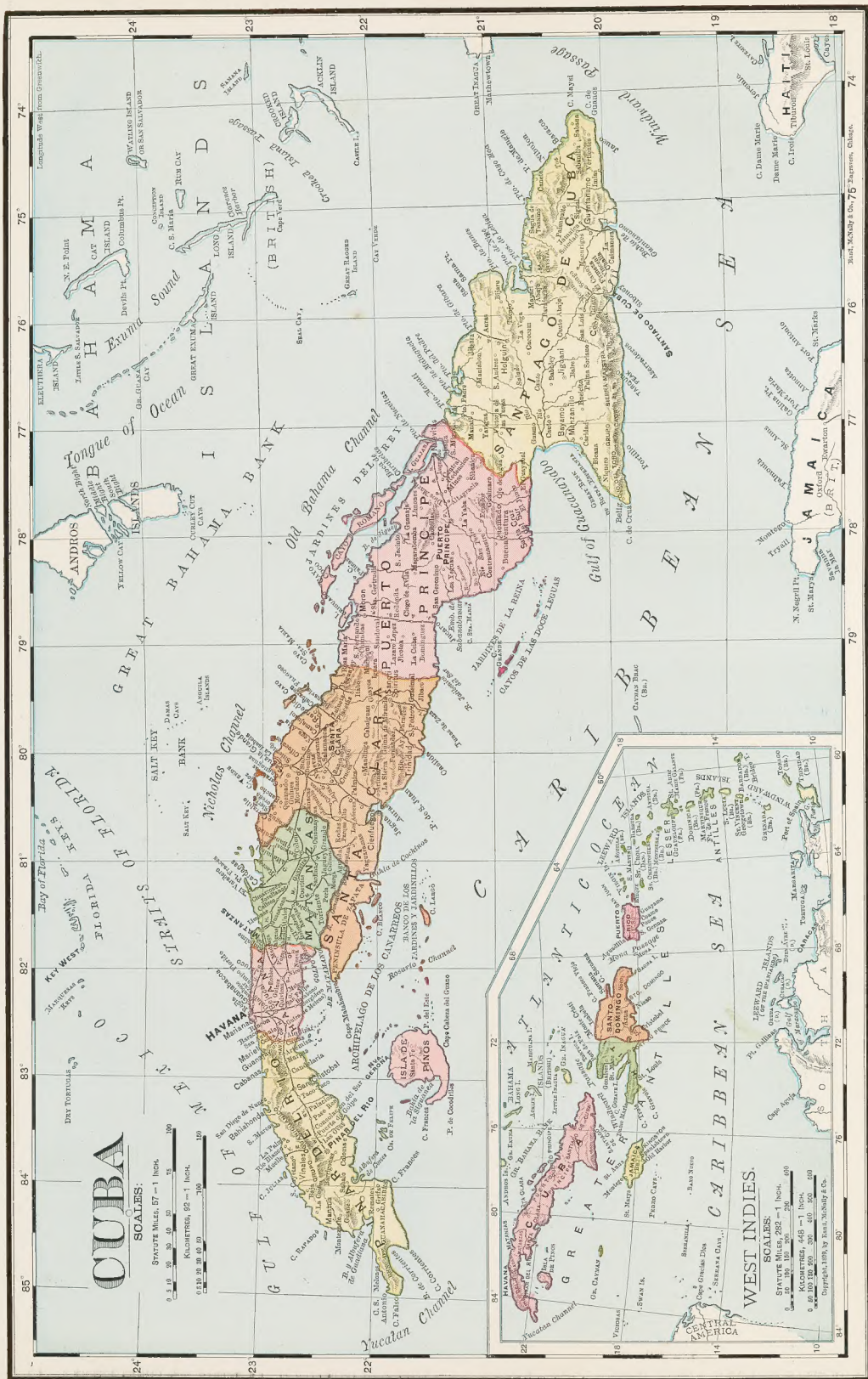
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OUR ISLANDS

AND

THEIR PEOPLE

AS SEEN WITH

Camera and Pencil

INTRODUCED BY

MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

UNITED STATES ARMY

WITH SPECIAL DESCRIPTIVE MATTER AND NARRATIVES BY

JOSE DE OLIVARES

THE NOTED AUTHOR AND WAR CORRESPONDENT

Author of "The Trocha Telegraph," "The Curse of Lopez," "The Last of the Anguilles," and other West Indian stories.

EMBRACING PERFECT PHOTOGRAPHIC AND DESCRIPTIVE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE PEOPLE AND THE ISLANDS LATELY ACQUIRED FROM SPAIN, INCLUDING HAWAII AND THE PHILIPPINES; ALSO THEIR MATERIAL RESOURCES AND PRODUCTIONS, HOMES OF THE PEOPLE, THEIR CUSTOMS AND GENERAL APPEARANCE, WITH MANY HUNDRED VIEWS OF LANDSCAPES, RIVERS, VALLEYS, HILLS AND MOUNTAINS, SO COMPLETE AS TO PRACTICALLY TRANSFER THE ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE TO THE PICTURED PAGE.

WITH A SPECIAL CONSIDERATION OF THE CONDITIONS THAT PREVAILED BEFORE THE DECLARATION OF WAR, BY SENATORS PROCTOR, THURSTON, MONEY, AND NUMEROUS PROMINENT WRITERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, AND A COMPARISON WITH CONDITIONS AS THEY NOW EXIST.

EDITED AND ARRANGED BY

WILLIAM S. BRYAN

Author of "Footprints of the World's History," "Heroes and Heroines of America," "America's War for Humanity," etc., etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

WALTER B. TOWNSEND

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MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

UR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE are the subjects of interest and of the most thoughtful inquiry on the part of every patriotic and public spirited American. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Isle of Pines; the Hawaiian group, the Philippine Islands—embracing territory large enough for an Empire—what of their topography, geography, their agricultural, mineral and other resources? What of their improvements and what of their people? What of their cities, towns, villages and country homes? In dress and appearance, in their every-day life and occupation, what is known of them?

We have sought herein to satisfy all these inquiries, and in a manner at once practical, artistic, comprehensive and exhaustive. To this end noted artists, especially qualified and skilled in outdoor photography, were employed to traverse these Islands, under contract to photograph everything therein, with a view to literally transferring our Islands and their People to the printed page. In connection therewith an author of broad intelligence, erudite scholarship, learned in Spanish literature, history and language, of great traveled experience and observation in the Islands, gives the necessary description and statistical facts. Thus, to a wonderful object-presentation by the camera, is given in concise language the facts and figures to satisfy every inquiry. Elaborate and up-to-date maps add to the strength and interest of the work. We give, therefore, the geographical location of every historic event and place—the topography of the country, by actual photograph, its improvements and its people, as they are seen and exist to-day.

The work combines high art with descriptive and statistical fact of the greatest practical value, to an extent, it is believed, never before undertaken. It is done with the belief that it will meet with the hearty appreciation of every intelligent American who would acquaint himself with our Islands and their people—and with the wonderful producing possibilities of those possessions. Thus believing, it is submitted with pride and pleasure, as well as confidence, by

THE PUBLISHERS.



PLAZA AND COLUMBUS MONUMENT, CARDENAS, CUBA.

This monument was erected in 1892, by order of Isabella II, of Spain, and presented to the City of Cardenas. It is one of the many costly works of art that Spain has left in the Islands as a compensation for her misrule and extortion. The stately date palms on either side form an appropriate frame for a strikingly beautiful picture.

INTRODUCTION.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

WHILE it is not the purpose of this book to treat especially of the late war with Spain, a brief *resumé* of the leading events of that memorable contest will not be out of place.

The war of 1898 was probably more essentially a war of the people than any other conflict of arms in which this country has been engaged. The long continued series of atrocities practiced by Spanish officials in Cuba exhausted the patience and aroused the humane sentiments of American citizens to such a degree as to compel positive action upon the part of the government. The destruction of the "Maine" in the harbor of Havana intensified the feeling of indignation throughout the United States; and this terrible catastrophe, though not the cause of the outbreak of hostilities, certainly hastened the action of Congress in its declaration of war against Spain.

When war was first contemplated the most serious apprehensions prevailed. The navy of Spain, as reported in her official documents, was more formidable than ours; her naval forces numbered two to our one, and her ships as described on paper were quite as powerful and, as some contended, even stronger than those of the American navy. Our coastwise trade became paralyzed, and the cities of New Orleans, Galveston, Mobile, Savannah and Charleston were gorged with merchandise awaiting vessels upon which it could be transported to other ports. All our Atlantic cities felt more or less apprehension, and prompt and effectual measures were taken for their defense. Many persons who had arranged to spend their summer in Europe declined to incur the risk of capture on the high seas and remained at home. Many of the handsome residences along the Jersey coast were without tenants owing to the general and very natural fear that Spanish cruisers, approaching the Atlantic coast, might easily effect their destruction.

Dewey's magnificent victory of May 1st, resulting in the capture or destruction of Admiral Montojo's entire squadron, contributed to allay these apprehensions. Yet, when the American army left Tampa for Santiago, it was considered necessary that the transports bearing the soldiers should be convoyed by a number of our strongest ships of war; and it was not until the destruction of Cervera's fleet in front of Santiago and the capture of that place by the Americans that our people realized the helplessness of the Spanish army.



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MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

From a photograph taken only a short time before his departure for the Philippine Islands.

The success of our arms far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. Prior to July 1st, no one would have regarded it possible for the purposes of the war to be accomplished in less than one or two years of hard fighting. The expedition to Santiago was considered a mere beginning of the task confronting our government. Success in that quarter was to be followed by a descent upon Havana, where it was supposed the great struggle would take place. It was known that the Spanish army in Cuba exceeded in number two hundred thousand men, and it seemed unreasonable to expect that they would give up the struggle before their military power was exhausted.

That this was the view taken by the administration is evidenced by the magnitude of the preparations for the conflict. Our army was increased from twenty-five thousand to two hundred and twenty-five thousand men. This large force was promptly assembled, armed and equipped, and prepared for active service. Ships for war purposes were purchased wherever it was possible to find them; pleasure yachts were secured and converted into



AMERICAN SOLDIERS RESTING IN A CUBAN VILLAGE.

Throughout the Islands, wherever our soldiers went, they were received by the native population as friends and deliverers. Many Cuban boys, who had been rendered homeless by Spanish cruelty, fraternized with our men and made themselves as much a part of the "outfit" as if they were enlisted for the war.

fast cruisers; and warlike preparations of all kinds were in progress when, to the surprise of the world, just after the fall of Santiago, Spain made overtures for peace.

The army of Santiago, numbering 16,887 officers and men, under the command of Major-General Shafter, sailed from Tampa June 14th, followed a few days later by reinforcements to the number of several thousand. After a quiet and uneventful voyage the transports reached the vicinity of Santiago on the 20th, and with the assistance of the navy commenced disembarking on the morning of the 22d. General Lawton's division was the first to land, but a portion of the cavalry division, 964 strong, consisting of two squadrons of the First Volunteers, or "Rough Riders," and one squadron each of the First and Tenth Regular Cavalry—all dismounted—were on shore by the evening of the 23d, and passed Gen. Lawton's troops at Siboney on the morning of the 24th, in pursuit of a body of Spaniards who had left there on the approach of the



CUBAN INSURGENTS IN CAMP.
Showing a portion of General Garcia's command in camp near Santiago.



TYPE OF SPANISH BLOCKHOUSE

Blockhouses similar to this were established by the Spaniards at all important points in the island, and at definite intervals along the "trochas." They were frequently surrounded at convenient intervals with a network of barbed wire, rendering them exceedingly difficult of approach.

Americans and taken up a position about three or four miles further on at a place known as La Guasimas.

The location of the Spaniards was accurately known by the Americans and the attack was deliberately planned. The cavalry division advanced by two parallel roads or trails about a mile apart; the right hand column consisted of the regular cavalry under the immediate command of the brigade commander, Gen. Young, accompanied by the division commander and supported by two Hotchkiss guns; the left hand column comprised the First Volunteers under the command of Col. Leonard Wood.

The enemy were discovered shortly after 7 o'clock A. M., and after a warm fight which gave them a good idea of the superb qualities of the American soldier, the Spaniards retreated hastily towards Santiago, leaving us in possession of a beautiful and well-watered camping ground in full view of Santiago and the surrounding country. The remainder of the first week on shore

was spent in locating our troops as they advanced from their landing places, and in reconnoitering in our front to discover the location and strength of the defenses of the city.

July 1st ushered in the battle of Santiago, which really consisted of two distinct battles, El Caney and San Juan, succeeded by a long siege of the fortified city. The reduction of El Caney, an important outpost northeast of Santiago, was entrusted to General Lawton's division, assisted by General Bates' brigade and a small Cuban force, in all about 7,000 men; while the cavalry and Kent's division of infantry advanced against San Juan, an elevation nearer to and directly east of the city. It was expected that Lawton would take El Caney in one or two hours, and he was then to advance and join Kent and Wheeler in the attack on the main position; but the resistance encountered at El Caney was much stronger and more obstinate than had been anticipated, and the battle raged there for the greater part of the day until the afternoon, when after a most gallant assault the stone fort and blockhouse were taken and the town was in the hands of the victorious Lawton.

Meanwhile the cavalry and Kent's division, while crossing the San Juan River and deploying on the other side, found themselves under a galling fire, in consequence of the perfect range of the road acquired by the Spaniards at San Juan, and an immediate advance was necessary. This was made with superb gallantry by both divisions, and before night Fort San Juan and the ridge in front of the city were in our possession. Our strength was terribly depleted by exhaustion, by the casualties of the day, and by the absence of men detailed to care for their dead and wounded comrades; but in spite of our inferiority in numbers, the position so gallantly won was hastily entrenched and securely held against the attacks of the enemy until the arrival of Bates



THE DESOLATE HOME

Scenes like this exist everywhere in Cuba, grim relics of the dark era of Spanish misrule.

and Lawton early next morning, and of other reinforcements later on, rendered it impregnable. Fighting continued all day during July 2nd, but with few casualties, both sides being well protected by their entrenchments.

On July 3rd, the destruction of Cervera's fleet by our matchless navy aroused the confidence of the besiegers, and in a corresponding degree depressed the spirits of the besieged. July 6th, the gallant Hobson and his men were exchanged for Spanish prisoners captured by the army on the 1st. The siege of the city continued with fighting at intervals, notably on the 10th and 11th, when a simultaneous attack was made by the army and navy.

Then followed the negotiations for the surrender of the city. The commissioners appointed to conduct these negotiations were General Wheeler, General Lawton and Lieutenant Miley on the part of the United States, and General Escario, Colonel Frontan and Mr. Robert

Spain, and millions of human beings were transferred from a narrow monarchical system of government to a republic founded on the broadest principles of civil and religious liberty. The result of our contest with Spain has brought us added responsibilities, broader hopes and loftier aspirations.

The object of this book, therefore, is to present as perfect and complete a view of the late Spanish Islands and their people as the tourist, traveler or pleasure seeker could obtain by visiting them in person. It is contemplated, in practical effect, by the use of photography and simple description, to transfer the islands and their people to the printed page, for the information and pleasure of the American people. It is a pleasing combination of high art with descriptive and statistical fact, and an exhaustiveness in detail that will easily familiarize every reader with this interesting subject. All cannot go to Cuba, the Isle of Pines, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, but in the ample and generous



SCENE OF THE BATTLE AT LA GUASIMAS.

This photograph represents the present appearance at the junction of the roads where the hottest part of the fighting occurred. The grave of Hamilton Fish, killed at this point, is a short distance to the left. Our artist and his companions found the land crabs so numerous at this place that they could scarcely walk without stepping on them. They varied in size from two inches to two feet in length and exhibited all the changing colors of the rainbow.

Mason on the part of Spain. The conferences, which were held beneath the famous ceiba tree, between the lines, occupied the greater part of three days and closed on the 16th of July. On the 17th General Toral formally surrendered to General Shafter his army, about twenty-four thousand strong, the city and division of Santiago, and all the munitions of war contained therein. The Spanish flag which had floated over the old city for nearly four centuries was furled forever, and the Stars and Stripes were triumphantly raised above her ancient battlements. Soon after the fall of that city, the Spanish government made overtures for a settlement, and the signing of the Peace Protocol put an end to the short but brilliant campaign in Porto Rico.

The Spanish-American war, though comparatively insignificant in point of duration and in the importance of its engagements, was fraught with momentous consequences which can hardly be overestimated. At one blow vast colonial possessions were stricken from the grasp of

pages of this book these islands and their people are brought to the fireside of every American home. With pencil and camera, the enterprising writers and photographers ventured into the remotest recesses of these picturesquely beautiful and marvellously interesting regions, bringing back for our pleasure, amusement and instruction the most vivid descriptions of life and conditions pertaining thereto, supplemented by the impress of nature as it was painted with unerring accuracy on the sensitized plate. In the exquisite photographs of actual scenes embodied in this work there is no room for the inaccuracies of chance or the uncertain fancies of the artist's imagination. The camera cannot be otherwise than candid and truthful. It paints the scenery—the mountains, the hills, the valleys, the placid brooks and plunging waterfalls—the people, their homes and domestic surroundings, their daily life and occupations, their peculiarities of appearance and costume, and all those varying and novel features that compose the sum of

human interest as it exists at the present time. It is real life transferred to the printed page. The most distinguished artist may draw a portrait, or paint a mountain, or sketch some famous building or locality, and while we enjoy the beauty of his creation and admire the scope of his genius, we insensibly feel that there is an absence of some essential characteristic, of that life-like resemblance which is necessary to the completeness of our enjoyment. A battle of the Crusades by Doré, or a painting of the Ascension by Raphael, will enchain the eye by its grandeur or charm the senses by its divine beauty, and yet it affords but an indistinct idea of the realities of history and the truth of the gospel. But when we view these photographs, painted by the unerring sunlight and transferred by the same process to



SPANISH EARTHWORKS AND WIRE TRENCH.
Showing the general character of fortifications that our soldiers stormed and captured at Santiago.



INSURGENT OFFICERS
Representing types of principal officers, under General Gue's flag during the operations before Santiago.

the perfectly printed page, we know and feel that we are looking into the soul of nature and that we can see the actual counterpart of the objects portrayed. They also afford us a perfect view of the topography of the country, its vast resources for production, the character and extent of improvements, the general form and outline of the landscape, the style and surroundings of country homes, the villages, their streets, dwellings and business houses, and everything connected with the present appearance and future possibilities of the islands and their people.

The reader will be taken on a series of systematic tours through every part of the new possessions; he will become the daily companion and intimate associate of the genial artist and the talented writer; with them he will view the hazy outlines of the azure mountains and gaze with delight upon the fertile valleys, covered with the verdure of the tropics and beautified by the stately grandeur of the palmetto and cocoanut trees; he will become a guest of the generous hearted and hospitable natives, entering into their humble

homes or resting himself beneath the colonnaded verandas of their stately mansions; he will observe their varied industries, endowed by the blessings of peace with renewed life and hope, rising out of the wreck and ruin of war, and will listen enraptured to stories of heroic patriotism that form so splendid a setting to their romantic history.

In the distant Philippines and the ocean-clustered gems of Hawaii he will observe strange peoples and wonderful scenery. All these are subjects of peculiar interest to every citizen of the United States. During Spain's jealous domination of the islands they were so carefully guarded as to be practically unknown to the rest of the world. Their splendor and beauty were concealed behind



PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES.
This photograph represents a scene that can now be duplicated in all the cultivated portions of Cuba, and is an indication of the marvelous era of prosperity that the island and its people are entering upon.

closed doors. Their scenery, their resources and their people were but little more familiar to the other nations than the gloomy recesses and strange inhabitants of Central Africa. In the Philippines especially we find a number of tribes whose customs are even more remarkable than those of any of the races encountered by Livingstone and Stanley. In this respect the book will be a veritable revelation of Wonderland.

The historical element has not been neglected. While the work does not embrace a consecutive history of the Spanish war, it will include descriptions of every battle and incident connected therewith, ac-

ple have proven themselves equal to the occasion. The indomitable courage and endurance which have never failed will strengthen us to grapple with the mighty possibilities of the future. The spirit of liberty and the love of justice and fair dealing constitute the dominant characteristic of the race. It was this spirit that led us into the war with Spain—the war for humanity—and the same spirit will guide us in our dealings with the tribes and peoples whose liberty has come to them as one of the results of the late contest.

Be it ours to lift them from the low estate of unwilling subjects to the high plane of independent citizenship, to extend to them the



SURRENDER TREE

The photograph represents the tree as it is at the present time, surrounded, by order of General Wood, with a triple wire fence or trecha, as a protection against relic hunters, whose depredations are visible on the roots and lower portions of the trunk. Surrender Tree is located about four miles out from Santiago, on the estate of Señor Morret, a wealthy cattle raiser, who lives at Ponce, Puerto Rico. The bodies of a number of American soldiers, buried under and near this tree, were removed to the United States after the close of the war.

companying photographs of the places where the events occurred. The scenes of the famous battles fought by our own soldiers, as well as the localities watered by the blood of the Cuban patriots will be reproduced and set before the reader in all the naturalness and perfection of their present surroundings.

In all the great events that have occurred and in every crisis that has arisen in the history of our country, the American peo-

knowledge of our beneficent institutions, and to help them onward and upward to the realization of the loftiest ideals of perfection in human government and the universal happiness of mankind.

For Whelan



SPANISH CAVALRY ON SCOUTING DUTY



MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA.

This photograph was taken from the shore close to the walls of the Castle and is admittedly the finest view of the famous fortress in existence. The Light-house and Signal Tower appear to great advantage; also the general outline of the Castle, with its massive walls and foundations.

HAVANA.

THE KEY OF THE NEW POSSESSIONS.

BY JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter I.

WHEN Don Diego Velasquez wrote the legend "Llave del Nuevo Mundo" upon the escutcheon of Havana, the philosophers, navigators and commercial magnates of his day united with one accord in making of the city all that its motto proclaimed it to be, namely, the "Key of the New World." That was nearly four centuries ago, and for at least half the ensuing period the historical city remained the leading maritime rendezvous of the Occident and principal port of entry to the coast waters of the neighboring continents. But with the subsequent founding and development of the New England Colonies the prestige of the great southern seaport began to wane, until of recent years comparatively little has remained indicative of the city's former ascendancy, save the ancient inscription on its provincial coat of arms. And yet, however inadaptably the maxim may be as now constructed, it has occurred to me that the substituting of the Spanish word *possessiones* for its present concluding term, might thoroughly dispel its existing irrelevancy. As thus modified the axiom would proclaim Havana the "key of the new possessions." That Cuba's capital may justly be accredited with this distinction is obvious, alike, because of its readiness of access, and of the existence within its walls, in one guise or another, of every condition—social, moral, sanitary and commercial—peculiar to the entire category of islands recently brought under the jurisdiction of the United States Government.

It was hard to realize, after a previous three days voyage from Tampa to Santiago de Cuba, that the journey from the same point of departure to the city of Havana was but a question of hours. A night of tranquil dreaming under starlit skies as the steamer sped southward along the Florida coast, the vague outlines of Key West receding with the purple mists of dawn, a brief *siesta* in the cool shade of the quarter-deck awnings, and the long, verdant shoreline of Cuba loomed over the horizon ahead. As we gradually drew nearer, there appeared in the otherwise unbroken strand, a narrow indenture, flanked on the west by a low-lying stretch of country and on the east by a sheer headland, at the brink of which stood a tall sentinel-like structure of stuccoed sandstone. It was the signal tower of Morro Castle, guarding the entrance to Havana harbor. The approach to the inlet is characterized by a prospect of singular beauty. When within a few hundred yards of the shore the deep blue of the sea abruptly changes to a pale green hue, caused by the shallowness of the water over the white reefs beneath. As far as the eye can reach this grotesque margin extends, and the stately cocoanut palms in the background fling their shadows upon its opaline surface and across the coral strewn beach between. Upon entering and passing along the channel for a distance of a mile the spacious quadrangular harbor of Havana spread before us. On the north shore towered the frowning battlements of Morro Castle, the outworks of which were merged in the grim white fortifications

of Cabañas fortress, whose embrasured walls fairly bristled with the muzzles of fifty monster cannon; on the east lay the shipping district of Regla, with its congress of merchant vessels from every section of the globe, taking on their cargoes of sugar, tobacco and coffee, the principal products of the surrounding country, from the great ware-

shore, vessels of various descriptions were being piloted to anchorage or out to sea, while a multitude of small craft, principally of the felucca type, propelled by immense lateen sails of various colorings, flitted hither and thither in pursuit of local traffic.

Having engaged one of the latter, a number of which had immediately swarmed about our gangway, I had my photographing outfit and camp equipage safely deposited therein by the attendant *barqueros*, after which I left the ship and was speedily landed at a canopied stairway of stone, such as at intervals descend below the lowest tide mark from the top of the environing seawall.

The general water front of Havana forms a pleasing contrast to that of the average seaport city. Along the inner side of its winding quay extends a wide, well kept street on which front some of the finest business houses of the city. The building material most extensively used is a concrete substance composed principally of amalgamated sea shell and alumina. This in its natural state is of a glaring white color, but the outer surfaces of the buildings into which it is resolved are usually covered over with plaster or stucco, which is kalsomined in various tints, the prevalent shades being salmon pink, sky blue, light drab and ochre. There is something in the utter artlessness of this promiscuous in-termin- gling of color that



WRECK OF THE "MAINE"

This photograph was obtained during a visit of some of the officers and men of the Sixth Missouri Regiment, U. S. V., after the occupation of Cuba by the American troops.

houses along the water front; to the southward the magazines and arsenals of San Felipe and San Antonio; on the west the long stretch of sea wall, with the historical fort of La Puente at its northern terminus, and back of this the rubescent corrugated roofs of Havana.

Arriving off Muella de Machina, the principal pier, situated about two miles from the harbor entrance on the Havana side, our steamer came to anchor. From this point a most interesting view of the harbor was unfolded. Rising above its surface less than a thousand yards distant stood the bent and twisted steel top hammer of the ill-fated "Maine," upon which hung a number of wreaths and floral offerings, placed there in remembrance of the gallant battleship and her heroic dead. Aside from this grim token of desolation, the vast land-locked bayou presented a most animated appearance. Steam ferryboats of modern design crossed and recrossed from shore to



SUNSET AT THE WRECK.

Our artist secured this photograph just as the sun was sinking in the West, and succeeded in obtaining a wonderfully beautiful effect of the sunlight glancing on the rippling waves.



COURT OF SPANISH GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE AT HAVANA

The severely plain and sometimes forbidding exteriors, even of the better classes of residences, are often relieved by a brilliancy of interior finish that is both unexpected and highly gratifying to the uninitiated visitor.

is far less offensive to the eye than the studied effort at primness, so often seen in exterior decorations in other lands. Notwithstanding the characteristic severity of Havana architecture, its structural massiveness, together with the zig-zag trend of the city's streets, relieves it of any monotony otherwise attendant thereupon. Then, there are instances where this very uniformity of design becomes a veritable revelation of mediæval grandeur. Such, for example, may be said of the buildings fronting on the beautiful Plaza de Isabella, located in the heart of the city. Though in reality consisting of but two stories, these splendid habitations appear as lofty as the average structure of twice their number of floors. Across their entire facades extend massive porticoes, supported by huge columns of various classical orders. The temperature within these pillared aisles is delightfully cool, even when the tropical heat without is most torrid, and opening as they do upon the green florescent plaza, encompassed like a spacious open court in the center, the effect produced is exquisitely Oriental. But whatever may be the common opinion regarding the outward character of Havana's buildings it must be conceded that from a standpoint of interior magnificence they are not to be excelled the world over. A notable example in this instance is the famous playhouse known as the Teatro Tacon on the Calle San Rafael and claimed by the citizens of the Cuban capital to be the largest in the world. From an exterior point of view El Tacon is severely commonplace, but upon entering the great establishment a delightful

contrast is revealed. The immense auditorium, capable of accommodating upwards of 3,000 people, is a marvel of artistic workmanship. The four tiers of boxes, rising one above the other, and occupying three sides of the building, in addition to being superbly upholstered and hung with exquisite draperies, are fitted with elaborately wrought facings of wood carvings and grill work. These, in turn, are richly garnished in silver and gold, the effect of which, under the influence of the scores of electric lights which illuminate the place, is gorgeous beyond description. The general arrangement and finishing of this beautiful playhouse are very similar to that of the splendid Teatro Juarez at Guanajuato, Mexico, reputed as being the most magnificent theater on the continent. All classes of Havaneese are passionately fond of the play, exhibiting a marked preference for the opera, which predilection attracts to the city, at frequent intervals, the best talent known to the profession. Among the celebrated artists who have

strated their approval in vociferous outbursts of enthusiasm, but likewise by extravagant gifts in money and jewels. In this custom they are wont to exercise the utmost delicacy and tact. Purses of money or articles of jewelry are frequently hidden in the hearts of beautiful floral offerings, thus constituting a double tribute to the artist. But the most attractive method that came under my observation was that of attaching the gift by means of satin ribbons to a snow white dove, which is trained, when liberated, to fly directly upon the stage and deliver its dainty burden to the favored star.

Another attractive feature pertaining to the social side of Havana is its club life. There are numerous well-appointed club houses situated throughout the best portions of the city, one or more of which is almost constantly the scene of some brilliant gathering, in the nature of a ball, musicale or other *fete*. The most fashionable residence thoroughfare is the Calle de Cerro, which, apropos of its name, extends



CABANAS FORTRESS.

This photograph is an apt portrayal of the famous fortifications adjoining Morro Castle on the bluffs along the east shore of Havana harbor. It also represents the native stevedores in the act of loading canister and shell on board a Spanish cruiser to be returned to Spain.

from time to time appeared at the Tacon, are Nillson, Patti, Salvini, Coquelin and Dusé. When on these ceremonious occasions an audience composed exclusively of the fashionable element of the city, assemblies at the Tacon, the effect is brilliant in the extreme. Beautiful Castilian dames, exquisitely gowned in the latest creations of European designers and attended by chivalrous escorts, fill the sumptuous boxes, the gilded embellishments of which grow dim beside the dazzling jewels which adorn their fair occupants. Liveried footmen throng the foyer of the theater, or pass in and out of the auditorium between acts in attendance upon their masters or mistresses within. At intervals in the play light refreshments, such as ices, cakes and punches, are ordered and indulged in without leaving the boxes. The patrons of these notable performances are most appreciative of the accomplishments displayed by the players. Not only do they demon-

strate their approval in vociferous outbursts of enthusiasm, but likewise by extravagant gifts in money and jewels. In this custom they are wont to exercise the utmost delicacy and tact. Purses of money or articles of jewelry are frequently hidden in the hearts of beautiful floral offerings, thus constituting a double tribute to the artist. But the most attractive method that came under my observation was that of attaching the gift by means of satin ribbons to a snow white dove, which is trained, when liberated, to fly directly upon the stage and deliver its dainty burden to the favored star.

Another attractive feature pertaining to the social side of Havana is its club life. There are numerous well-appointed club houses situated throughout the best portions of the city, one or more of which is almost constantly the scene of some brilliant gathering, in the nature of a ball, musicale or other *fete*. The most fashionable residence thoroughfare is the Calle de Cerro, which, apropos of its name, extends

over a hill of considerable elevation in the southern portion of the city. This street, in addition to being uniformly well paved, is lined on either side with handsome and imposing villas, the homes of the wealthiest and most cultivated families of Havana. In outward appearance these superb mansions are entirely different from the dwellings more centrally located. Instead of being built side by side in unbroken blocks they are, as a rule, detached, being surrounded by broad colonnaded verandas, and occupying spacious grounds garnished with the choicest varieties of flowering plants and verdant shrubbery indigenous to the tropics. One feature, however, distinctly characteristic of Cuban architecture is inevitably embodied in these palatial abodes. It is the *patio*, or interior court. This institution is to the Cuban residence what the porte cochere is to the more modern mansion of other lands. Connecting it with the outer drive and capable of ad-



BATHING POOLS NEAR LA PUENTE.

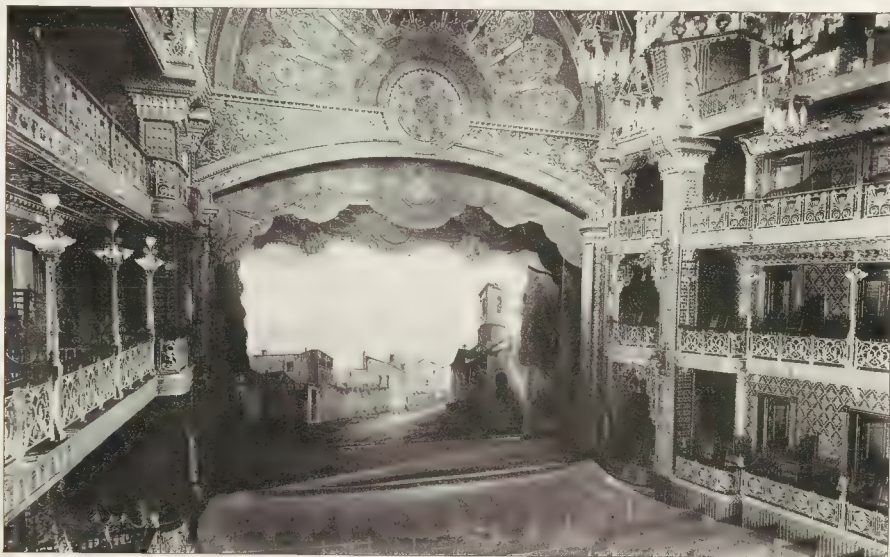
These pools are formed in the porous rock by the action of the waves and are filled each day by the tide with fresh salt water.

mitting the largest vehicle, is a wide, arched entrance, fitted with fancifully wrought gates of open iron work. In the center of the *patio* a flowing fountain is sometimes located, but invariably the interior is

square towers capped by moss-grown belfries, while from the midst of the red-tiled roof arises a dome of mammoth dimensions. The interior of this ancient temple represents a curious intermingling of modern and mediaeval art. Its splendid massive altars, wrought out of the finest Carrara marble, are the work of Spanish sculptors of nearly two centuries gone, while the rare, age-dimmed paintings which hang about its mahogany finished corridors were executed by artists of a period even more remote. But most interesting of all the relics contained in this antique house of worship is what is termed the "new tomb of Columbus," wherein the ashes of the great discoverer are supposed to have last reposed prior to their subsequent removal to Spain. The tomb, which is likewise of marble, stands on a broad pedestal, designed as a platform, immediately beneath the great dome. It represents four saints clad in flowing vestments bearing aloft a ponderous sarcophagus. The workmanship throughout is strikingly masterful and the design of singular beauty. There are in various portions of the West Indies other tombs purporting to be the last resting place of the Genoese navigator, but Havana's claim would appear to be in a measure substantiated by the following inscription, engraved upon a tablet of the sepulcher within her ancient Cathedral:

"O Restos e' Imagen del grande Colon!
Mil siglos durad guardados en la Urna,
Y en la remembranza de nuestra Nacion."

"O rest thou, image of the great Colon!
A thousand centuries are guarded in this urn,
And in the remembrance of our model nation."



AUDITORIUM OF TACON THEATRE.

The interior finish of this theatre is most superb, exceeding in elegance the famous playhouses of Paris. The decorations and embellishments are in silver and gold, the effect of which under the influence of the electric lights is gorgeous in the extreme.

embellished with jardinières of palms and other beautiful shrubs. One of the most imposing as well as interesting buildings in Havana is what was formerly known as the Governor General's Palace. This splendid edifice is situated on the Plaza Grande near the center of the city proper, and is now occupied as the headquarters of the Military Governor of the island. It represents two lofty stories surmounted at one end by a massive superstructure, designed as a signal tower. Along the entire front extends a splendid arched portico, while from the window casements above handsome iron balconies extend over the street or overhang the gardens on either side.

Another building of much historical interest is the Cathedral of Havana. It is the oldest church in the city, having been erected in the year 1724, and is still in a good state of preservation. The style of its architecture is the Spanish renaissance, the materials used being of solid hewn stone throughout. At each corner of the broad sculptured facade are reared two great



LA PUENTE FORTRESS, OPPOSITE MORRO CASTLE

Not far from this imposing Cathedral is a small, but handsomely constructed chapel known as El Templete. It is fronted by a massive colonnade of Tuscan design and is surrounded by a high metal paling set between tall monuments of sculptured stone. This graceful edifice, besides appealing to the admiration from a standpoint of architectural beauty, is of particular interest in that it marks the spot where Columbus celebrated the first mass subsequent to his landing in the New World.

Most picturesque of all the ancient structures to be seen about Havana is the Castillo de Atarés in the southern suburbs of the city. It is situated on the summit of a conical hill overlooking both the surrounding country and the waters of Havana harbor. This old castle is credited with being the most invincible stronghold in the West Indies, and is the only fortress that successfully resisted attack during the period of English invasion. Its principal armament consists of some thirty eight-inch cannon, constructed between the years 1761 and 1769, besides a secondary battery of smaller guns.

that he was chosen second in command of the expedition. During the month of August of that year the invading party, to the number of about 400, at least one-half of whom were native born Americans, secretly embarked at New Orleans and crossed over to Cuba. It had been the aim of Gen. Lopez to land his party at Bahia Honda, a wild and unfrequented lagoon opening off the Gulf of Mexico into the Province of Pinar del Rio, at which point a strong force of Cubans were awaiting his arrival. Unfortunately, however, not only for the success of the enterprise and the welfare of those associated therewith, but likewise for the immediate interests of suffering, down-trodden Cuba, a heavy gale was encountered toward the end of the voyage, and after many hardships the party was compelled to put into a small harbor known as Puerto del Mariel scarcely twenty miles from Havana. Meanwhile the gale had been succeeded by a heavy rain storm which completely drenched the stores as they were being landed, rendering the entire supply of ammunition useless. Realizing the perilousness



FALUCAS, OR PLEASURE BOATS, IN HAVANA HARBOR.

These boats are used to convey passengers from the larger ships to the docks and for the accommodation of pleasure seekers. There are upwards of 500 of these falucas, as they are styled, in Havana Harbor.

But Atarés is of more particular interest to Americans from its having been the prison in which Crittenden, the famous Kentuckian, and his followers were held in captivity and subsequently executed. The fate of this devoted band of volunteers in Cuba's struggle for liberty constitutes one of the most pathetic incidents ever recorded.

It was in the spring of 1851 that Gen. Narciso Lopez, the Cuban patriot, recruited an expedition on United States soil with the object of striking a blow in behalf of his oppressed countrymen. Among the doughty warriors who flocked about his standard was a party of veteran fighters, fresh from the conflict with Mexico, headed by William Logan Crittenden, brother to Ex-Gov. Thos. T. Crittenden, of Missouri, and a scion of the celebrated Crittenden family of Kentucky. Young Crittenden was scarcely 28 years old, but was a West Point graduate, and so great was the confidence reposed in him

of the situation, Lopez and Crittenden held a consultation which resulted in the former taking the larger portion of his command and pushing boldly into the interior. The object of this movement was to make a circuitous march to the camp of his friendly countrymen, after which he was to hasten back with reinforcements to the relief of Crittenden, who with the residue of the party, numbering about fifty, remained at Mariel to guard the supplies. The detachment under Gen. Lopez had hardly taken its departure, however, when Crittenden and his men were attacked by an overwhelming force of Spanish infantry from Havana. Worn out and exhausted from their continued battle with the elements and with not a single round of dry ammunition with which to repel the attack, the invaders could offer but a feeble resistance, and after a brief struggle were forced to surrender. Then followed a succession of indignities and abuses of the helpless

captives, without a parallel in the history of civilized warfare. Herded together like so many dumb animals, and with their hands bound tightly behind their backs, they were driven along at the point of saber and bayonet through the dense jungle to Havana, thence over the rough cobble-stoned streets of the city and finally through the grim portals of Atarés Castle. The full extent of the atrocities to which these soldiers of humanity were subjected during their brief imprisonment here will probably never be known. We can only judge in a measure from the merciless doom that was speedily meted out to every member of the band.

At sundown on the day following their capture they were dragged forth from their dismal dungeon and, chained together in three different sections, shot down in cold blood after which their bodies were left lying in the field before Atarés for the vultures to devour. It is claimed by Spaniards who still survive that period that Col. Crittenden and another officer of the party by the name of Kerr were not executed with the men, but were shot down by their guards while in the act of crossing the drawbridge which spans the moat before the entrance to the castle. The following is an extract from a letter which a few moments prior to his death Crittenden was permitted to write to a friend in the United States and serves to illustrate the generous, self-forgetful character of the dead hero:

"This is an incoherent letter, but the circumstances must excuse it. My hands are



TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

One of the most famous works of art in existence, situated under the dome of Havana's Cathedral.



EL TEMPLE.

This chapel is one of the principal points of interest about Havana, being erected on the site where Columbus celebrated his first mass after landing on the island.

swollen to double their natural thickness, resulting from having them too tightly corded for the last eighteen hours. Write John (his brother) and let him write to my mother. I am afraid that the news will break her heart. My heart beats warmly for her now. Farewell. My love to all my friends."

The success of the brave Lopez and his small but valorous force was little more encouraging than that of the Crittenden contingent. Upon reaching Las Pozas, the Cuban rendezvous in the vicinity of Bahia Honda, the detachment was overtaken and attacked by the Spaniards, and although the latter were at first repulsed at the expense of considerable loss to the invaders, the subsequent arrival of reinforcements from Havana resulted in the defeat and capture of the expedition. Forty-nine members of this party suffered the same ignominious fate that had overtaken their comrades at Atarés. Of the remainder, 106 escaped the death penalty and were instead sentenced to deportation and imprisonment in Spanish dungeons beyond the seas. But their patriot leader was not thus spared. On September 1, 1851, Narciso Lopez perished by the garrote at Havana. The last words of this martyred hero were: "I die for Cuba."

Thus culminated one of the sublimest missions that was ever undertaken in Humanity's name. And one of the saddest features associated therewith is the fact that at the time public sentiment condemned as bandits and wantons the noble spirits who constituted it. The criticisms advanced by

some of the narrow-minded writers of that period, through the medium of leading periodicals, were of a character to make the American patriot of to-day blush for shame. One fearless, outspoken journalist there was, however, who dared to take up the gauntlet thrown down by his ungenerous contemporaries. This was the Hon. Thomas Prentice Kettell, of New York. In his generous spirited publication, the *United States Magazine*, he vigorously defended not only the character and motives of those who had sailed away on that ill-starred expedition, but the cause of the oppressed Cubans as well. Nor did he omit to criticise, most justly, an administration whose policy in outlawing every American who openly espoused the cause of Cuba was directly responsible for the fate that had befallen Col Crittenden and his dauntless followers at the hands of the merciless Spaniards. In his article Mr. Kettell vigorously scored the writers who had so ingloriously defamed their dead countrymen.

of having been a veritable chamber of horrors. Here are to be found implements of torture, the counterparts of which exist only amongst relics of the Dark Ages. The heinousness of the cruelties perpetrated in the past within this gloomy apartment can be better imagined than described, after a casual glance at its interior. In one portion of the wall, at a height of some twelve feet from the floor, an iron ring is fixed, from which unfortunates were suspended, in various inhuman manners, for hours at a stretch. In another place fixed in an inclined position against the wall is a rough ladder, upon which prisoners were stretched head downward, and utterly nude, and while in this position flogged to the limit of their endurance. In one corner are several sets of rude stocks which were frequently carried into a roofless enclosure adjoining the castle, where the helpless victim was confined, face upward, by the neck and wrists, and there left with the fierce tropical sun beating down upon him, until bereft of consciousness through his terri-



THE CATHEDRAL OF HAVANA

This is the oldest church in Havana, having been built in 1524. The architecture is of the pronounced Spanish type and very antique. More than ordinary interest attaches to this cathedral from the fact that it contains the tomb of Columbus.

"Time will decide," he declared, in conclusion, "whether they were pirates and cut throats, or heroes and patriots." And time *has* decided. Within half a century from the period when those prophetic lines were penned, and through obedience to our Nation's present will, the lives of tenfold as many gallant Americans have been sacrificed in that same cause for which Crittenden and his companions died—that Cuba might be free. The day has dawned when the honor, nay, reverence, so long due to these departed patriots is no longer withheld—when Mr. Kettell's prediction, namely, "The time will come when Crittenden, Kerr and the rest of their countrymen, alike volunteers in the cause of freedom, will be classed with those illustrious martyrs of liberty, who, though they perished themselves, prepared the way for the hypothesis of the Goddess," has been abundantly fulfilled.

At one end of the immense subterranean vault, situated beneath the stone floor of Atarés, is a compartment which bears every evidence

ble suffering. It is said that this barbarous ordeal was even more dreaded than death outright by the cruel garrote, the former almost invariably resulting in hopeless insanity.

In addition to the above fiendish devices, the dungeon beneath Atarés contains the omnipresent death-dealing garrote with its fatal chair, from the back of which extends an iron collar operated by means of a reversible screw, a single turn of which at once throttled and dislocated the neck of the doomed occupant. In the same cell there is also an instrument that was employed in breaking the limbs of the tortured ones, besides other fiendish inventions, the exact uses of which even the present generation of Spaniards themselves are ignorant. And not least appalling of all the uncanny contents of that somber apartment is what is known as the "dead wagon." It consists of an ambulance stretcher covered with dingy canvas, and by means of which the bodies of the prisoners, after having been tortured to death, were carried out



ATARÉS CASTLE, HAVANA.

Showing the principal entrance and drawbridge. In the center of which Colonel Crittenden, the famous Kentuckian, was shot

of the castle and thrown beside the road in the valley, forming what is called "Death Hole."

This gruesome locality is situated between the outer wall of Atarés and the imperial road leading into the city, and represents a broad field, at present, by orders of the sanitary department at Havana, kept thickly strewn with chloride of lime. Here, up to the time of American occupation, the bodies of native Cubans who had perished from starvation and other causes were brought and left unburied for carrion birds to mutilate and devour.

In view of so many adverse surroundings and associations, it is scarcely to be wondered at that in contemplating the towering, buttressed castle on Atarés hill the spectator experiences an involuntary shudder. When this has passed, however, the forbidding aspect of the ancient structure is lost upon the senses—not because the fate of the martyrs who languished and perished within and about its walls seems less lamentable, but because the spirit of liberty and peace has at length penetrated even to the uttermost recesses of its darksome dungeons.

The famous Recojidas jail at Havana will always be of profound interest as the place where Doña Evangelina Belancourt Cisneros, the beautiful young Cuban girl, was imprisoned, and from whence, through the assistance of sympathetic friends, she subsequently made her escape.

The actual motives which led to the arrest and imprisonment of this estimable young lady have long been shrouded in mystery. During my recent travels in the West Indies, however, it was my fortune to be temporarily the guest of Dr. Fernando Plazaola, at present Mayor of Nueva Gerona, the principal city of the Isla de Pinos, and from this gentleman, who was formerly at the head of a large fraternity of insurgent sympathizers on the island, I gathered the following facts. The various details associated with this romantic incident are at once pathetic and beautiful—pathetic because of the hardships and privations endured by the heroine for the sake of her country and her honor—beautiful because of the unfaltering courage she maintained throughout the harrowing ordeal, and the happiness which characterized its ending.

Evangelina Cisneros, by which maidenly title she must ever be known to history, is a native of the Isla



INSURGENT CAMP IN VICINITY OF THE LOPEZ RENDEZVOUS.

de Pinos, and prior to the incident in question lived in the suburbs of Nueva Gerona. Her parents, although in poor circumstances, were eminently respectable and had cultivated in their fair daughter a much greater dignity and beauty of character than is commonly found even in more exalted households.

Now, the city of Nueva Gerona was at that time governed by a Spanish official known as the *Alcalde*, whose reputation for evil doing was familiar to all of the better class of inhabitants who dwelt on the island. As Evangelina Cisneros developed into blushing young womanhood her loveliness was marked by this base character, whose brain became fired with an unhallowed determination to make her his mistress. The wish had no sooner entered his audacious mind than he immediately took steps toward its fulfillment. On the outstart his vanity prompted him to make open advances to the young lady, who, it is needless to say, spurned his proposal and at once acquainted her

Pinos at the time represented two different factions, namely, the insurgent sympathizers and the royalists, and through close vigilance on the part of the former it was seldom that anything came to pass without their knowledge.

Hence, when it became known that Senor Cisneros, who was an ardent insurgent sympathizer, had been ordered away upon his lonely mission, steps were immediately taken by his friends to investigate the matter, with the result that the plot was exposed. Instead, therefore, of attempting the journey the *Alcalde's* intended victim, after pretending to set forth thereupon, went to the home of Dr. Plazaola, where he was carefully secreted.

Meanwhile the *Alcalde*, believing his way to be clear, lost no time in presenting himself at the Cisneros residence and renewing his advances toward Doña Evangelina. These importunities, while unavailing with the young lady, inspired her with the utmost horror, and



GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.

This massive structure is situated on the beautiful Plaza Grande in about the center of the city proper, and is now used as headquarters for the American General, whose forces are shown encamped amidst the park in the foreground.

father with the nature of the insult to which she had been subjected. Foiled in his first attempt, the crafty *Alcalde* next approached her father, of whom he requested her hand in marriage. His overtures in this direction, however, were equally unavailing, the proposition being quietly, but firmly declined. Enraged at his rejection at the hands of both father and daughter, the Spaniard at once devised a foul scheme for putting the former out of the way, believing that the latter when bereft of a father's protection would submit to his will. The Isla de Pinos, being at that period under military rule, it was the *Alcalde's* privilege to detail any one within his jurisdiction for whatever service he required. Taking advantage of this authority, he issued orders to Senor Cisneros to proceed on some fictitious errand to a remote part of the island, intending to have a detachment of soldiers waylay and murder him while on the road. His infamous plan, however, was destined to be thwarted. The inhabitants of the Isla de

immediately upon his departure she hastened to the house of Dr. Plazaola and appealed to him for protection. The doctor, after hearing her story, at once called a council of his countrymen, who, upon considering the *Alcalde's* recent plot to murder Senor Cisneros and his persistent persecutions of Doña Evangelina, determined to effect his capture and turn him over to the insurgent forces in Cuba.

Accordingly it was arranged that should he again appear at the young lady's home she was to apparently relent toward him to the extent of naming a certain evening when he might call upon her. On the following day, the *Alcalde*, as usual, put in an appearance and in pursuance of the arrangements Doña Evangelina informed him that two evenings hence she would receive him at her house. Apparently elated at his prospects of success, the Spaniard took his departure and on the appointed evening was promptly on hand.

Meanwhile a party of insurgents had secreted themselves in the interior of the Cisneros residence and only abided a signal from Doña Evangelina to close in upon the *Alcalde*. As the latter entered the parlor wherein the young lady was awaiting him and stepped forward with a proffered caress, she suddenly raised a small whistle to her lips. Before she could sound the signal, however, the *Alcalde*, who had anticipated her action, likewise produced a whistle and blew a shrill blast, at the sound of which there was a sudden rush of feet both from within and without, and in another moment the house fairly swarmed with struggling insurgents and Spanish soldiers. The wily officer, suspicious of the sudden change of feeling on the part of the young lady, had taken the precaution of surrounding the house with a detachment of troops before entering. The fight was brief, for the insurgents being vastly outnumbered were quickly overpowered and captured. In the midst of the confusion, however, Doña Evangelina was caught up by one of the insurgents and carried unobserved out of the house, and to the residence of Dr. Plazaola. But her hiding place proved insecure, as the *Alcalde*, recognizing his opportunity for accusing her of complicity in a plot against the government, instituted a rigid search for the young lady, with the result that she was discovered two days later and imprisoned in the jail at Nueva Gerona. With this act began such a series of indignities as must surely have crushed the spirit of a less courageous girl than Evangelina Cisneros. Worse treatment than she received could scarcely have been accorded the basest of criminals, restricted as she was to a dark, loathsome cell, barely large enough to admit of her lying down when her weary limbs refused



CUBAN OX CART.

Showing method of fastening the yoke to the horns of the oxen and arrangement of ropes in the noses of the animals.

longer to support her. Yet by one word it would have been in her power to exchange this dismal prison for a palace, her Spanish persecutor repeatedly offering her liberty—at the sacrifice of her honor. And when that bribe failed this demon in human form led forth her captive countrymen who had been taken at her home on that fateful night and shot them to death, after which he boldly declared that unless she submitted to his will, hers should be a like fate. And her



INTERIOR OF ATARÉS CASTLE.

Showing American sentries guarding the main stairway leading to the magazine. Directly below the guide in white are located the death chamber and dungeon in which Colonel Crittenden and his party were imprisoned.

answer?—was but a scornful curl of lips which his cruelty had bereft of their erstwhile winsome smile—a defiant flash of eyes from which death alone could banish the brightness. Evangelina Cisneros would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than voluntarily deliver her pure life, on any terms, into the hands of such a monster.

Meanwhile the insurgents about the island, incensed at the *Alcalde's* repeated atrocities, determined to arise in force and attempt the young lady's rescue. Before the movement could be executed, however, her persecutor became forewarned and removed the fair prisoner under heavy guard to Havana, where she was placed in the Recojidas jail to await trial. In the court martial proceedings which immediately followed, her chief accuser was the *Alcalde* of Nueva Gerona, upon whose evidence she was speedily convicted of the charge of high treason and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment at a Spanish penal station.

in our land, and to all mothers and daughters to cry aloud for the freedom of this tender girl. Organized as we are to aid the suffering women and children of Cuba, we feel that duty demands that the civilized world hear our protest. We call upon the young men of the country to arise and prevent this outrage upon Christianity and decency. We call upon all fathers of virtuous daughters to interfere.

"What could so tender a girl do that could deserve such a fate? It is against the laws of Nations. It is against the rules of warfare. It cannot, must not be. In the name of the Almighty Father and His divine Son, in the name of the sacred motherhood of the Virgin of Judea, we ask of the public, the press, all good people, public and private, to aid us in righting this great wrong. We are sick with horror that such a thing could be in this century on American ground.

"In the name of our great immortals who render all honor to womankind, whether friend of foe, we call a halt to the barbarities in



THE DUNGEON UNDER ATARES CASTLE.

The apartment on the left was formerly used as a place of torture and the doorway on the right enters the death chamber. In the foreground are shown various instruments of torture, together with the dead wagon used by the Spaniards.

The harshness and brutality of such a sentence at once aroused the bitterest indignation on the part of the civilized world, and particularly of the women of America. From this latter glorious sisterhood, be it said, emanated the inspiration which eventually led to the rescue of the unfortunate maiden. Hardly had the news of her incarceration reached this country when that devoted band of heroines, the Woman's National Cuban League, issued through the medium of the public press throughout the land, a spirited, yet pathetic appeal for her deliverance. It is unfortunate that space will not admit of reproducing in its entirety the inspired message, from which the following extracts are quoted:

"Thrilled with horror at the awful fate which awaits Evangelina Belancourt Cisneros at the hands of Spain, the Woman's National Cuban League appeals to the President, the Cabinet, to the first woman

Cuba, and denounce the authors of this cruel wrong. In the majesty of motherhood, we say that Evangelina Belancourt Cisneros shall be free, if the power, the pleas and the wit of the American women can compass it. And we pray unceasingly to the great and most merciful God to avert this terrible calamity from one of the sweetest, bravest, purest and most innocent of our race and sex.

(Signed) "WOMAN'S NATIONAL CUBAN LEAGUE,
"CLARA BELL BROWN,

"Director General,
"MRS. M. D. LINCOLN (BESSIE BEECH),
"Vice-Director General."

So eloquent a petition could not be voiced by the noble daughters of our land unheeded. The response—not in words, but in action—was promptly forthcoming. Within a week after the publication of



THE FIELD BEFORE AVARES.

This is without exception the gloomiest spot in all Havana and is known as the "Death Hole." Here the bodies of the Crittenden party and other victims of Spanish cruelty were left lying after their execution. This photograph also shows the principal portion of Havana in the background.



TURRET AND POWDER MAGAZINE, ATARES CASTLE.

the appeal Mr. Carl Decker, a daring young American newspaper correspondent, departed for Havana to undertake the perilous task of rescuing the unfortunate girl. Shortly after his arrival, with the aid of Señor Carlos Carbonel, a wealthy young business man of Havana and a staunch friend to the insurgent cause, a message was secretly conveyed to Doña Evangelina informing her that an effort was to be made to liberate her and instructing her to be in readiness on a certain night to leave the prison. At the appointed time Messrs. Decker and Carbonel, the latter disguised as a coachman, drove to a point in the vicinity of the Recojidas jail. Here Decker left the carriage in charge of Carbonel, and climbing up the outer wall of a neighboring building, made his way across the adjacent house-tops to the roof of the jail, through which, at imminent risk of discovery, he finally succeeded in effecting an entrance, without arousing the suspicions of the guards on the outside. Overjoyed at the appearance of her rescuer, Doña Evangelina, though weary and faint from her continued imprisonment,

pair inside drove off with them at full speed to his Havana home. Here Doña Evangelina was carefully harbored until the eve of a certain vessel's departure for the United States, when, disguised as a sailor and accompanied by Decker and Carbonel, both of whom were secretly armed and determined, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives in her defense, made her way to the docks in broad daylight. In so doing the party passed a number of officers, including the chief of police, but so completely was Doña Evangelina's disguise that they failed to penetrate it and allowed her to embark without molestation. Four days later the young lady, attended by Mr. Decker, landed in New York and was immediately taken under the protecting care of the Woman's National Cuban League.

And now comes the strangest part of this strangest of romances. During the few days of Evangelina Cisneros' stay at Señor Carbonel's Havana home, the young gentleman fell deeply in love with her, and although too gallant to speak of it under such circumstances, he in-



RECOJIDAS JAIL, HAVANA.

This is the celebrated jail in which Evangelina Cisneros was imprisoned at the time of her rescue. In the upper left hand corner will be seen the aperture through which she escaped to the street. The picture also shows a group of women prisoners at the jail entrance.

made haste to accompany him back to the roof of the jail. The top of this structure is surrounded by a tall parapet, from the mortar of which protrude the keen, ragged edges of innumerable pieces of broken glass, designed to prevent just such escapes as this. But such an obstacle, however formidable, was insufficient to daunt either the escaping captive or her deliverer. At one section in the wall there is an embrasure reaching midway to the roof, and although doubly lined with broken glass this point was selected as a means of descent to the street. Hurriedly knotting a rope about the waist of Doña Evangelina, Decker spread his coat over the sharp glass and assisted the young lady upon it. Then peering over the brink of the parapet he awaited a favorable opportunity, and as the guard below disappeared for a moment around the corner of the jail, lowered his charge into the street. An instant later he had secured the end of his rope to an iron bolt in the wall and descended to the young lady's side. As he did so Carbonel, who was keenly on the alert, dashed up in his carriage and quickly bundling the

wardly resolved at some future time to ask her to become his wife. Hence, when a few months subsequently, the young Cuban received an appointment as a lieutenant on the staff of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, which necessitated his visiting the United States, he at once sought out the beautiful girl whose image had never for a moment ceased to haunt his dreams.

When he once again beheld her it was under vastly different circumstances from those which surrounded their former brief acquaintance. Entirely recovered from her recent terrible experiences, the wonderful beauty of Evangelina Cisneros had made her the center of admiration wherever she appeared and, noting this at a glance, it is not to be wondered at that the young officer feared his aspirations had been gauged too high. He forgot, however, that beautiful as she was, Doña Evangelina's outward charms paled when compared to her nobleness of character. She had not forgotten the gallant young Cuban who in the past had risked so much for her, and when at length he

found courage to speak of the great love she had inspired in him, he learned to his joy that her heart had, likewise, from the first been his.

That was before the war; and now if you were to visit Havana and ask for Evangelina Cisneros the reply, in effect, would be:

"Ah, yes, to be sure, she lives in a *villa* out on the Calle de Cerro—she married Don Carlos Carbonel, the young banker, you know."

The numerous parks and public gardens situated throughout Havana, add much to the general attractiveness of the city. Of these, the Plaza de Armas and Parque de Isabella are the most important, being much frequented by the fashionable element. In the former, at stated intervals during the week, open air concerts are held, the music being dispensed by one of the local military bands. The most popular promenade in the city is the famous Paseo del Prado, a wide avenue extending from the center of the city to the Gulf shore. Throughout its entire length extends a double row of tall shade trees, while at intervals along its center are located finely executed pieces of statuary. Of the latter, the most imposing specimen, representing the full figure of Queen Isabella, was removed during our visit. The beautiful Indian Statue, however, which is undoubtedly one of the most splendid works of art to be seen in the Western World, still remains. The Prado has been aptly referred to as the *Champs Elysées* of Havana and on frequent occasions presents quite as brilliant an ap-



EVANGELINA BETANCOURT CISNEROS.

pearance as the celebrated Parisian promenade. On the beach near its terminus are located the Baños del Mar, a popular bathing resort.

Surf bathing, however, in the immediate vicinity of Havana, is a decidedly perilous luxury. The reason for this is the pestilential condition of the water, rendered so by the refuse from the city's sewers, which empty into the harbor and gulf at various points. It is largely to this fact that the city owes its reputation for being one of the most unhealthy places in the world; and this it must continue to be until some modern plan is devised for a proper disposition of the city's sewage. Since the reconstruction of Cuba has been undertaken by the United States Government, a vast amount of surface cleansing has been accomplished both in Havana and elsewhere about the island but so thoroughly infected have the habitations and their surroundings in the poorer districts become, that it will require an infinite amount of skill and pains in order to rid the communities of their prevalent epidemics.

The leading local industry at Havana is the manufacture of cigars and cigarettes, and a larger percentage of the city's 200,000 inhabitants is in one way or another identified with this work, than with any other.



STREET ADJACENT TO RECOJIDAS JAIL

This is the street down which Miss Cisneros was driven by her rescuers to the home of Don Carlos Carbonel.

One of the interesting features of a trip to Havana is a visit to the Royal and Imperial Cigarette Factory of La Honradez. The employees of this establishment are principally girls between the ages of 10 and 25, and the quickness and dexterity which characterize their work is truly marvelous. Upon entering the factory the visitor is requested to write his name in a large register kept for that purpose, and upon leaving, if but five minutes later, he is presented with a souvenir pack of cigarettes neatly wrapped in ornamental paper whereon his name is accurately printed, the entire work, even to the rolling of the cigarettes, having been performed within the space of his visit.

The city is well equipped with public conveyances, the carriages most popularly in use being of the victoria and landau style. Patrons are charged a uniform rate for these accommodations, and to guard against extortion on the part of the drivers the city is divided into districts, which are readily distinguishable by the lamp posts, those in the central districts being painted red, in the second circle blue and in the outer zone green.

to him, he was disposed to regard study in any form as an altogether unnecessary tax upon his energies.

The new possibilities developed for the intelligent native by the present policy of reconstruction will doubtless go far toward eliminating this latter tendency, but nothing short of a system of public schools and compulsory attendance, such as exist generally throughout the United States, will ever redeem the masses of Cuba from their existing state of ignorance.

The police system of Havana, which until recently could hardly be dignified by the name, is now an important factor in the good government of the city. Much difficulty was experienced on the outset in the reorganization of the force and it was necessary to utilize almost entirely new material before satisfactory results could be attained. The corruptness and incapacity of the former police are responsible in a great measure for the degradation and vice which even yet characterize the city's slums, and only constant vigilance and rigid enforcement of the laws on the part of the present custodians of the peace will finally overcome these evils. The low class of Havana presents a most cosmopolitan aspect, being made up of

a conglomeration of nationalities without a parallel in any other Latin American city. This fact may be largely attributed to its immense maritime commerce, which has by degrees populated the poor districts with a certain cast-off, sea far-



CUSTOM HOUSE AT HAVANA.

Merchandise from the United States undergoing inspection by the Customs officials.

The school system of Havana is at present deplorably inadequate, and to the absence of proper educational facilities may be attributed the exceedingly low standard of intelligence characteristic of the masses. While some improvements are being made in such institutions of learning as at present exist, they must of necessity fall far short of fulfilling the urgent needs of the populace. The University of Havana, which ranks as the highest instructive agency on the island, the School of Arts and Trades, the Jesuit College de Beln, for boys, and a number of Provincial Elementary State Schools, are to-day the city's principal educational institutions. The benefits, however, to be derived from even the most superior of these are at best but limited, and it has long been a popular custom among the wealthier class of Cubans to send their children abroad to be educated. A serious difficulty in the past has been the lack of incentive for the average Cuban to acquire even the rudiments of an education. No avenues of employment calling for a cultivated intellect being open

ing element, resulting in a woeful congregation of mixed Creoles.

But whatever the city's shortcomings at this period, its future could hardly be more promising, for with the ultimate success of the sanitary and moral reforms which are now being introduced, it must eventually become one of the most attractive and popular winter resorts of the world.

Such is Havana—beautiful, iniquitous Havana—the Nineveh of the closing century, the Gilead of the next. JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

ROUND ABOUT HAVANA.

The Province of Havana embraces an area of 8,610 square miles, and contains an estimated population of 451,928, of which 344,417 are white and 107,511 black. Our own State of Massachusetts, with an area of 8,040 square miles and a population of 2,495,345, affords a good comparison, as well as a startling commentary on the difference



HAVANA POLICEMAN.
A characteristic photograph of a representative of the native police of Havana, with uniform, arms and accoutrements.



POLICE HOLDOVER, OR COMMON JAIL, HAVANA.

between a free and enlightened government and a Spanish despotism. The Province of Havana is capable of sustaining a population at least twice as great as that of Massachusetts, since nearly every acre of its marvelously fertile soil is amenable to a high state of cultivation; and yet the facts show that after nearly four centuries of Spanish occupation its inhabitants number only a little more than one fifth part those of Massachusetts. The crimes of misgovernment and repression that could produce such results are unspeakable and peculiarly Spanish. At one time the city of Havana ranked eighth among the great commercial metropolises of the world, while the wealth of its citizens was so great as to be counted with the fabulous stories of the Orient; but the withering hand of Spanish tyranny throttled its enterprise, reduced its population to barely 200,000, and spread the dark pall of decay and death over its busy wharves and marble palaces. It has been truly said that Havana has within its environments the possibilities of a great and beautiful city; the commercial and industrial center of an island capable of sustaining a population of 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 of inhabitants, and a winter health resort for the fashion and wealth of all North America. Its parks and gardens should bloom all the year round with the rich and variegated hues of the tropics; its streets should resound with the busy commerce of the world, and the wealth of its

merchants should surpass anything dreamed of in romance or fable. All this will yet come to pass under the protecting folds of the flag of freedom, either as the representative of an independent government or a proud and happy State of the great Republic.

The conditions that have heretofore existed, and whose depressing effects are seen on all hands, are in no sense chargeable to the people of Cuba themselves. Their constant effort for more than half



COL. HARDEMAN AND STAFF, 6TH MISSOURI VOLUNTEERS.

a century has been to rid themselves of the incubus of Spanish greed and tyranny, and now that their object has been attained, through the generous assistance of our own people, they will soon advance to their legitimate place among the nations of the earth. The past, with its cruelties and horrors, is like a nightmare that has come and gone never to return. The sun of the Gem of the Antilles has risen bright with the promise of future glory, never again to be dimmed by the clouds of adversity or the smoke of civil strife.

The city of Havana came into existence about 1519, and derived its title, San Cristobal de la Habana, from a town of the same name previously established by Diego Velasquez near the present site of Batabano on the southern coast of the island. The entrance to the harbor is singularly beautiful, being less than three hundred yards in width and flanked on either side by the grim castellated fortresses

the city, in addition to the sediment from several small streams emptying into it, until at present not more than eighteen to twenty feet are available; while large areas have become useless for purposes of navigation or commerce and exude poisonous vapors that are a constant menace to the health of the people. So vile is the bed of the harbor that it is the custom of ships on leaving there to deodorize and disinfect their anchors, for germs of all manner of deadly diseases lurk in the filth of ages that adheres to their flukes. The city is built on low, flat ground, much of which has been reclaimed from surrounding mangrove swamps by filling in, not with pure earth, but with all kinds of refuse and material so vile as to surpass the imagination of the average visitor from the States. When a gale blows from the harbor toward the city, the foul waters of the bay are driven out and inundate several of the adjacent streets, depositing the seeds of disease and



UNLOADING COFFEE FOR TRANSPORTATION.

In spite of the destruction wrought by the war, Cuba has many profitable industries that will serve as a base for her future prosperity. None of these, perhaps, are more promising than her coffee plantations, many of which being in the interior passed through the era of disturbance comparatively unharmed. The illustration shows the method of conveying the coffee from the plantations to the warehouses of the merchants at Havana.

of Morro and Cabañas, situated on the verge of precipices that overlook the sea. The bay extends inwardly for a distance of about three miles, with an average width of about one and a half miles and from the water's edge on every side, except where the city lies, hills rise with graceful slopes to a height of two hundred feet and are covered the year round with the vivid green of the tropics. Nestling along the sides of these hills and overlooking the bay and the sea, are the mansions of the wealthy and the more modest homes of the middle and well-to-do classes. The location and natural surroundings are beautiful in the extreme, and here at no distant day in the future there will arise as if by magic a modern city numbering its inhabitants by the hundreds of thousands.

The natural depth of the bay is about forty feet, but for nearly four centuries it has been the receptacle of the drainage and filth of

death and leaving a ghastly smell that only the educated olfactory can endure. Some of the streets are paved with blocks of stone, while others are merely dirt roads which become almost impassable in wet weather. In old Havana, that portion of the city originally surrounded by the wall, the streets are very narrow, with sidewalks not more than two feet wide, and in many instances these are entirely lacking, as will be seen by accompanying photographs. These old streets have no gutters, but usually decline slightly from both sides toward the center, where the filth collects and decays or is washed off by the rains into the bay. Dead cats, dogs and other small animals are left in the streets for days, while in the poorer localities slops, night soil and filth of various descriptions are thrown out of the doors and windows of the houses and find a common receptacle in the middle of the street. We speak now of conditions that prevailed before the American occu-

pation. Since then there has been a revolution in matters of this kind, and a new city with improved methods has taken the place of the old. During the Spanish era livery stables existed in the most densely populated districts, and there were dairies in various parts of the city where cows to the number of two or three dozen were quartered in the same houses with human beings. Abbatoirs were located on Chavez Creek, about three miles from the center of the city, where from three to four hundred cattle were slaughtered daily. The offal was thrown into the creek, and there permitted to lie and fester in the hot sun until it finally flowed off with the water into the bay. In spite of the climate, Havana is more compactly built than any other city in the world; the people are huddled together in dense masses. As there are less than eighteen thousand houses in the entire place, it is an easy matter to estimate that the population averages more than twelve persons to each domicile. Three-fourths of the houses are only one-story high, and they are usually built of a soft, porous stone, in-



A CUBAN COFFEE PLANTER AND HIS PRODUCT.

The coffee industry of Cuba is greatly diversified. Many individuals possess only a few trees, which they cultivate in a small way with reasonable profit for themselves. The photograph represents one of these small planters with his year's crop of the aromatic berry piled in sacks on the horse that doubtless carried him through many a hotly contested skirmish during the war period.

digenous to the island, that absorbs the moisture of the filth-laden atmosphere like a sponge. The windows are devoid of glass and are



A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN HAVANA

Illustrating the limited attendance and number of teachers employed at the average institutions of learning throughout the city.

protected by strong iron or wooden bars, as shown in the illustrations. At night, or when it rains, they are closed with double shutters, interior and exterior, by which means all ventilation is cut off except through the corridors and the ever-present court. As a rule the rooms are large and airy, otherwise the conditions would be intolerable. If there are domestic animals, such as horses or cattle, they are accommodated with stalls either on the ground floor or adjoining the apartments of their owners.

The following items regarding the peculiarities of middle life in Havana are gleaned from the notes of the late Col. George E. Waring, of New York, who sacrificed a noble life in his efforts to improve the conditions surrounding the people of that city:

"Usually the house covers the entire lot, so that there is no yard; though one or two courts are

commonly included in one building. According to the general—almost universal plan, the front rooms are used as parlors or reception rooms. Beyond these, on another court, are—I might say is—the kitchen, stable and toilet, practically in one.

"In Havana the average height of the ground floor of a house above the soil is but six or seven inches; and this space is unventilated. The earth is not only damp, but it is sodden with putrifying organic matter. The houses are closely built, without adequate space for ventilation between them. In the poorer quarters the population is crowded, a whole family often occupying a single room. The emanations from the cess-pool and garbage vault pervade the kitchen and the sleeping and living rooms, even of houses of the better class. The standard of personal cleanliness is, necessarily, very low. These conditions for which the citizens are responsible, are sufficient in themselves to transform the most healthy locality into a fever-nest."

The results of such conditions are manifest in the appalling death

ferings of the inhabitants; but the largest death rates occurred in September and October, long after the blockade had been raised. The appalling conditions as herein set forth are justly attributable to the ignorance, cruelty and indifference of the Spanish officials. Wherever Spain's yellow flag has rested, on any part of the earth, it has been accompanied by pestilence and death and decay. And, on the contrary, it may be said with equal truth that health, happiness and prosperity are the inseparable companions of the starry flag of the free. Cuba's day of deliverance has come, and henceforth her people will occupy their rightful place among the happy and progressive nations of the world.

A TYPICAL CUBAN HOME.

It is impossible to determine which is the most beautiful part of the ideal Cuban home—the garden, the patio or the house itself. The latter is generally an enormous, one-storied affair, its superb facing of



THE DOCKS AT HAVANA

This photograph represents the busy scene at the Havana docks during the summer of 1898, and the beginning of the era of great commercial activity that Cuba is entering upon.

rates. The Spanish official records show that during eleven months of 1898 there were 17,760 deaths in the city of Havana, and only 2,224 births, leaving a net loss in population of 14,336. Such results would create a panic in any of our Northern cities as soon as the facts became known; but they made no special effect on the phlegmatic Spanish mind. If similar conditions existed in the city of New York they would produce an annual death rate of 270,000, and the present average of about 1,000,000 in the United States would be increased to 7,000,000. The deaths in Havana for the single year of 1898 exceeded the combined totals of Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis and San Francisco. Nor did this period include the era of starvation among the *reconcentrados*, for most of these wretched people had previously been disposed of. Some allowance should be made, however, for the hardships of the blockade by our navy, which necessarily added to the suf-

fering and marble-paved portico set flush with the street, and its wilderness of marble-floored rooms, which somehow remind you of the Alhambra, ranged around a central court yard. The multitudinous windows, opening from floor to ceiling, are iron-barred and wooden-shuttered, but without glass, except a beautifully colored strip at the top of each, of mingled blues, greens, reds and yellows in Oriental tones, which shed a soft luster through the bare apartments. The main sala, large enough for a town hall, has three splendid crystal chandeliers, which are every bit as fine as those that illumine the east room in the White House at Washington; but, alas! so poor is the gas of the city that we are fain to be lighted by tallow dips, and the one American kerosene lamp which the casa boasts is at a high premium among those who wish to improve their evenings. The Cubans seldom do, however, beyond promenading in the plaza or sitting idly in the



THE INDIAN STATUE, HAVANA
One of the choice pieces of statuary to be seen on the famous Paseo del Prado.

moonlight, chatting with friends; therefore, artificial light, or the lack of it, is to them a matter of small concern. The house is furnished with rare magnificence, in the Cuban style. Happily, there are neither carpets nor curtains to harbor vermin and exclude the air. Cane-seated chairs and couches, enough to accommodate an army, are ranged in prim rows against every wall; and here and there in the vast expanse of each bare sala a small square rug is spread, with two rows of American rocking chairs set vis a vis upon it. Every corner is religiously occupied by a triangular claw-footed table, laden with little wooden saints, glass balls, china vases and other bric-a-brac; splendid paintings—mostly scriptural subjects, suitable for churches—adorn the walls: and there are many quaint, massive, elaborately carved pieces of furniture, brought long ago from France or Spain, which in the United States would be considered of price less value.

The patio, or inner court, is truly "a joy forever," with its tall fountain sprinkling the passion flowers that surround it and gold fish darting among the turtles in its marble basin. The broad space is unroofed, except for the rose-covered trellis; and under the cool shadows of its banana and pomegranate thickets, great red ollas of porous clay, shaped like the oil jars of Egypt, contain filtered water for the family table.

Most of these big casas have two patios, the second used for stable yard and servants' quarters. Like all Cuban kitchens, so-called, that of mine hostess is a corner of this back court, flanked by stamping mules and horses on one side, carriage and store rooms on the other. Its floor of rough bricks is raised a foot above the ground, and there is no need of windows and doors, for the entire front is open to the patio. It contains no article of furniture, not even a chair or table. A long adobe shelf outside answers the latter purpose, and when the servants sit, as they are continually doing, their bare feet and legs form a black fringe along the

step formed by the brick floor. An adobe bench, built against the farthest wall of the kitchen, is topped with porcelain files and has several holes in it, for charcoal fires. As charcoal is the universal cooking fuel of the country, and is very expensive, everybody must economize it, and therefore these odd ranges serve the needs of the country better than any other kind. American stoves would be altogether out of place, on account of their wastefulness, as well as the intolerable heat. Gas stoves are out of the question. Gasoline and kerosene might be made to answer, but not nearly so well as the present method—to say nothing of the danger in them at the hands of careless servants. When a meal is to be cooked, tiny charcoal fires are kindled in two or more of the small depressions in the surface of adobe, according to the number of dishes required; and thus the most elaborate dinners of many courses may be evolved over a few handfuls of fuel, which gives out no heat beyond the vessel that surmounts it, and quickly burns out, leaving no ashes. The Cuban range is never used more than twice a day—for the mid-day breakfast and the late afternoon dinners. The early morning coffee, "dripped" through a cloth bag, is cooked over a little clay pot, or in a French coffee urn, with an alcohol lamp under it, on the diningroom sideboard. The Cubans take their coffee like their Portuguese cousins, the Brazilians, who declare that it is not fit to drink unless "black as night, bitter as death and hot as hades." The rule is a half a pint of browned coffee ground fine to each pint of

water, slowly filtered, drop by drop. For *desayuno* it is drunk with hot milk, a cup two-thirds full of the latter to two or three spoonfuls of coffee, but the after dinner cup is taken full strength, with the addition of sugar and maybe cognac.

Whatever else American housekeepers may find worthy of imitation in Cuban methods, assuredly dish-washing, as that disagreeable duty is practiced here, will not be one of them. Hot water is not abundant, as the charcoal fire goes out so quickly and soap is so very expensive that many families dispense with it except for toilet and laundry purposes. As every article of food is served in a separate course, necessitating a change of plates, the dishwashers' duties are



PEDDLER AND HIS OUTFIT.

This photograph represents a scene that is common in all the towns and cities of Cuba. The peddler with his perambulating dry goods shop is encouraged by the exclusive disposition of the Cuban and Spanish ladies, who have not acquired the love for shopping that characterizes their more energetic sisters of the North.

by no means light, and the result she or he achieves is wonderful, considering the circumstances. The greasy dishes (so much grease enters into the Cuban menu) are carried from the table and heaped upon the adobe shelf in the back patio, perhaps in close proximity to the horses' heels. There they are washed in wooden bowls or shallow earthen pans, generally in cold water, without soap; and after being well rinsed in more cold water, but never wiped, they are turned on end to "drain." And there they remain, in sun or shower, until required for the next meal; but somehow they always come to the table clean and shining. Pantries and dish cupboards, as we know them in the United States, are not found in Cuba, though the best houses have splendidly carved china closets in their dining rooms for keeping the best silver and show-pieces of tableware. Notwithstanding the absence of all those conveniences which to us seem indispensable, one seldom sees an untidy kitchen in Cuba. Even the cooking pots, which

Upon entering the navy yard he was directed to the locality where the Maine was moored, and at once sought her out. There she rode, close beside the low sea wall, a veritable monarch in her glistening, snow white armor. The long, tapering guns protruding at a slight upward angle from her massive turrets and curving barbettes, the light, quick firing batteries aloft in her fighting tops, and the scimiter-like curve of her powerful ram, gave ample evidence of her formidability, while the graceful, clean-cut lines of her hull and the tall twin smokestacks rising from the midst of a multitude of fire room ventilators amidship, precluded any doubt as to her fleetness. A casual survey was sufficient to impress Stanhope with these points of vantage, and in another moment he had mounted the gangway and crossed over to the deck of the warship.

Three weeks went by, and after a loitering pilgrimage along the coast of the mainland the battleship Maine had crossed the Florida



INTERIOR OF CIGARETTE FACTORY

The photograph represents one of the smaller concerns where the work is done entirely by hand. A very fine quality of tobacco is used, and many brands manufactured in this way have gained well-merited fame throughout the world.

of necessity are smoked black whenever used, are kept as immaculate as cold water and "elbow grease" can make them.—From Fanny B. Ward's *Letters on Cuban Life*.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE MAINE DISASTER.

It was a proud day for Thomas Gardner when he received his warrant and assignment as a pay yeoman in the navy. He was ordered to report for duty on board the splendid battleship Maine. The intelligence filled him with a very delirium of joy. He remembered how, in days gone by, he had gazed upon a photograph of this very vessel, and pictured himself as regularly attached to her. And now his dream was about to be realized.

How strange it all seemed, and how eagerly he looked forward to entering upon the execution of his new duties!

At length the day arrived.

Straits and come to anchor in the harbor of Havana. So crowded with activity and eventfulness had been each succeeding day that Gardner had scarcely noted their passage. It was evening, and he had ascended from his office between decks to the top of the superstructure, which point commanded an unobstructed view of the harbor and the brilliantly lighted shores on either hand. The night was singularly tranquil, even for the tropics, and, influenced by the languorous spell in the atmosphere, Gardner lapsed into reverie. He thought of his distant home, of the ties that must always bind him thereto, and a sense of self-reproach smote him as he dwelt upon the anxiety his mother had betrayed at their parting. Then his future, so full of hope and promise, spread out before him, and he told himself that his record would some day more than compensate for all the misgivings of the present. The sound of distant laughter fell upon his ears. An excursion steamer was passing just abeam. Then his listless gaze noted the steady, sin-

ister gleam of a far-off beacon. It was the signal light over Morro Castle. A sense of compassion dominated him at the thought of the languishing martyrs, suffering for liberty's cause in that grim, noisome dungeon. He felt that the imprisonment of his fondest hopes and aspirations in the past constituted a secret bond between these oppressed patriots and himself, and he was filled with an intense yearning to be in some way instrumental in ridding them of their thralldom. The measured clanging of the ship's bell as it struck the hour aroused him from this train of reflections. How dark it had suddenly grown! Had his recent musings cast a gloom over his feelings? There seemed to be a strange, indefinable foreboding in the silence that hovered about the ship. He turned to go below. As he did so a tremor thrilled the deck beneath his feet, there was a violent, spasmodic upheaval of the superstructure, and a blinding sheet of flame, accompanied by a stupendous, vibrating roar, belched upward from the forward section of the vessel. The terrific shock had thrown Gardner heavily to the deck, but he almost instantly regained his feet and looked wildly about him. That a terrible disaster had overtaken the ship there could be no doubt, but his bewildered senses utterly failed to appreciate its magnitude. His first definite thought reverted to his office below. In his safe was a large sum of money, a portion of which belonged to the Government, and a part to the officers and crew. It had been intrusted to his keeping, and he must save it. Hastily descending the ladder leading below, he made his way toward the pay office. As he proceeded he felt the ship settling beneath his feet, and upon reaching his door a great torrent of water swept inboard through an open hatchway. Dashing into the office, he applied the combination to the safe lock and swung open the door. Then, hurriedly gathering the gold into a canvas bag, he secured the latter about his waist and turned to retrace his steps. As he reached the door the electric lights, which had until then been burning, suddenly went out, and the interior of the sinking ship was plunged in utter darkness. The water in the passageway rose to his waist, but he struggled blindly, desperately on

through the surging flood, vainly striving to regain the foot of the ladder—vainly, for of a sudden the stricken battleship lurched helplessly downward and the engulfing waters rushed—irresistibly, overwhelmingly,—in upon her doomed occupants. But in death Thomas Gardner's loftiest aspirations were fulfilled, for when they found him the gold he had held in trust for others was still in his keeping, securely lashed about his lifeless form, and by

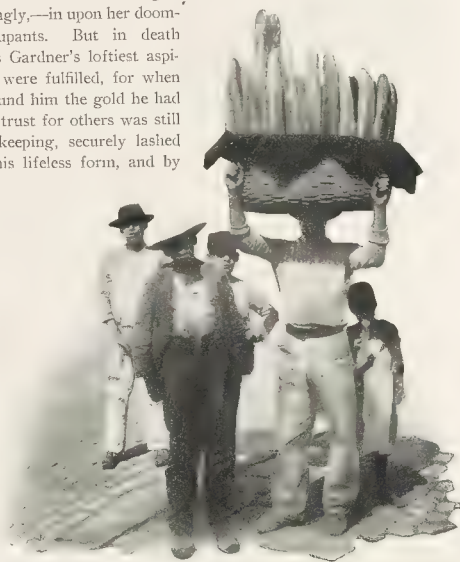


THE PRADO, HAVANA.

Showing workmen engaged in taking down the famous marble statue of Queen Isabella immediately after the American occupation.



NATIVE CHARCOAL VENDOR, HAVANA



NATIVE BAKER ON HIS ROUNDS.

his sacrifice, and that of the gallant heroes who sank with him, the emancipation of a down-trodden humanity—the freedom of Cuba—was ordained.—From *"A Fatal Emancipation,"* by José de Olivares.

THE NEW SOCIAL ORDER IN HAVANA.

With the advent of our army and its following of tourists, pleasure seekers, and the inevitable "promotor," came also the introduction of American customs. The military authorities even made the mistake of attempting to regulate certain peculiarities of the Spanish and Cuban population, which by long usage had become second nature.

The Cuban and Spanish classes on their part looked askance at some of the American customs introduced among them. Until recently tobacco chewing was unknown in the island. It came with the rush of population from the United States. Probably it is no more in-

over, everybody in Havana who smokes at all, smokes good cigars. The Havana people are unable to see wherein it is offensive; they, however, decline to look upon the introduction of tobacco chewing as an improvement. It is common to hear tourists speak of seeing women of all classes smoking cigarettes, and some of them write about the black-eyed señoritas and their dainty way of puffing the smoke. It is all imagination or is gotten from books written about other countries. Women of the better classes may smoke in Mexico or in Spain, but it is not the habit in Cuba.

The tourists complain that Cuba has not been Americanized, as they were led to believe. The great mass of the population talk the Spanish language, and this is an obstacle to visitors from the United States who expected other conditions. The street urchins know a few phrases—"Good-by," "All right," "Give me a cent," etc.—but this vocabulary is not of much help to strangers. The cabmen have trouble



ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN HAVANA.

Showing a detachment of the Tenth United States Infantry. This regiment is noted for the height of its men, the average being six feet.

jurious than the habit of smoking cigarettes, though in Cuba the latter are of pure tobacco, and are smoked for that reason instead of for the other stuff which is mixed with them in the United States. The greatest tobacco manufacturer in Havana, whose goods go all over the world, took the innovation in a businesslike way. Though the manufacture of plug tobacco was never before attempted he began it, and he produced a very fair article. Now he offers it to his American visitors in lieu of the dollar a-piece cigars from his private stock with which he used to compliment them. Some of them take it gratefully, but others are dubious, and would prefer a return to the customs of the country when it comes to tobacco.

Smoking is the universal habit, and the attempt to prohibit it in omnibuses and cars is a doubtful experiment. Inasmuch as the weather is always that of summer, and these conveyances are open, it is not so great an inconvenience, even to those who do not smoke. More-

in understanding the United States pronunciation of Spanish names, which are often most difficult to master. And, being cabmen, they refuse to accept the responsibility for the wrong directions. Usually there is a courteous Spaniard or Cuban who understands English, and who straightens out the trouble. He frequently has a grumbling thanks for his pains, and probably forms his own opinion of American politeness.

It is the eating that frets the tourist most. Spanish dishes did not take their departure when the last of the Spanish troops sailed for the peninsula. Cuban cooking has not been fully Americanized. It is now possible to obtain a fairly good beefsteak, and butter is served with bread. But the bread is of the healthful and digestible kind which is baked in the bakeries, while most of the American tourists prefer the soft and soggy sort that they get at home. Vegetables are also cooked after the Cuban methods, and salads are prepared after

the Spanish or French manner. Worse than this is the persistence with which the inhabitants adhere to their custom of coffee and a light roll for the early morning. The tourist from the States wants a heavy breakfast, and makes known with hearty American frankness his opinion of the degenerate Latin race for clinging to coffee and rolls. Those who bring with them thirsty throats do not complain. They find plenty of American bar rooms.

Another American innovation which has not met with great favor is their free and easy habit of taking possession of the cafés. The Latin politeness is, perhaps, largely veneer, yet it has some agreeable features. Formerly it was the custom of anybody who seated himself at a table in one of the cafés to first ask if it was agreeable to other persons seated there. It was purely a formality, because whether agreeable or not no one would suggest otherwise. And if any of the persons found the newcomer's presence disagreeable, after a few moments they themselves would politely withdraw.

Sunday closing is another of the American innovations which will have to be tested by experience. The hours of the clerks and shopkeepers in Havana are very long, and one day in the week of rest from work is their due. The shops kept open Sundays the same as week days, although during afternoons and evening there was little trade, and some of them closed up voluntarily. Now they are compelled to do so. How long they will continue the custom after the military compulsion ceases is doubtful. Probably in the end, after agitation among themselves, they will compromise with their clerks and employes and close at noon. Some of the Americans who are zealous to reform the customs and manners of the island want to follow the Sunday closing of the shops by prohibiting amusements and sports on that day, for it is the real holiday of the week. When the bull fight and the cocking main existed, they took place on Sunday. The bull fight may eventually be suppressed, for intelligent Cubans and Spaniards are looking for something to take its place which is not so brutal. They are now planning a series of horse races. It is doubtful if horse racing ever becomes very popular, but, in any event, it will not be a new sport. The horses of the island, some of them bred from old Andalusian stock, are very sturdy, but they are not speedy, and never will be in this climate. The notion of horse racing in the Cuban mind is more that of a tournament of jockeys than a test of speed between high strung animals.

If the races are established, Sunday will be the chief day. It is already the gala day in baseball matches. Some of the American troops at Santiago used to get a lot of fun out of the attempt of the Cubans to play baseball. In the western part of the island they would not have had as much fun, because the game is well understood. It was introduced in Havana more than a quarter of a century ago, when at the height of its popularity in the United States. The championship of Havana was regularly contested by two nines, the Havana and Almendares clubs. The crowd gets even more excited than it does in



HANGMAN'S TREE

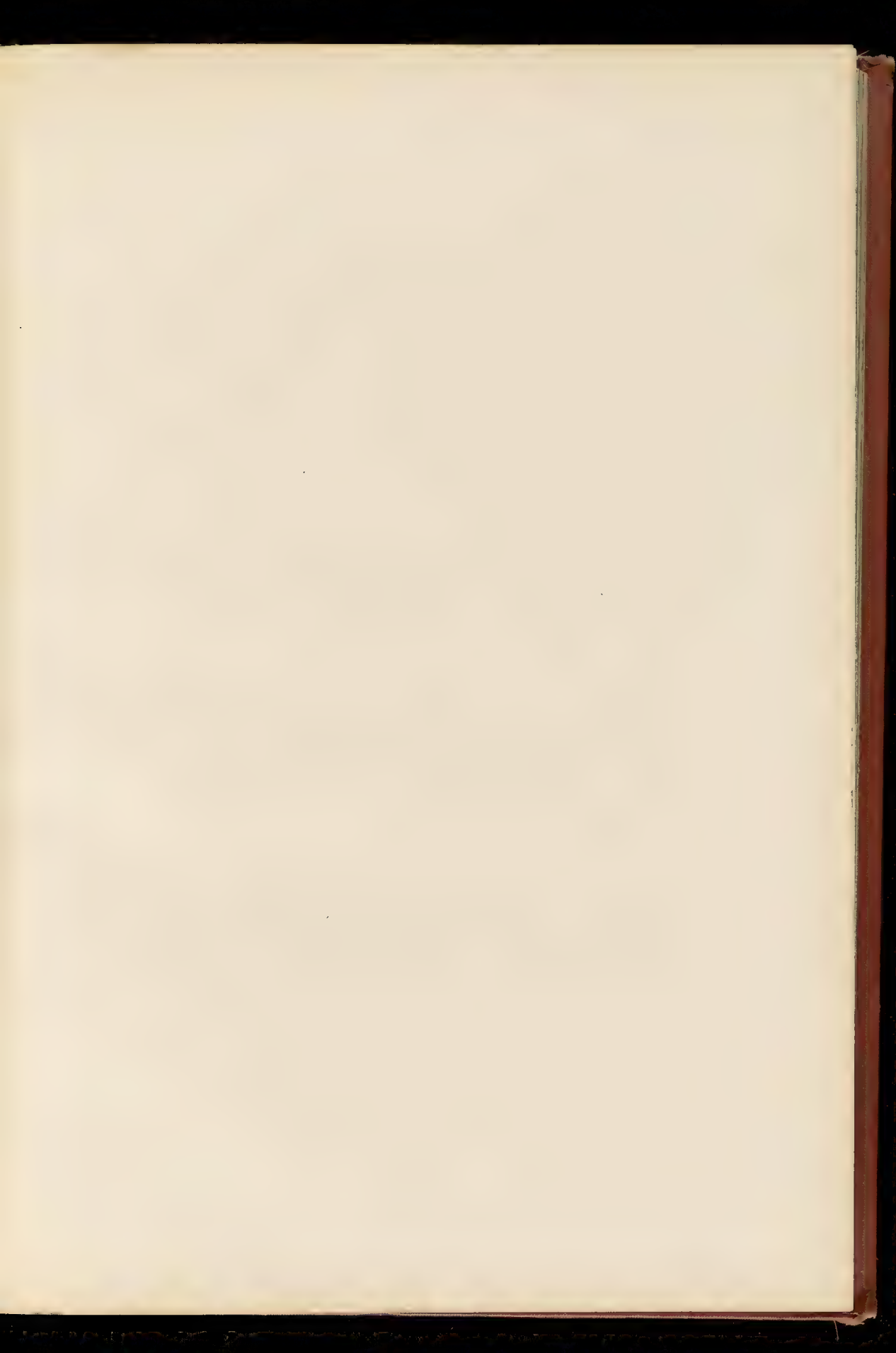
This tree is located near the suburbs of Havana and has a gruesome record on account of its singular resemblance to a gibbet. Whether or not it was used for that purpose we have no means of verifying, but its appearance and reputation indicate its past uses.

the United States, and all the players assert their rights to defy the rooters whenever they are hissed. The umpire would not be recognized by his American contemporary as a brother. Instead of maintaining his superiority, he gets as excited as everybody else. But the agitation passes away much more quickly than at a hotly contested game in the United States.

The baseball editor of a Havana paper has rather an unhappy time of it. Many of the terms have no equivalent in the Spanish language. In trying to describe the game, he therefore lacks the facility of the chronicler of a bull fight. The latter writes in flowing Castilian, and when he pleases, drops into poetry. But the baseball editor has no such facile pen, because about every fourth word has to be in English. An account of a baseball game in a German newspaper will afford some idea of the difficulties of describing the game in Spanish. Nevertheless, the general idea is followed of a combat between two sets of warriors, and the various moves are described as though two armies were contesting each other's march. The military spirit of the race gives color to their amusements, as it does to their national characteristics and habits of thought.



THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION ENTERING THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA





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STREET SCENE IN NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

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U. S. A. P. M. S. E. C. N. Y. 2



STONE BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALMENDARES.

This is one of the most massive structures to be found in the West Indies. It is built of solid stone and masonry throughout, and is guarded on either side by a stone parapet and ornamental iron paling.

IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter II.

“ACROSS the Almendares” has long been a common expression in and about Havana. In times past its significance was interchangeable, but to-day when it is uttered you may be sure it refers to the picturesque suburban village lying immediately beyond the great stone bridge arched above the limpid stream on the city’s western boundary. The name of the village is Marianao, which, translated, signifies “the seashore.” A more appropriate title could hardly have been accorded the place, for its site is on a gentle incline overlooking the sea at an altitude of some 200 feet above its surface. Marianao is about 8 miles from the center of Havana and has long been the favorite out-of-town resort of the city’s wealth and fashion. The village enjoys so enviable a reputation from a standpoint of beauty and cleanliness that in addition to its large transient population, several hundred families have taken up a permanent residence there in preference to living in the city. A village of more uniform attractiveness than Marianao would be difficult to imagine. Long before the intervening Rio Almendares has been crossed, the delicate fragrance from the gardens on its further bank enravishes the visitor’s senses, and presently the eye is entranced with a vision of white-walled enclosures choked with their riotous profusion of exotic and native shrubs and flowers. There are dense thickets of South Sea roses, the blooms of which are twice the size of any to be seen on the continent; waxen petaled camelias in white and pink vie with tall, slender shafts of clustering tuberose and filmy carnations in the distilling of their rich perfume. Above these are interlaced the broad spreading branches of cocoa palms, banana plants and magnolia trees,

while the walls themselves, as if unable to restrain the gorgeous tide, overflow with heavy festoons of azure morning-glories and scarlet passion flowers. And yet this is but a harbinger, as it were, of the unique scenes and historical associations that cluster about beautiful Marianao. Unlike the character of the adjacent metropolis, no compactness exists except in the case of the buildings along the one semi-business, semi-amusement thoroughfare. Instead, the beautiful villas, with their environing groves and green swards, are spread over a much greater space than is allotted to many a Cuban town of more than tenfold its number of inhabitants.

One of the chief objects of interest at Marianao is a native ban yan tree located on the outskirts of the village. This solitary tree has, one after another, extended its boughs downward into the earth, and thus spread until now it covers a field from 4 to 5 acres in area. The various types to be seen on the famous Imperial Road which runs through the village constitute another feature of interest peculiar to the suburban districts. Here the native Cuban is encountered in all his inherent simplicity. Now he ambles past, astride a dejected looking work pony, while before him, across the animal’s withers, are piled a dozen or more broad, flat sacks containing coffee beans for the Havana markets. Again he appears in the role of milkman, mounted upon a counterpart of the coffee-laden beast, but which instead carries a brace of panniers slung upon either side, from which protrude the necks of as many earthen vessels containing his liquid wares. At other times the observer is astounded at the sight of an animated haystack gliding along the road, and it frequently requires

more than a casual glance in order to determine that the actual motive power is furnished by a quadruped concealed in the midst of the trailing sheaves.

But the beast of burden is by no means the sole method of transportation to be met with on the Cuban highway. There are quaint two-wheeled vehicles in untold variety, from the ponderous ox-cart, of prehistoric origin, with wheels like veritable mill-stones and other gearing in proportion, to the comparatively light *volante*, or flyer, which from its primitiveness of design might be the patriarch of the ordinary road cart in use the world over.

On the outskirts of Marianao there is an inn for the express accommodation of travelers and freighters bound to and from Havana. Here for a trifle the guest can obtain refreshment for both himself and beast, the former partaking of his fare on the interior while the latter is regaled from a manger conveniently located under the portico at the front of the establishment. An epitome, however concise, of the modes of conveyance peculiar to the Cuban country-folk would be grossly inadequate without at least a reference to the native *portador*, which functionary is pre-eminent a West Indian type personified by both sexes. The simplicity of this institution leaves little room for description, for the *portador* is equipped with no other implements than those provided by the Creator. Nor is the individual in question prone to covet the ox or the ass of a more opulent neighbor, but on the contrary is wont to regard the twain with the finest scorn. Moreover, the portador looks with contempt upon the man who would carry a burden in his arms, or for that matter on his back or shoulders. Wherein then lies the craft of the portador? Simply and solely in toughness of scalp and thickness of skull. When you behold a stalwart negress striding along the Cuban highway, bearing upon her head a quarter dozen bushel panniers, stacked one upon the other, and containing enough solid produce to sway the back of any ordinary human,

STREET SCENE IN MARIANAO.

Showing method of marketing fodder in the absence of the conventional hayrack.



you may know she belongs to the genus "portador;" and when presently she meets and passes an ebony skinned Ethiopian deftly balancing upon his kinky cranium a mechanic's tool chest which he is bent upon delivering at the next village a league or so beyond, that is the first portador's masculine contemporary. Nor does the portador carry only burdens of a heavy or unwieldy character in this manner. I have seen two such worthies meandering down the street each supporting on his head one end of a grand square piano, and a few moments later observed them returning, one with a box of sardines and the other with a bottle of Jamaica rum, borne aloft in a like fashion. The daily lives of these country people are characterized by a simplicity that is truly pathetic. Many of them never experience the luxury of a roof either by day or by night, while there are numerous instances where a single cramped habitation will accommodate an entire clan representing several families.

A favorite diversion with these villagers is cock fighting. The entire wardrobe of a Cuban native may be limited to a single pair of cotton pantafoons—the sole legacy bequeathed him by his immediate progenitor, his diet may be restricted to a daily crust and an occasional yam; but let the announcement of a cock fight greet his hearing and depend upon it he will be on hand at the event, ready to stake the aforesaid pantafoons, or at the least his next day's rations, on the bird that appeals most favorably to his expert judgment. A Cuban cock fight is by no means the tame affair occasionally pulled off in other sections of the globe. True, in view of the present marked decimation in the ranks of the fighting fowls, occasioned by the pressing demand for poultry during the late war, these events have become somewhat less frequent than of yore. But from all accounts such of the feathered gladiators as managed to elude the axe are strenuously endeavoring to make up in ferocity what they lack in numbers. In Cuba, cock fights are not



OX-CART AND GROUP OF NATIVES IN OUTSKIRTS OF MARIANAO.

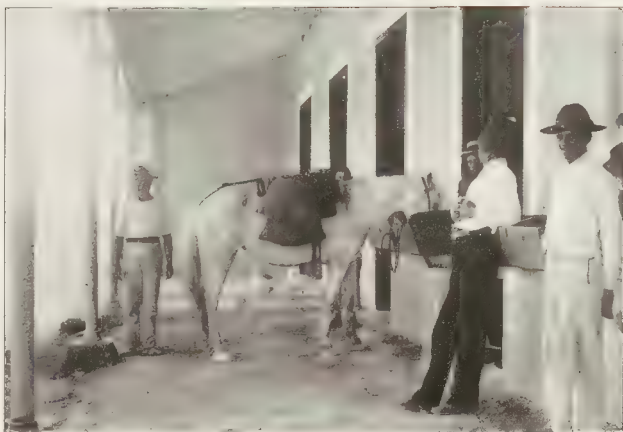
The vehicles used by the native Cubans are of the most primitive character. The cart shown in the photograph is the kind commonly used for heavy draying purposes.



SUGAR MILL AND EMPLOYEES, NEAR HAVANA

pulled off in pits as elsewhere, but on the contrary take place in the open field. When all is in readiness, the fowls are released and allowed to fly at each other, while the crowd presses about manifesting the keenest interest in their various maneuvers. The contesting birds fight with their natural spurs, filed down to a fine point, in lieu of the conventional steel gaff. These frays are invariably distinguished by the utmost stubbornness and are frequently brought to a close miles away from the starting point. Often one of the birds will drop to the ground from sheer exhaustion. In this case his owner immediately picks him up, inserts a quill down his throat and endeavors to inspire the fowl with renewed energy by blowing him full of wind. Another method sometimes resorted to in order to overcome such fits of exhaustion is the administering of copious draughts of rum by means of the aforesaid quill, the liquor stimulating the fowl in much the same manner as if it were human. Occasionally a peculiar bird is met with which partakes of both the nature of a chicken and a goose. It is known as the *patogallo*, and is much sought after by votaries of the cock fight, a bird of this species being capable of defeating half a dozen ordinary game fowls one after another. Of late years the predilection for cock fighting in Cuba, which formerly extended even to the aristocracy, has to a great extent given way to the present predominant mania for the so-called sport of the bullring. This fact is much to be deplored, for although neither may be classed as particularly edifying, the former of the two evils is beyond comparison the least brutal and contaminating.

As previously stated, the term "across the Almendares" was hitherto subject to different versions. Throughout the Spanish-Cuban war the Rio Almendares constituted the dividing line between the



NOONDAY IN A HAVANA SUBURB.

Showing how horses are quartered under the front portico of the wayside inn, while the riders are being entertained in the interior.

opposing forces. At a point where the river curves beyond Marianao is a second stone bridge, which at that period was practically neutral territory. Time and again possession of that bridge was contested for by the company of Havana volunteers stationed on the outskirts of Marianao and small detachments from the insurgent forces in the valley below. Occasionally, under cover of darkness, the latter would make transitory excursions across into the suburbs of Marianao, and when the coast was clear the Spaniards frequently crossed over to the villages on the opposite side. In those days the inhabitants of these vil-



A CUBAN VOLANTE.

This vehicle, formerly so common in all West Indian cities, is now used only for the accommodation of travelers on the island highways. Though ungainly in appearance, it is an exceedingly comfortable conveyance for long journeys. Photograph shows the postilion on the wheel horse, and coach boy in the rear.

lages were known as Pacificos, and while almost daily visited by either Spaniards or insurgents were strictly noncombatant, voluntarily assisting neither side. This fact caused them to be continually preyed upon by the members of both factions. Not infrequently when a house had just been looted by a band of Cuban foragers, the Spaniards would put in an appearance, and perceiving that they had been forestalled would accuse the dwellers of having offered no resistance to the insurgents, upon which pretext they would be shot down on the spot. The little suburb of Gautao, which lies a few miles beyond Marianao, was once the scene of such a tragedy. On this occasion twenty people of both sexes, eighteen of whom were unarmed pacificos, were murdered in cold blood for the sole reason that a band of insurgents had a short time previously replenished their commissariat at the expense of the community. The fact that two of the victims who had secured rifles and stood their ground succeeded in mortally wounding one of

Five miles back from Havana, at the terminus of the fashionable Calle de Cerro, lies the aristocratic village of Jesus del Monte. It is distinguished as the most elevated of the city's suburbs, its altitude being some 220 feet. Regla, situated on the opposite side of the harbor from Havana, is noted for its splendid sugar warehouses, said to be the largest in the world. Here also is located an immense *Corrida de Toros*, or bull ring, which on Sundays and holidays attracts a large representation from the neighboring city. Guanabacoa, though a considerable city in itself, containing some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, is practically a suburb of Havana. It is situated a short distance east of Regla and possesses few attractions, being noted principally for its exceedingly high death rate. Puentes Grandes is a quaint little hamlet in the hills adjacent to the capital city, and Cienaga is often referred to as the former's twin sister of the plains. The crooked streets and crumbling ruins of Cerro, another hillside suburb, are features of in-



SCENE ON THE IMPERIAL ROAD, SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

This photograph was taken in the outskirts of Marianao, and represents natives on their way to the fields to test the powers of their respective game birds.

the volunteers and slightly injuring another, was sufficient, in the eyes of the Spanish officials, to justify reporting the affair as a decisive battle. To the civilized world, however, it will never be otherwise known than as the Gautao massacre. On the banks of the Almendares, close by the neutral bridge, is an old chatalet. Hither one summer during the war the owner, a Spanish gentleman of Havana, came with his household, in pursuance of his custom, to spend a few days during the hot months. Scarcely had he become settled, however, when the insurgents appeared on the scene and demanded their customary tribute in clothing and provisions. In response to their demands the old Spaniard promptly closed the doors of his stronghold and bade defiance to the invaders, whereupon, failing to effect an entrance, they proceeded to lay siege to the premises, with the result that over two months elapsed before the occupants were rescued.

terest; likewise the uniform whiteness and antique architecture of Casa Blanca, a village on the east shore of Havana harbor.

The pretty suburban town of Quemado, situated ten miles distant from Havana on the Imperial Road, is one of the local seats of learning, and numbers among other institutions a good seminary for young ladies. The architectural design of this building is most picturesque, its entire front representing a semi-octagonal portico supported by massive fluted columns and inclosed only by a series of shutters which, during recitation hours, owing to the tropical nature of the weather, are generally left open.

San Antonio de Baños, twenty miles south of the city, derives its name from the mineral springs situated at that point, and is celebrated as a leading health resort of Cuba. It is also noted for the immense caves found in its vicinity. Some of these caverns are very extensive

and have never been thoroughly explored. In many respects the caves of Cuba bear a striking similarity to the famous subterranean regions of Kentucky, their interiors being garnished with drooping stalactites and sentinel-like stalagmites, the effect of which is at once grotesque and beautiful.

All of Havana's principal suburbs are connected with the city by train service, the character of which is quite in keeping with other enterprises peculiar to the island. The accommodations consist of first, second and third-class coaches. The only noticeable difference lies in the style of the seats, those of the first-class being of woven cane, the second of boards, and the third plain benches. The passengers are entirely unrestricted by rules such as govern the railway service of other countries. For instance, it is allowable for the passenger to carry not only an unlimited amount of baggage in the car with him, but domestic animals as well. Hence, it is not an unusual sight to see a single traveler occupying an entire seat, utilizing the one before him for his personal effects, which are piled to the top of his head, while a dog, a pig and a goat fill up the remainder of the section. This, to the uninitiated, may sound like romancing, but it is nevertheless true.

One other suburban village there is in the environs of Havana to which even more romantic interest attaches than to any of those already mentioned. It is situated beyond the beautiful Campo Santo—in which cemetery the "Maine's" devoted dead lie buried—on the east bank of the Rio Almendares, where the latter empties into the Gulf. The name of this suburb is Chorreta Vedado, meaning beautiful and fashionable. Here is situated the famous Buccaneers' Fort, an intensely picturesque old ruin, interesting not only in itself but from the fact that it marks the site where the original City of Havana was founded in 1519. It was somewhere about that time that the accomplished buccaneer, Peter of Duppe, came into prominence as the leading scourge of the West Indian Seas. While at the zenith of his career, the story goes, this picturesque marauder became enamored of the daughter

NATIVES COACHING THEIR GAME BIRDS.

Cock-fighting is the most popular of all diversions among the country people of Cuba. The fowls likewise appear to enjoy the contest quite as much as the spectators.



ter of Havana's Governor, and though the young lady was disposed to regard the outlaw potentate with favor, her stern parent refused for a moment to tolerate the matrimonial negotiations which ensued. In vain the daughter pleaded, and in vain her bold lover reasoned. The Governor was obdurate. When this became evident the chief of the buccaneers forsook the role of petitioner, and assuming all the asperity of his illegitimate rank, demanded the girl on pain of the city's complete annihilation. His threat, however, was unavailing, whereupon he at once set sail for his island retreat, where he proceeded to assemble a fleet of his staunchest corsairs. This accomplished, he again set out for Havana, before which city he duly appeared in battle array. But neither the sight of his formidable armada, nor his final ultimatum to the Governor, was productive of the coveted maiden, and true to his promise the pirate chieftain landed with his followers and fiercely assailed the capital. For a time the attack met with a spirited resistance, but eventually the Governor and his men were conquered and driven from the city, to which the torch was speedily applied. Long ere the

flames reached the palace, however, the chief of the buccaneers was there, and to his intense gratification found that his lady love had decided to await his coming in preference to flying with her vanquished sire. Escorting her off to his flagship the victorious freebooter awaited until the city had reached an advanced stage of cremation, whereupon he again landed with his men and erected upon its ashes the great fort, whose massive walls yet stand as a reminder of those palmy days of whimsical love and untrammelled lawlessness. Tradition is quite as provoking in this as in so many other incidents of that time, and does not record what eventually befell the venturesome Peter of Duppe and his aristocratic bride: it even fails to state how they managed to circumvent the question of matrimonial ethics in the absence of a parson—though to be sure one of Peter's subordinate skippers, by virtue of his undeniable nautical prerogative in such matters, might have tied the knot. The presence of the



THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE

Characteristic scene at a Cuban cockfight. The fowls are in no wise restricted as to space, and the battle often ends miles away from the point of commencement, with the eager crowd in attendance to the last.

fort, however, and the fact that the new site of Havana was located comfortably beyond range of the cannon of that period, is held to be sufficient evidence that they took up at least a temporary residence on shore. In all events, it is to be hoped that the moral influence of his better-half early persuaded Peter of Duppe to renounce his nefarious calling and render substantial assistance to Don Hernando de Soto, who, history affirms, soon after came over from Santiago de Cuba to superintend the reconstruction of the island capital.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

distinguish Venice, while the occupation of the people who frequent them—namely, the harvesting of sponges—is identical with the leading industry of the Adriatic and Ionian Seas. Sponge fishing among the Cayos off the south coast of Havana Province has long constituted one of the most important features of Cuban commerce. Batabanó, therefore, by reason of its shipping facilities—it being the southern terminus of the transcuban railroad connecting with Havana on the north—is the recognized center of the industry. The lower coast of Western Cuba is characterized by an almost unbroken stretch of swamp land,



VOTARIES OF THE COCKPIT.

The bird shown in the photograph is known as a "patogallo," partaking both of the nature of a chicken and a goose. Attention is called to its sharpness of beak and length of legs, one of its toes being shown protruding from between the fingers of its master. This species of game fowl is the most formidable known, and one of them has been known to whip half a dozen ordinary fighting birds in rapid succession.

BATABANÓ AND THE SPONGE INDUSTRY.

The quaint little seaport of Batabanó, on the lower coast of Cuba thirty miles due south of Havana, is, in various respects, one of the most remarkable towns in the West Indian Isles. Batabanó is, perhaps, the only town of the Greater Antilles in which the language, personalities and general environments are not prevalently Spanish. It is a community largely composed of Italians and Greeks, hence the entire aspect of the place is eminently in accord with the characteristics and customs of those nationalities. Batabanó may lack the architectural graces of aristocratic Venice and the classical attributes of the proverbial Grecian city, but it is none the less Oriental for all that. Indeed, its moat-like thoroughfares are quite the same as those which

thickly interspersed with lagoons. In the midst of this vast *ciénaga*, a short distance back from the coast, the town is situated, its houses in many instances being built along the sides of natural canals leading from one lagoon to another and finally to the sea. The town includes two boroughs, La Plaza on the north and Surgerdero to the southward. While the actual population does not exceed 2,000, more than twice that number of sponge fishers, dwelling at various intervals along the Havana coast, claim citizenship thereto.

The waters of the Caribbean Sea adjacent to Batabanó are noted for their exceeding clearness, and the wonderful submarine landscapes visible from above their surface are alone more than sufficient recompense for a journey thither. At a depth of ten fathoms and more vast

groves of delicate coral, flourishing in a miniature enchanted world, are revealed. Submerged keys, covered with all manner of nautical vegetation, lift their glistening crests, like veritable mountains, to within a few feet of the surface, then slope away into shadowy, mysterious vales below. I have mentioned the word "surface," yet there are times when such, to the vision, does not exist; when the soft purple atmosphere of the tropical world and the twilight depths of the Southern Sea are so blended into one that the lazy gulls above and the lazy fishes beneath apparently might mingle together with the utmost ease and propriety. At such times the ever-present fleet of sloops and shallows seem poised in the heavens of a fabled realm, while their busy crews are engaged in the harvesting of a crop as unique as it is real. For here, among the sunken reefs of the Caribbean Sea, are situated the sponge beds from whence are gleaned a fair percentage of the world's supply of that indispensable product. The sponges secured near Batabanó are principally of three kinds, namely, the sheep's wool, grass and glove varieties. Of these the former is the most sought after, being of a much finer texture and commanding a considerably higher price than the others.

SQUAD OF HAVANA VOLUNTEERS.

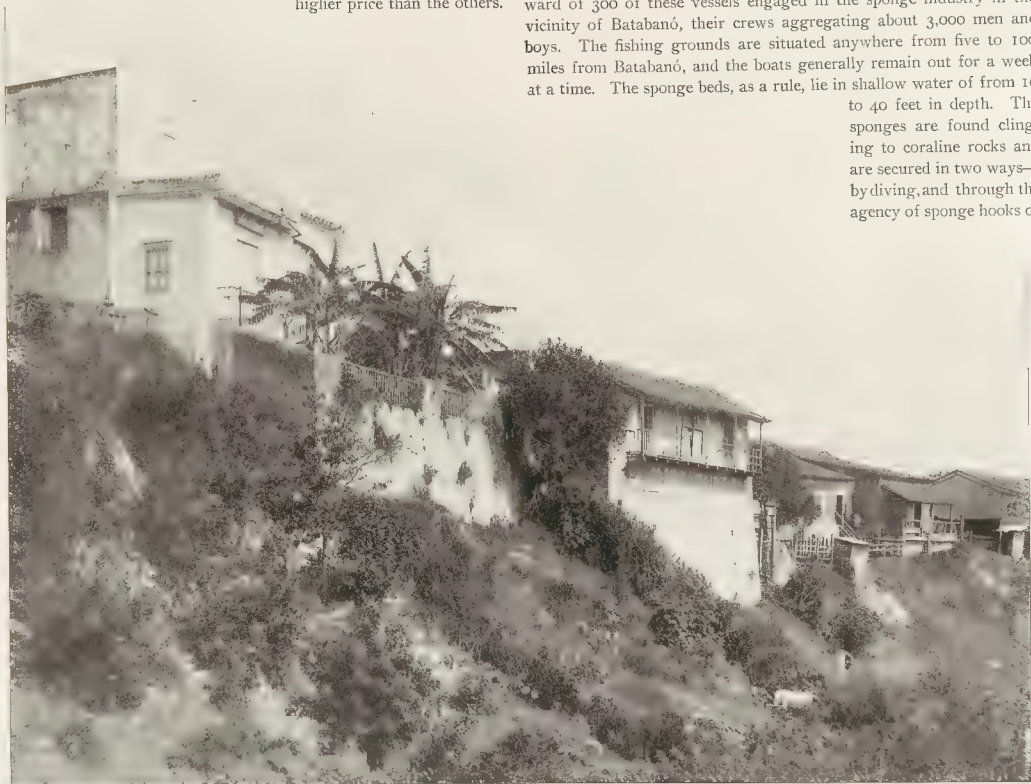
Types of the notorious military organization which, during the latter part of the Spanish regime, controlled and terrorized the city and suburbs of Havana.



It, however, abounds in lesser quantities, and therefore constitutes a smaller proportion of the annual catch. The grass sponge is the medium and most abundant grade, while the glove variety is a very inferior product, and gathered only when others are scarce.

The vessels employed by the local fishers are small, ranging from the lightest skiff to sloops of twenty-five tons burden. There are upward of 300 of these vessels engaged in the sponge industry in the vicinity of Batabanó, their crews aggregating about 3,000 men and boys. The fishing grounds are situated anywhere from five to 100 miles from Batabanó, and the boats generally remain out for a week at a time. The sponge beds, as a rule, lie in shallow water of from 10

to 40 feet in depth. The sponges are found clinging to coralline rocks and are secured in two ways—by diving, and through the agency of sponge hooks or



ANCIENT CHATALET ON THE ALMENDARES.

An extreme outpost of the Imperial forces during the Cuban-Spanish war. The owner of this chatalet was on one occasion besieged in his stronghold by a detachment of insurgents and for a period of two months was unable to make his escape with his family.

rakes attached to slender poles from 30 to 40 feet in length. The former method is employed only by the native Cubans, who, as divers, are unexcelled the world over. Usually the clearness of the water enables the sponge to be detected without the slightest difficulty, but should the surface be sufficiently ruffled a water glass is used. This is simply a water-tight box, the under part of which is glass. Upon settling it into the disturbed water the bottom becomes distinctly visible, together with its array of coral thickets, sea cucumbers, anemones, urchins and funny inhabitants. The effect is as of a glimpse into a vast aquarium, but its wonders are all lost upon the alert sponger. They are as common to him as the trees and rocks along the neighboring shore. Presently his eye is arrested by a small dark mass clinging to the rough surface of the reef. It is a sponge. Immediately upon his discovery he reaches behind him, picks up a triangular stone with a long line

the native would inform you that the latter were "loggerheads," and utterly worthless as an article of commerce. The loggerhead, while the largest and most common of all sponges, is altogether too coarse to be utilized for any purpose other than fertilizing.

The Greek fishers never resort to diving in the gathering of sponges, but depend altogether upon their long sponge hooks. These they handle with great dexterity, but nevertheless cannot avoid tearing the sponges to a greater or less extent. For this reason the native divers secure considerably more for their product than the Greeks. The latter, however, are practically in control of the industry, and a large percentage of the Batabanó sponges is gathered by them.

Immediately upon arriving at the sponge beds, the various fishers construct "kraals," or pens of interwoven stakes, in shallow water. These are usually about 10 feet in diameter, and hither the fishes carry



FUENTES GRANDES, A SUBURB OF HAVANA.

Showing four-ox team such as is used in all the hill districts of Cuba. Where the ascent is very pronounced an additional ox team is placed in the rear of the cart, being trained to assist by pushing.

attached by means of a hole in one corner, and, replacing the water-glass in the boat, is overboard like a flash. If you should pick up the water glass and follow his course you would see him making his way like a veritable octopus—seemingly all arms and legs—straight for that minute object among the reefs. Finally, as he reaches it and tears it loose, you inwardly wonder that he chose so small a specimen, while there are dozens of others, some of them as large as bogsheads and apparently of the same species, growing everywhere about him. To these, however, he pays not a particle of attention, but after a moment or two selects another diminutive specimen, and, placing one under each arm, tugs at the "plumb-line" as a signal to be hauled aboard. Upon reappearing above the surface he displays no fatigue whatsoever, but, depositing his catch in the bottom of the boat, is straightway ready for another dive. Should you now take occasion to inquire his reasons for choosing these small sponges in preference to the more ample ones,

and deposit their sponges as fast as their boats are loaded. In its original state the sponge is a solid mass of gelatinous animal life, and shortly after being exposed to the air emits a peculiar and by no means pleasant odor. After a sufficient quantity has been gathered the spongers repair to their "kraals" and proceed to cure their catch. This is accomplished by two different processes. One is to bury them in the sand for several days until the animal life has thoroughly decomposed, and another to extract the animal matter by beating them with wooden bats. In either case the sponges are subsequently cleansed by placing them in large wicker cages and exposing them to the action of the tide. They are then strung on short lengths of rope yarn, usually five on each strand, and spread out in the hot sun to dry. This ends the curing process, so far as the fishermen are concerned, and all that remains is to make them up into compact bales and transport them to Batabanó. Here the spongers dispose of their catch at public auction.

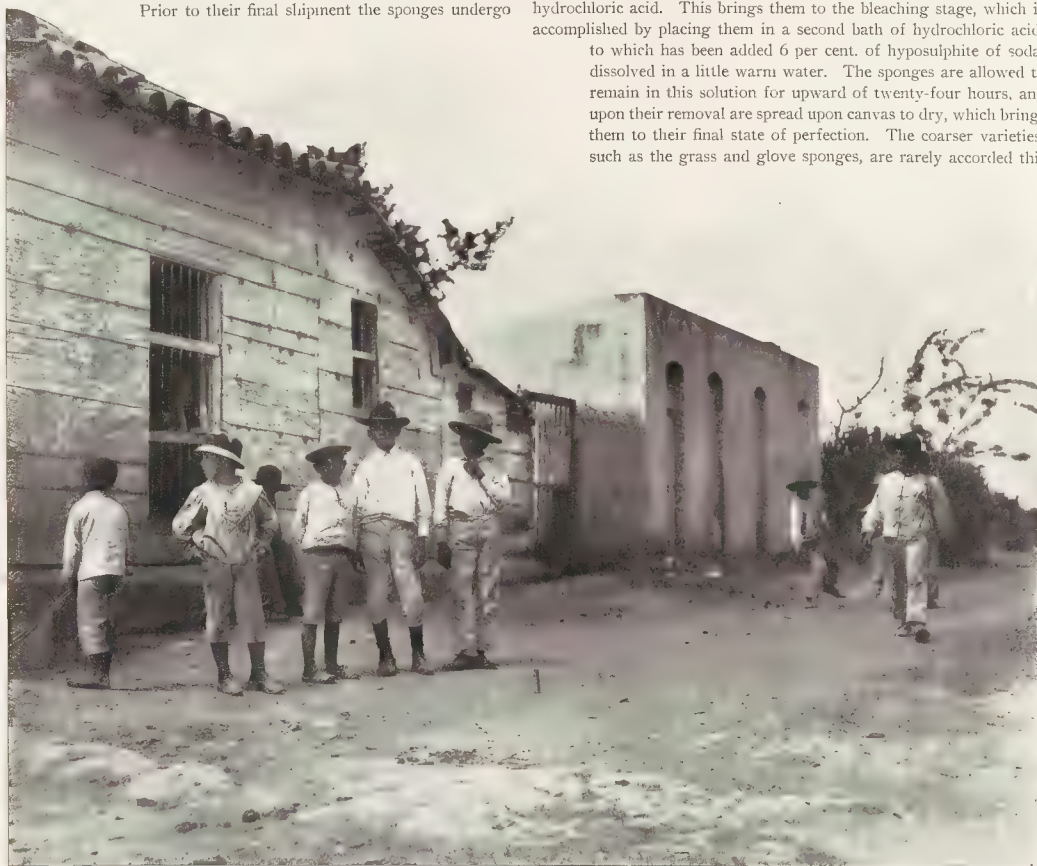
Every foreign sponge house of any consequence has its resident buyer at Batabanó. Soon after the fleet arrives the sponges are landed at the warehouses, each catch being placed in a separate pile. They are then carefully inspected by the various buyers, each of whom is privileged to make a bid on the respective catches. This is done by writing the amount on a slip of paper and handing it to the owner, the highest bidder securing the sponges. The average prices paid for sponges at the Batabanó market are as follows: Sheep-wool, \$1.15 per pound; grass, 35c; glove, 20c. There are various intermediate grades which are sold at rates corresponding to their value, but such are secured only in limited quantities. In purchasing sponges the buyer rarely governs his bid by the quantity of the catch, but by the size and quality of the product, the medium sizes commanding the best figure. Although the weights of the various lots are never given, the bids must be gauged according to what they will weigh—which necessitates long experience and careful judgment on the buyer's part.

Prior to their final shipment the sponges undergo



HEAD WATERS OF THE RIO ALMENDARES.
Showing source and works of Havana's excellent water supply.

a second process of curing. They are first carefully sorted with respect to quality, after which they are trimmed to the proper shapes. They are then thoroughly washed in several waters, after which all calcareous matters are dissolved by immersing them in a very dilute hydrochloric acid. This brings them to the bleaching stage, which is accomplished by placing them in a second bath of hydrochloric acid, to which has been added 6 per cent. of hyposulphite of soda, dissolved in a little warm water. The sponges are allowed to remain in this solution for upward of twenty-four hours, and upon their removal are spread upon canvas to dry, which brings them to their final state of perfection. The coarser varieties, such as the grass and glove sponges, are rarely accorded this



JUVENILE TYPES, SUBURBS OF HAVANA

Native boys near the village of Cerro, playing "chuck the rock," similar to the American game of "duck the rock." It is contrary to popular custom in Cuba for children of both sexes to play together, as is evinced by the attitude of the little girl who watches the game from behind the barred window casement.

elaborate treatment, though, in some cases, they are given a bath of weak white lime water, which greatly improves them, both as to texture and appearance.

It is to be regretted that more rigid restrictions are not imposed upon sponge fishing in Cuban waters. It is true that certain local laws exist for the protection of the sponge beds, but there has always been a laxness in their enforcement, while at the present time they are almost totally ignored. One of the first provisions enacted in the present legislation of Cuba should be the establishing of such a code of laws for the government of the sponge fisheries as is at present in force along the coast of Florida. These restrictions prohibit diving and dredging for sponges, and gathering those under a specified size. The objection to diving is the fact that the sponges are torn from the rocks in their entirety. While this results in the supplying of a perfect article to the sponge trade, it likewise removes all possibilities of a succeeding growth on the rocks to which it was originally attached. On the other

largely centered in the coast waters of Southern Cuba, is of the utmost importance, not alone to that section, but universally.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

COMMERCIAL POSSIBILITIES IN CUBA.

The development of Cuba's commercial importance and its trade with countries other than Spain dates from 1762, when Albemarle, the British Commander, reinforced by a contingent of 2,300 Americans under Israel Putnam, captured Havana and other important points on the Island. Considering its geographical closeness to the United States, the mercantile spirit of our people, and the fact that Cuba found a ready market for her products at her very doors, it is not claiming too much to say that America rather than Spain is, commercially speaking, the mother country of the Island. These are the intelligent views advanced by an observant business man of New York City who has recently returned from an extended trip throughout the Island.



STREET SCENE IN CERRO, SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

A quaint village among the hills near the Almendares River. It is remarkable for its tortuous streets and antiquated houses, many of which are in ruins.

hand, by fishing with hooks attached to poles, sponges are rarely removed without leaving some portion from which a new growth may spring. As to dredging, the very name implies both the method and the injuries inflicted thereby to the sponge beds. It is a form of extermination to be classed with pelagic sealing, pot-hunting and kindred varieties of poaching. The waters of Southern Cuba, when protected by the necessary restrictions, will offer a magnificent field for the culture and propagation of sponges.

The sponge crop in the West Indies at the present time exceeds 1,000,000 pounds per annum, the proceeds from which amount to upwards of \$500,000. Of the above aggregate about 215,000 pounds, worth £17,000, are annually shipped to Great Britain. Thus it will be seen that, even as it is, the sponge industry of the West Indies, so

When once the barriers with which Spain has restricted our commerce have been swept away by the abolition of discriminating duties, not an article of Spanish manufacture or of Spanish origin can be exported to Cuba at a cheaper price or of a better quality than by direct importation from the United States. Cuba, under normal conditions, could and would have produced during the current year sugar and molasses to the value of \$56,000,000; tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, \$25,000,000; fruits, hides, honey, woods, and iron ore, \$10,000,000, amounting to \$91,000,000, of which the United States would have taken fully 80 per cent., or \$72,800,000.

Our exports to Cuba have approximated \$23,000,000, notwithstanding the excessive duties, amounting in many cases to 100 per cent. ad valorem, which the Spanish tariff imposes on articles of American

origin and manufacture. Cuba, under an American protectorate, pending reconstruction, would throw open her markets for the importation of American pork products, flour, corn, potatoes, beans, fish, canned goods and all food products, of which she stands in urgent need.

Under a stable form of government, the enactment of wise and just laws, and with the progressive spirit which will speedily infuse itself in a land within five hours' steaming distance of our coasts, the future is full of promise and great possibilities.

Prior to the present revolution there were 1,000 miles of railroad in regular operation throughout the island, while the telegraph lines aggregated 2,810 miles. The completion of a continuous trunk line from San Antonio to Cape Mayasi, about 400 miles of track, with branches to the principal ports of the north and south coasts of Cuba, 300 miles additional, will offer a remunerative investment for American capital, and open up a country of marvelous fertility, capable of sustaining a population more than quadruple its present census. The primeval forests—over 13,000,000 acres—abound in mahogany, cedar and an infinity of woods suitable for fine cabinet work, which for lack of means of transportation to the seaboard have escaped the woodman's axe and acquired a growth of centuries. Not more than one-eighth of the land of Cuba is under cultivation, and while heretofore her great staples have been sugar and tobacco, under different conditions the coffee industry would not only be revived, but Cuba would rival Porto Rico in her exports of finer grades of the berry to Continental Europe. Bituminous coal, manganese, iron and copper ore are found in large and paying quantities in various parts of the island, but the blight of Spanish rule has driven the foreign corporations, which had invested millions in the development of these industries, to the wall.

The orange growers of Florida would soon bring to a healthy condition an industry which, although far from insignificant, lacks skill and intelligence for the development of its possibilities, while the vegetable gardener would find a ready market in the sea-



TEAMING ON THE IMPERIAL ROAD NEAR HAVANA

Photograph shows five-mule-tandem hitched to lumber cart. Mules are used only on the wheel animal, the leaders instinctively obeying his movements.

board cities of our North Atlantic coast for the early products of his labor.

The prevalent soil of Cuba is of that deep red color so familiar to our New Jersey neighbors, rich in phosphates and of wonderful fertility. The sugar cane bears in twelve months from the time that the shoots are placed in the ground and will yield up to twelve consecutive harvests without renewing, while three crops of Indian corn is no unusual yield in the course of twelve months.

To the foregoing we add the observations, in the same line, of Mrs. Fannie B. Ward, the distinguished American writer, who has spent many months in traveling over Cuba in connection with the work of the Red Cross Society:

"Though many thousands of our countrymen have visited Cuba with speculative intent during the last year, fewer than 500 of them to-day own a dollar's worth of property on the island. This is the more remarkable when Englishmen are buying up property right and left. Is it because the sons of Britain are less cautious than their Western cousins, or are they shrewder business men? You may meet them everywhere—in town and country, in the highways of travel and

the byways of the interior, riding about on their ponies, getting options on sugar lands, timber lands, mining lands, broken down plantations, city mansions, building sites, anything on which the most sanguine imagination can conceive of a penny gained. They operate with their customary quiet persistency, talking little, but making grist of all that comes to the mill. A huge deal was recently completed by one of these silent agents, whereby a London syndicate became the owners of nearly 2,000,000 acres in the central portion of the island. It is said that the Englishmen purpose trying some novel experiments on a part of their land, in the line of tea culture, celery, berries, etc.

"By the way, we have always heard that berries will not thrive in Cuba—an erroneous statement, easily disproved. The trouble with berries in Cuba is that they grow so big in this generous soil



SCENE NEAR SAN ANTONIO DE BANCOS

Members of the Sixth Missouri Volunteers exploring the great caves in that vicinity.

as not to be recognized by their nearest Northern relations—gooseberries, for example, swelling to the size of plums, and currants as large as cherries. Right here is a hint to women, for whom there seems to be few openings in our new possessions. It is well known that the currant crop has been practically a failure in the United States for several years, owing to something which destroys the bushes, and that all-currant jelly, such as used to be the housewife's pride, in universal demand for cakes, game and other culinary purposes, has become a thing of the past, its place being poorly filled by a factory product compounded largely of gelatine. Why not plant a few Cuban acres with currant bushes and convert the fruit into such jelly as our grandmothers made, molded in glasses, which would find ready sale? In the beautiful long ago, at home in the country, when mother and sisters and aunts all joined in the annual jelly-making, we used to calculate that the batch of translucent ruby, which would stand alone when

to the old Spanish laws, which are yet in vogue to a great extent, the notaries keep all records of land titles, and from their decisions there is no appeal. The office has descended from father to son through many generations, and, having had things so long their own way, the incumbents have grown exceedingly arrogant and demand outrageous fees. Three hundred dollars is not considered an exorbitant charge for the copy of a deed. Not long ago \$3,000 was actually paid in Havana for recording a deed. Fifteen hundred or a thousand dollars is the common charge for recording a will.

"As everybody knows, it requires a millionaire, or a wealthy syndicate, to do much in sugar cane, because a very large tract of land is necessary, besides a fortune in machinery, buildings, plantation railway, cattle, etc. Coffee does not grow everywhere, and neither does tobacco. Setting aside these two great staples of Cuba, what could a man (or woman) of moderate means engage in with fair prospects



SCENE AT SUBURBAN TOWN OF QUEMADO.

Showing native ox-cart on Imperial road to Havana. Quemado is one of the principal seats of learning in Cuba. The building in the background is the young ladies' seminary at that point.

released from the molds, cost about 2c the glass, buying sugar at retail; and as there is an endless demand for it at 20c the glass and upward, the profit is not uncertain.

"In the Province of Santa Clara, which by all authorities is conceded to be the richest in Cuba, the price of land varies from 30c the acre to \$300—the latter the cream of the sugar lands, the former mostly unbroken and good for little but pasturage. In some places well cleared land near market towns can be bought as low as \$3 the acre, but as a rule this is only in cases where once wealthy planters find themselves without cash, owing to hard times brought on by the war, and are compelled to part with some of their ancestral acres in order to start anew in cane or tobacco growing. It is for these golden opportunities that the shrewd Englishmen aforesaid are looking, and few escape their eyes.

"One drawback to investment in Cuba is the uncertainty of titles and the absolute authority exercised by the native notaries. According

of success? First and foremost is truck farming, because, with a single acre of this incomparable soil and the possibility of two or three crops a year, a man may support a family, and with ten acres judiciously managed, in a favorable locality, he may rapidly acquire a competence. At present almost no vegetables are raised in Cuba except the native sweet potatoes, the people depending for their supplies chiefly on canned goods and a few peas, tomatoes, etc., brought from Florida. The Cubans have only lately learned to care for turnips, beets and other of our common Northern vegetables, and are willing to pay good prices for them, and there are now enough Americans on the island to consume the products of all the truck farms that are likely to be established here for years to come. Poultry farms, though greatly needed, are still almost unknown in Cuba. Bee ranches, too, though more troublesome and uncertain, would doubtless pay extremely well. Successful experiment has proved that tea can be profitably raised in our own South; then why not better in Cuba, where soil and climate are more

like that of China and Ceylon? At any rate, the farmer might hedge his beans and cabbages with tea plants, as well as with any other bush. The Department of Agriculture at Washington will furnish the plants free of charge; his wife and children can pick and dry the leaves, and if he gains nothing but the filling of the family tea caddy the experiment is worth trying.

"Another great agriculture pursuit of the near future, both in Cuba and Porto Rico, will be the raising of cocoa, the plant that produces the chocolate bean. It grows to perfection in these islands, where the natives consume a great deal of chocolate. But in all Cuba there is not a chocolate factory, expensive machinery being required to reduce the bean to the powder from which the beverage is made. Indeed, there are almost no factories of any sort in Cuba, because it has always been Spain's policy to discourage manufacturing in her colonies, so as to compel the people to buy of the unnatural mother country.



STREET SCENE IN GUANABACOA, SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

Representing the character of houses occupied by the poorer class of natives in Havana's outlying districts.

"The time is surely coming when Cuba and Porto Rico will be the great fruit-producing regions of the Western hemisphere. If prune culture pays so well in California, why not better in Cuba, where



SUBURBAN RAILWAY SERVICE OF HAVANA.

Showing interior and occupants of first-class passenger coach. The figure in white on the left is the conductor. The second and third-class coaches differ only in the character of the seats, those of the former being of wood, and of the latter plain benches.



VIEW IN THE MOUNTAINS, NEAR THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains after the fall have recovered from the effects of war, but the portions of the mountains which were not in the valley, where the latter trees and other tropical vegetation have not yet recovered from the effects of war.

land is cheaper, and where, for at least a century to come, there will be no danger of overproduction? Just so with olives, almonds, chestnuts and many other things that are now comparatively unknown in the West Indies. Oranges of exquisite flavor grow wild in all parts of Cuba, but no attention has ever been paid to their cultivation or exportation. Cocoanuts and other spontaneous growths of the island are always in demand. Besides a multitude of tropical fruits, little known and not usually relished by the Anglo-Saxon race, there are many less perishable varieties, such as guavas, tamarinds, mangoes and aguacates, which might profitably be conserved, or, with proper care, transported uncooked.

"As to bananas, the field is practically unlimited. To be sure, like love, and the Scriptures, and many other good things, it is an 'old, old story,' and the same may be said of wheat, potatoes, corn and other staffs of life, which the world goes on eating. No crop requiring small capital to grow is so readily marketable and always profitable as bananas. They thrive in almost any soil, need little care, and yield fifty times as much in weight to the acre as wheat. Suppose you concluded to turn banana planter and paid as high as \$5 per acre for twenty acres of well-cleared land in the vicinity of any of the pleasant Cuban cities. You might obtain any number of plants wild, for no cost except to hire a man to dig them; but by far the better way would be to go to some established plantation and buy 'suckers,' which sell for \$25 the thousand. Setting the plants 15 feet apart, your twenty acres will accommodate about 4,000 plants, costing \$100. Add to that amount the price of your land, \$20 for weeding and another \$20 for harvesting, and the total outlay foots up to \$240. The suckers shoot up like magic, and in a few months each has a stalk, called the 'stool,' from 12 to 20 feet in the air, with a single gigantic bunch of fruit glowing like gold near the top. The lowest price bananas ever bring is 25c the bunch, American money, at the planta-



CEMETERY IN THE SUBURBS OF HAVANA.

The graves shown in the photograph were rented for a term of years. If at the expiration of the period the lease was not renewed, the bodies were exhumed and thrown into a great open pit in a remote corner of the grounds. This practice has recently been abolished by the American authorities.

tion. If carried to New Orleans they command from 30c to 50c the bunch, and when successfully transported to England (which is not an easy matter, for then they must be picked very green and allowed to ripen in the dark, without bruising), they bring as high as \$2 the bunch. Reckoned at the lowest, your 4,000 bunches, with no cost or risk of transportation, will sell where they grew for \$1,000, realizing a clear profit of \$760 the first year.

"The second year two bunches may be expected from each stool, or 8,000 bunches in all, yielding \$2,000, minus part of the cost of the previous year. This will continue until the stools are exhausted, when they must be grubbed up and new suckers planted in their stead. With the trees 15 feet apart, suckers may be set between them when the first sign of exhaustion appears, so that there need be no break in the yield of the plantation. As each stool sends up six or eight stems by the end of the third year, it is possible to reap that number of bunches from each original tree, and often four or five stems are allowed to produce fruit. But that is not the best way, for the fruit will be much finer if only two stems are permitted to

mate. The offshoots, or 'suckers,' if not needed for extending the plantation, may be sold to some beginner, as you bought your start, at the rate of \$25 the thousand. The graceful plant, with its splendid sweep of leaves, has no trunk, but its soft, fibrous stem, like celery, is composed of the leaf stalks rolled one above the other. After the fruit has ripened this stem withers, and the constant sloughing of outer leaves serves to fertilize the root. The tree never seeds, but is always propagated from the suckers that shoot up, year after year, until the stool is exhausted.

"A banana plantation in bloom is not as beautiful as a rose garden, but is very interesting. In the Trinidad Valley are vast groves of bananas, laid out as regularly as the orange groves of Southern California. Some of the plants are always in bloom, while others show the fruit in all stages, from little green knobs to



WHERE THE HEROES OF THE MAINE LIE BURIED.

A spot in the beautiful "Campo Santo," just west of Havana, that will always be held profoundly sacred in the hearts of the American people. In the center of the cross to the right is a tablet bearing the inscription, "A las victimas del Maine," being a tribute of respect from a prominent Havana club.

enormous golden bunches, which contain each from 100 to 150 bananas. The buds and blossoms are colossal affairs. When the plant arrives at the proper age a single stem shoots up in the middle, 2 or 3 feet above the point where the leaf separates. The end of the stem gradually swells until it resembles a huge purple rosebud, and its weight causes the stalk to bend gracefully to one side. Then the bud bursts open and discloses in its center a red stem, set with miniature spikes, and a few days later the end of each spike shows a small yellow flower. When these drop off the bananas form, the central stem becoming that of the huge bunch, which weighs from 80 to 140 pounds. An American banana grower near Trinidad has given me his experience in the following figures: He bought seventy acres of land, which he cleared and planted at a cost of \$3,070 the first year. The cultivation of the plantation during the second year cost \$1,120. He sold 54,000 bunches at an average of 68c, the total receipts being \$36,726; net profit, \$30,680.

was formed in Germany, and later one in the United States, for manufacturing banana flour on scientific principles and putting it into circulation, on the claim that it contains very much more nourishment than wheat flour. The demand for it has already far exceeded the expectations of its promoters; therefore, is it not reasonable to believe that the field for banana culture is unlimited?"

In addition to our other acquisitions, the Spanish West Indies will bring to us many new, refreshing, and healthful summer drinks, which can be utilized as sources of profitable business.

The great variety and abundance of fruit is the basis of all Cuban drinks, and while we have not the guanabana, anon, mango, mamecy, guayaba, etc., we have a large assortment of others which may be treated in like manner. Any fruit pressed and pounded into a pulp, with sugar, cracked ice and water enough to render it liquid, makes a "refresco."

There are many delicious drinks used in the tropics, refreshing,



SCENE IN BATABANO, SOUTH COAST OF HAVANA PROVINCE.

Batabano is the center of the sponge-fishing industry of the West Indies. In this quaint little seaport, the streets are in some instances replaced by canals, like those of Venice. The photograph shows one of these watery thoroughfares, together with the gondola-like conveyances of the natives.

"Though bananas will grow anywhere in the tropics, the best soil is a warm, moist, but well-drained loam at an elevation of from 700 to 1,000 feet. The suckers should be 6 months old when planted, and placed at least 15 feet apart in specially prepared holes, with a little compost at the bottom of each, and during the growth of the plant the land must be kept free from weeds. In all hot countries the banana enters largely into the native menu, but seldom uncooked, being usually fried, baked or boiled. In portions of South America, notably Bolivia, it is the only bread of the poorer classes, boiled half ripe in the skins. In Central America flour is made of the fruit, and bread from the flour. The process of flour making is primitive among the people of the tropics. They take green bananas, cut them in slices and dry them in the sun, and then pound them until the pith can be separated from the powder, the latter being then ready for use. Not long ago a company

cool and healthful. The continued heat makes alcohol dangerous, and the natives indulge less in distilled liquors than we of the North. The Cubans, though they make no boast of it, are a temperate race.

In Cuba the refresco is generally taken without straining, and in huge glasses, as large as schooners. Ices are preferred to ice cream. They may be made simply by freezing any of the refrescos indicated above.

Lemonade and orangeade are prototypes of this large family. The Cuban orangeade is just the juice of the sweet, luscious oranges, with cracked ice and a dash of sherry, only as flavoring. Sugar is seldom necessary, and water only spoils it.

Tamarindo is made by diluting tamarind paste in water, or by crushing the fruit to a pulp, with plenty of sugar, as the juice is extremely tart. It possesses rare medicinal properties and is claimed



SPONGE FISHING FLEET IN THE HARBOR OF BATABANO.

to be unexcelled as a blood purifier, besides being a most effectual thirst quencher. Still, the taste for tamarindo is an acquired one, and possibly it may not become popular with us.

What is really delightful is orchata -milk of almonds—known here in sirup form by its French name of orgeat. The genuine article has a delicacy which no sirup can render.

Bul is the usual refreshment offered at small dances and informa's

during the evening before supper is served. It is half ale and half water, with plenty of lemon juice or sour orange, sugar and ice. The combination seems queer, but its taste is pleasant.

Garapina is very popular. The skins and cores of pineapples are washed and placed in a stone jar, with water enough to hide them. The jar is covered with a cloth or netting and allowed to stand out of doors four or five days until its contents begin to ferment. The liquid



FISHER FOLK AND THEIR HOMES AT BATABANO.

is then drawn off and is ready for use, ice and sugar being added. If bottled it will keep without further fermentation.

The water of green cocoanuts is greatly prized in the Antilles, and is ice cold in its natural state.

Another characteristic drink is water or milk with "panales," or "azucarillos." These are white, spongy sticks, like pieces of honeycomb in form, made out of sugar and the whites of eggs. They dissolve immediately and give the water a rather flat, sweetish taste. They are, however, highly relished by the Cubans.

The great tobacco and sugar-cane industries, and the numerous other products of this wonderfully prolific island, will be fully treated in their proper connections in other portions of this work.

TRAVEL AND TRANSPORTATION IN CUBA.

There are at the present time about one thousand miles of steam railway in the Island of Cuba, most of which is owned and operated

dinarily heavy, this transportation may cost more than your own fare; and in that case you would better buy a regular ticket for them, as for another passenger. People are permitted, however, to carry all manner of truck into the coaches, free of charge, from household goods to sacks of fruit and huge bundles of clothes tied up in sheets—in spite of the warning conspicuously posted, to the effect, when turned into English, as follows:

"Noticé. The señores, passengers, are notified that on this road they will be allowed no luggage but one valise, one hat and one gamecock."

There are no smoking compartments in the Cuban railway service, because here, as in all Spanish countries, men smoke everywhere—at the table, in the parlor, the theater—with never a thought of the lady alongside—it being taken for granted that nobody can possibly object to the odor of good tobacco, any more than to air, sunshine and the fragrance of flowers



HARVESTING SPONGES AT BATABANO.

by English and Spanish companies. There is no united or central system, the various lines consisting of short, independent roads. A glance at our map of Cuba will show the various lines that were in operation at the close of the war, and their connections. A great central system, extending through the entire length of the island, with branches connecting all the principal coast cities, is a public necessity; and it is reported that capital is ready to undertake such an enterprise as soon as proper guarantees of a stable government can be given. With such a system completed and in operation the early development of Cuba's almost boundless resources will be an assured fact.

Railway traveling in Cuba is always uncomfortable and very expensive—as high as 20c a mile on some of the roads, and there are preliminaries about it which the foreigner will do well to understand beforehand. For example: A passenger ticket does not provide for any baggage in the line of trunks, etc., and on each piece is a considerable charge, per "arroba," or 25 pounds. If your trunks are extraor-

A railway trip through Cuba is thus humorously described by a correspondent:

"Instead of omnipresent newsboys of the North, lottery-ticket vendors board the train at every Cuban station, and ragged peddlers, male and female, scurry through the cars or importune you at the windows, offering baskets of cocoanuts, mangoes and bananas, dirty-looking bread, the spongy white cheese of the country, brown slabs of guava jelly, song birds in wicker cages, bunches of quail and plover, tied together by the legs and pitifully struggling, and boxes of living glow-worms. The last-named articles of commerce find ready sale among curiosity-seeking foreigners. Each tiny 'lightning bug' carries a lantern so brightly shining that two or three of them illumine the darkness better than a tallow dip. Nowadays there is a lamentable drought of the guava jelly that used to circulate by hundreds of tons in Cuba, because the trees which yielded such enormous quantities of guavas were mostly destroyed by one army or the other. The favorite

compote, with whose agreeable taste and beneficent qualities everybody is familiar, usually comes in bars, like brown soap, or sealed in cans. In all first-class hotels and private houses throughout the West Indies it figures prominently at breakfast and dinner, served with queso (cheese), at dessert; and the traveler soon considers it indispensable.

"Now and then the train stops to 'water' at some wayside elevated cistern; and always close by is a so-called lunch room, wherein unkempt negresses dispense coffee, Catalina wine and cana rum, together with unguessable conundrums in stews and dulces. The traveler who has not brought along a well-filled lunch basket finds himself worse off than the foolish virgins whose lamps went out, for he stands a chance of semistarvation, if his journey be a long one. But it is better to endure the pangs of hunger than imbibe the traditional 'peck of dirt' prematurely in the miserable, but high-priced, food handled by the unwashed, sampled by prowling dogs and naked babies, and liberally peppered with flea-laden dust. At every station the scene is the same—idle habitants, doing the heavy, standing around business in rags and wretchedness; lean curs searching hungrily for crumbs and disputing each find with juvenile gamin airily attired in dirty skins; and women, clad only in one scant garment, sitting comfortably in cottage doors, undisturbed by the thought that polite society might demand more clothing. You



FISHERMEN AND QUARTERS NEAR BATABANO

The bottle-shaped contrivances shown in the photograph are traps used in capturing fish. When in position under water the funnel-like device at the top is inverted, the small end extending into the trap. Through this the fish enter, and once inside are unable to escape.

was turned into a fort during the war; and all the warehouses and depots along the line are protected by similar walls, or covered with corrugated tin or iron, with loopholes for guns. Every village has its



GREEK SPONGE FISHERS, BATABANO.

The photograph was taken Saturday evening after a week's trip to the sponge beds, and shows method of baling the catch to facilitate transportation.

pass through many picturesque hamlets, all bearing the unmistakable earmarks of antiquity and old Spain. Each has its white-washed church, with a breast high facing of piled up stones, showing that it

posada, which might have sat to Gen. Lew Wallace for a picture of the one described in 'Ben Hur.' In front of the posadas groups of natives are puffing lazily at cigarettes, and rows of shaggy ponies are tied with

their noses close to the open doors. People, ponies, houses, hedges, are all stained and discolored with the red soil, like our Western Indians in their war paint. This pigment, constantly blowing in billows of fine dust, penetrates everything, and each separate grain of dust carries with it an exceedingly active flea—apparently the only industrious denizen of this land of *mañana*. Hardly a wheeled vehicle is to be seen in a long day's journey, for the country roads of Cuba are fit only for equestrians, and not for them during a portion of the year."

In the present phase of the transportation question the absorption of the railroads by English capitalists is beneficial to Cuba. Some of the shareholders who sold out were Spaniards, who returned to Spain with the proceeds, but the majority of the shareholders remain on the island. London has added to its welfare by sending several millions of fresh capital. The money they receive helps them to restore ruined estates and productive lands.

would be prompt to inaugurate. The Spanish theory for every kind of business was high profits and restricted trade. This was applied in their transportation system. The English investors readily fall into it. American owners would begin at once to create a freer movement of internal commerce by lowering the rates and increasing the volume of commerce. The English managers are not likely to adopt that policy if they are left to themselves.

The most valuable real estate in the heart of Havana is the property of an English company, which acquired it as a depot. After a time the railroad station will be moved further out, and the property will be used for hotels and other buildings. The profit will be \$1,000,000 or so, but the owners of the railroad look upon that simply as an incident. They are not diverted from their main purpose of acquiring more railroads. The aggregate capitalization of the railroads from Pinar del Rio east as far as Puerto Principe is \$31,000,000 in Spanish



MANUFACTURING A NEW PLOW.

The implement is made entirely of wood, fashioned from a single piece of timber, and has but one handle. It is the plow in common use all over Cuba.

The Englishmen have made legitimate investments, and are entitled to legitimate returns. They have bet heavily, persistently and stubbornly on the future of Cuba. More of their redundant capital will follow that which has already come. In the end it is not believed these investments will prove as good for Cuba as would be similar investments by American capitalists.

While the English owners will improve their railroad properties, they will do it slowly. Material which can be had cheaper in the United States and shipped cheaper will naturally be bought here; otherwise the purchases will be made in Great Britain. The British owners will want their properties managed by their own people, and that will serve to shut out Americans who, under different auspices, would have been employed.

The disadvantage is that the conservative Englishmen do not appreciate certain reforms in railroad management which Americans

gold. The aggregate indebtedness of the lines, bonded, mortgaged and floating, is \$12,250,000. Some of them have only a small floating indebtedness. These managed to pay slight dividends during the period of insurrection. Their rolling stock and equipment suffered heavily, and large sums will have to be paid out for betterments.

The only cities having anything in the nature of street car facilities are Puerto Principe and Havana. In the former there is one short mule motor line, while Havana has only about twenty-seven miles of street railway track. Most of this is operated by horse power. One line has steam power, and although poorly managed and always in bad condition, its annual receipts amount to about half a million of dollars. The building and operating of street railways in Cuba offer great opportunities for profitable investment.

The wagon road system is hardly worthy of the name. It consists of a number of government roads, or "royal highways," as they



LADSEYE VIEW OF NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

This photograph was taken from the Custom House, and includes the principal portion of the town, showing character of houses and their surroundings.

are termed, the best known being the Central Road, connecting Havana with Santiago de Cuba, a distance of about six hundred miles. Throughout the greater part of its length it is little, if any, better than a common dirt road. It is paved or turnpiked only in the immediate vicinity of the better class of towns through which it passes, and in the rainy season it is impracticable except for mules. These sagacious animals, so it is said, know the road so well that in particularly bad places they get out and walk along the stone walls that line the way. But the people of the United States have no cause to make light of the wagon roads of Cuba, since they can boast of but few that are any better.

The wheeled vehicles in common use all over Cuba are the primitive ox and mule carts, which appear in so many of our illustrations. For passenger transportation the *volante* (flyer) is preferred to all

others. This vehicle consists of a two-seated bed, hung low on leather straps between two wheels set wide apart, with shafts fifteen feet long. If intended for two horses a long pole takes the place of the shafts. The arrangement of the bed relieves the jolting, prevents danger of upsetting, and makes *volante* riding a luxury where the roads are smooth and meander among waving palms and the tropical vegetation of the rolling valleys. In the transportation of merchandise pack-mules are extensively used, owing to the wretched condition of the roads and the careful sure-footedness of these animals.

The greatest length of Cuba, from east to west, is seven hundred and sixty miles; the width varies from twenty to one hundred and thirty five miles, and the entire area, including the smaller islands, is

47,278 square miles, about equal to the State of Arkansas. The shores are generally low, and lined with reefs and shallows, making the approach difficult and dangerous.



MAIN STREET OF NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

Showing mountain in background upon the summit of which the Spaniards maintained a signal station during the late war.



INTERIOR COURT OF JAIL AT NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES

The figure leaning against the pillar is Dr. Fernando Plazaola, the present Mayor of Nueva Gerona. Immediately to his right is the entrance to the cell in which Evangéline Cisneros was imprisoned.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

BY JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter III.

AS ONE of the fruits of her recent victory over Spain, the United States acquired, by right of conquest, the beautiful West Indian region known as the Isla de Pinos, which, translated, signifies the Isle of Pines. Throughout the earlier centuries it was designated as the Isla de Evangelista, or Evangelist Island, having been so named by Columbus, who discovered it in the course of his second voyage to the West Indies. Just why the famous explorer should have bestowed so pious a title upon this wilderness waif of the tropics, neither history nor tradition has affirmed. When, however, his somewhat complicated experiences in that particular locality are pondered, a suspicion of irony seems to characterize the origin of the appellation. It is of record that Columbus was, in the beginning, most favorably impressed with the appearance of the island, his description of its scenic charms having been extremely elaborate. Subsequently, however, his first convictions evidently underwent a change, for while engaged in exploring its coast he missed his bearings among the myriad of keys he encountered and was a fortnight in recovering his lost course. A short time thereafter his caravel became entangled with the reefs in the labyrinthian district of what has since been known as Siguanea Bay, a large land-locked bayou on the southwest coast. On this occasion his vessel became stranded on a sunken key and it was only with the greatest difficulty that his crew again succeeded in getting her afloat. Meanwhile pro-

visions and fresh water had run so low that the caravel had to be brought to anchor close in shore, while all hands landed in small boats and laid in a supply of pineapples, mangos and cocoanuts. No fresh water being found, the discoverer and his men were obliged to quench their thirst on the milk drawn from young cocoanuts. Upon leaving Siguanea Bay, Columbus next found himself, the existing records from his ancient log declare, in the midst of a lagoon, the waters of which were mottled green and white. From this he passed into a second lake as white as milk, and thence into a third as black as ink. Emerging from the latter into the open sea, he lost no time in shaping his course for Cuba, and thereafter confined his explorations to localities less hazardous to navigation.

The area of the Isle of Pines represents some 1,214 square miles, being about one-third the size of Porto Rico, and larger than the combined surface dimensions of all the other isles and keys adjacent to Cuba. In shape the island would be nearly square were it not for the deep indenture in the southwest coast made by Siguanea Bay and its series of connecting lagoons. These, collectively, constitute a vast *ciénaga* which extends through the southern portion of the island and at certain stages of the tide completely divides it. The two sections thus formed present a widely different aspect, the southern portion being uniformly low and swampy, while the northern district is mountainous and covered with a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation.

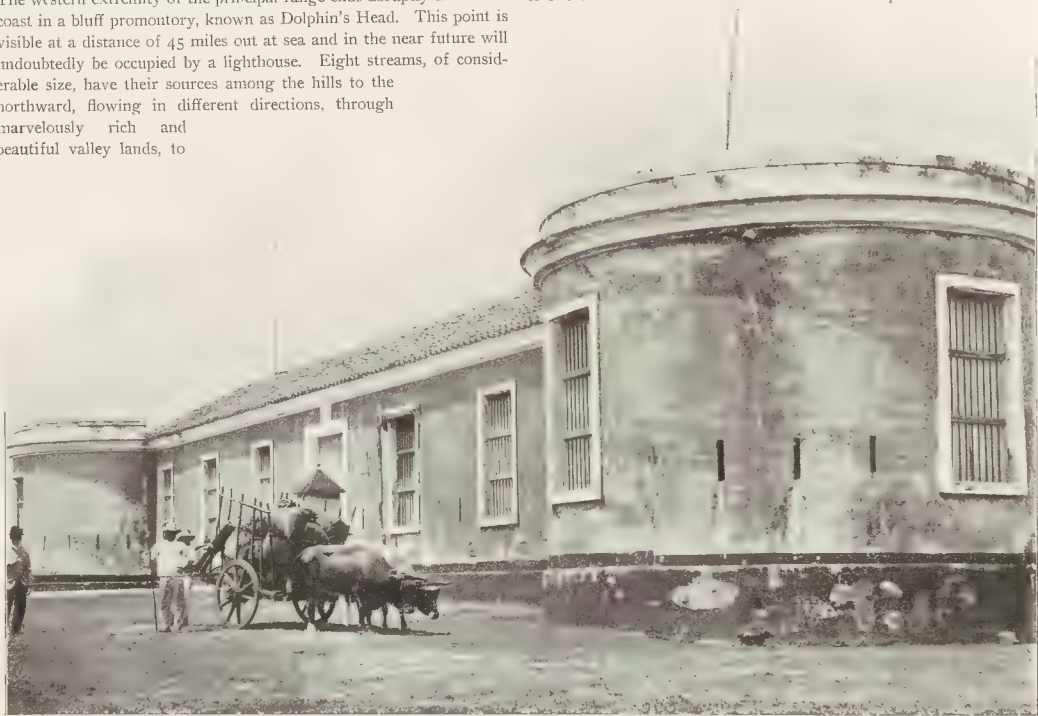


RUINS OF SPANISH FORT, NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES
Destroyed by insurgents during the late Spanish-Cuban war.

Two distinct ranges of mountains cross this part of the island, the loftiest being the Cerro de los Cristoles, or Crystal Hills, which, near the center, attain an altitude of 2,000 feet. From the summit of this elevation a magnificent view of the island's entire expanse is presented. The western extremity of the principal range ends abruptly on the sea coast in a bluff promontory, known as Dolphin's Head. This point is visible at a distance of 45 miles out at sea and in the near future will undoubtedly be occupied by a lighthouse. Eight streams, of considerable size, have their sources among the hills to the northward, flowing in different directions, through marvelously rich and beautiful valley lands, to

the sea. At intervals among these valleys and along the envining sea coast are located the various towns and villages of the island, the total population of which is about 3,000.

The Isle of Pines, notwithstanding its comparatively small area, is one of the most valuable of the new colonial possessions. This is



EXTERIOR OF JAIL AT NUEVA GERONA, WHERE EVANGELINA CISNEROS WAS IMPRISONED.

particularly so from a naval and military standpoint, by reason of its proximity to the proposed Nicaragua Canal. The United States has long felt the need of a naval and military base adjacent to the foregoing locality, and for that reason Porto Rico was looked upon as a most fortunate acquisition. The Isle of Pines, however, lies several hundred miles nearer the Nicaragua Canal than Porto Rico, when measured according to sea-going routes, in addition to which it commands the Yucatan entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. The recent naval operations along its coast revealed the existence of several excellent harbors which, with moderate pains, can be made to accommodate large fleet of war vessels. Hence, it is obvious that with a naval station at this point, together with the present one at Key West, which so effectually guards the passage between Florida and Cuba, the great Southern sea coast of the United States will be practically invulnerable.

But not alone is this favored isle of importance as a strategic base. Independent of this, its valuable agricultural and mineral resources

over, involves comparatively little expense and no fatigue, the necessity of a long sea voyage around Cape San Antonio, on the west coast of Cuba, being obviated by a direct route via the city of Havana. From this point the journey is continued by rail across the island to Batabanó, whence a comfortable steamer makes tri-weekly trips to the Isle of Pines, some fifty miles beyond. This arrangement not only results in the saving of much time, expense and discomfort to the traveler, but also embraces a visit to the historic Cuban capital. The steamer route from Batabanó to the island is most charming, extending as it does for the entire distance in and out among the chain of diminutive isles known as the Mangle Cayos. The time occupied in the passage is about ten hours, at the expiration of which period the steamer enters the mouth of the Rio de Cerro, one of the several water courses of the Isle of Pines. A short distance up the river is situated the town of Nueva Gerona, the principal settlement of the island. The little *pueblo* is charmingly situated at the verge of a fertile hill country.



RESIDENCE OF THE PRESENT ALCALDE OF NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES
This photograph shows the family of Dr. Fernando Plazaola, the former insurgent leader, now Mayor of Nueva Gerona. It was Dr. Plazaola who shielded Evangelina Cisneros after her first escape from the former Alcalde's soldiers.

promise to be of great consequence and the general development of the island will necessarily strengthen our commerce, not only throughout the West Indies, but also with Central and South American countries. In addition to the foregoing advantages, the island is a natural health resort, abounding in mineral springs, the curative properties of which give promise of out rivaling the world famous waters of Carlsbad.

The situation of this favored isle is not nearly so remote as might be supposed. A casual glance at the West Indian map reveals its location immediately south of the western extremity of Cuba, well beyond the northernmost limits of the Tropic of Cancer, and apparently far removed from the regular lines of steamship travel. Notwithstanding the island's seeming inaccessibility, however, a trip thereto is neither difficult nor prolonged. On the contrary, to reach the Isle of Pines from a central point in the United States requires no more time than the traversing of the continent by a lightning express. The trip, more-

During the Spanish régime it was the military headquarters of the island and was constantly garrisoned by several battalions of troops. Here is located the old Spanish jail in which political prisoners, transported hither from Cuba, were formerly confined. On the outskirts of the town are the battered ruins of a once strong fort brought to its present state of reduction through repeated attacks of the insurgents about the island during the late war. In those days, small parties of insurgents frequented the moors and swamps in the vicinity of the various fortified towns and villages. From these retreats it was their method to sally forth at the most unexpected times, inflict all the damage they could, in the briefest possible space, and retire again before their enemies could retaliate. In this manner they succeeded in sorely harassing the Spanish forces, eventually obliging many of them to abandon their outposts. Immediately back of Nueva Gerona is a high elevation, at the summit of which, during the recent war, a Spanish

heliograph station was located. This point commands a splendid view of the island and surrounding ocean, and undoubtedly proved of considerable value to the Spaniards in communicating orders from one post to another, and in signaling to blockade runners far out at sea.

The celebrated magnesium springs, on the Isle of Pines, are situated near the village of Santa Fé, seventeen miles distant from Nueva Gerona, the principal town. The location is picturesque in the extreme. The little village, with its quaint, unpretentious habitations, lies seven miles inland on the banks of the Rio Santa Fé. The perennial forest of the beautiful vale, in the midst of which flows this limpid stream, all but hides the settlement from view, while on either side the verdure-clad hills arise, forming a landscape unequalled in beauty anywhere throughout the West Indies. The houses of Santa Fé are of two distinct characters, the most popular consisting of a framework structure, thatched throughout with palm leaves. This style of habitation is preferred, not so much because of its extreme economy, for lumber is plentiful, but on account of its superior coolness. The other style of building is constructed on the conventional Spanish lines, with concrete walls and tiled roof. A few of the latter are patterned somewhat after the villas of the aristocratic Cubans, and present an appearance closely bordering upon elegance. In fact, these as a rule are the summer homes of wealthy families of Havana, who are allured hither from the gay environments of the Cuban capital, partly by the combined attractions of climate and scenery, but mainly by the wonderful restorative virtues of the neighboring springs. These are delightfully situated on a small wooded stream but a short distance from the town. The main spring wells up from the depths of a rocky aperture in the midst of a sylvan glade. The waters of this spring are clear as crystal. From an authentic analysis the water shows the presence of magnesia, iron and silicic acid, sulphate, carbonate and nitrate of lime, and chlorides of sodium and calcium. Their curative virtues in the most stubborn cases of stomach complaint, including the



EARLY HOME OF EVANGELINA CISNEROS. NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES

worst forms of indigestion, are truly phenomenal. In addition to the foregoing ailments, rheumatism and blood disorders are effectually cured through the exclusive agency of these waters, while bronchial and pulmonary affections speedily yield to their influence and that of the climate. Near by the principal spring is located a structure containing two separate pools with stone floors for bathing purposes. The water for this establishment is supplied by a separate spring, the temperature of which is upwards of 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The course of treatment as followed by the frequenters of this resort is to



RESIDENCE OF FORMER ALCALDE AT NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

It was this Alcalde who was responsible for the imprisonment of Evangelina Cisneros, and for her subsequent transportation to Havana, whence she escaped to the United States.

drink copiously from the spring throughout the day, besides taking two daily baths in the neighboring pools, one immediately upon arising in the morning and another before retiring at night.

Some miraculous instances are cited by the natives of the island of cures that have been accomplished by these waters, and it is the popular belief that no ailment short of a mortal wound or the dread "yellow jack" is impervious to their influence.

Samuel Hazard, the celebrated writer, had occasion to visit the springs a quarter of a century ago, and relates the following facts concerning their wonderful healing qualities:

"Lounging around Havana with a severe bronchial affection, I was informed officially that I would have to do one of two things for a cure, either give up smoking or go to the Isle of Pines and take the miraculous waters of its mineral baths. The disease necessitated the interior of my throat being touched frequently with caustic and

island to the northward boasted by far the most people, they were divided into many tribes, not one of which was as strong as the race which dwelt on the smaller isle. Now, the tribes in those days were very fierce and constantly at war with one another, but though they that inhabited the larger island envied the great people to the southward, they could not prevail over them, because they were divided. The ruler of all the warriors on the smaller isle was a mighty chief, whose word was their law; and this chief had a son, whom he cherished above all else. "For," said he, "in time he shall rule in my stead." But it was the custom among the warriors of the isle that no prince should be suffered to rule over them until his courage had been tested in war. And so strong was this tribe and so great the fear with which it inspired its enemies that throughout the youth of the prince there had been no war, and he had grown up in the midst of peace. Moreover, he took no pleasure in the tribal dances and mock battles of his



CUSTOM HOUSE AT NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

Showing how all kinds of merchandize is shipped in sacks with straw padding. Also the various types found on the island, from the fair-complected Spaniard to the ebony-skinned negro.

salts of copper without any material or permanent benefit. In coming here to the Isle of Pines I in no respect changed my way of living, being only careful to take my two baths and drink four glasses of the water per diem; yet at the expiration of ten days, when I left the island, I was completely cured and have never since had a return of the complaints."

In former times the natives worshiped the larger of the springs, believing it to be inspired by an unseen spirit, and even at the present period a certain veneration on their part clings to the locality. This worshipful attitude recalls the following tradition, associated by the older natives with the life-sustaining waters.

Many ages gone, they declare, before the white men came in their great ships from the other world, the island was peopled by a powerful race of Indians. One tribe only dwelt among its hills and valleys, and therein lay the strength of the people. For, though the great

people, but delighted rather in the silence of the woods, for he was a pensive youth. And while wandering thus among the solitudes he acquired much wisdom, and it was the wisdom of peace. He drew his lessons from nature. On the sterile hilltops where the trees were at constant war with the elements they brought forth no fruit, but grew up stunted and gnarled, while in the rich soil of the valleys, where all was peaceful and still, they thrived and bore bountifully. Thus, he reasoned that all the tribes of the surrounding isles might prosper if they would but abandon their strife and be at peace with one another. But when he spoke of these things to the young men of his tribe they turned away and smiled, for he was not of their nature. And so it came about that when age had whitened the hair of their chief the old men of his council came to him and said:

"Lo, the days that remain to thee seem not many, and whom shall we have to rule over us when thou art gone, for thy son, the prince,



PORTION OF SANTA FE ISLE OF PINES

Showing location of town, in the midst of densest a soled valley, and surrounded by forest-clad foothills.



NATIVE WOOD-TURNER'S SHOP, SANTA FE.

Many of the natives are adepts at wood work, much of which finds its way to Madrid, Spain. Their shops are of a very primitive character, and their lathes are run by hand power.

has not yet been proven?" And the chief fixed his eyes upon the ground, for, brave though he was, he feared for his son's sake. At length he roused himself, and meeting the gaze of the council, replied:

"It is well; my son has not been tried. But, lo! our enemies on yonder island are many. He shall go forth to battle with them."

So the chief called his warriors together and, leading forth his son, placed his own spear in his hand and hung his own shield before his heart. Then he bade him enter his war canoe, that he might go against his enemies, and counseled him to return no more until he had proven himself. And the prince sailed away at the head of his father's warriors to conquer the tribes on the great island to the north.

The days passed by, and at length one evening the heralds came running down from the hilltops with the news that the war canoes of the tribe were returning. So the chief came and stood on the island strand, with the old men of his council about him, to await the coming

camp on the first day of our landing and went among our enemies to talk of peace. And lo! he had succeeded, but for our warriors, who fell upon them while in council and put them to the spear—all save this, thy son, whom we could not slay, because he is thine."

When the speaker had finished, the chief fixed his eyes upon his son, and in a terrible voice, commanded:

"Speak, dog! What hast thou to say ere you perish?"

And the prince, smiling, thus made answer:

"Patience, my sire! Lead me, I pray thee, into the forest depths, and there I will tell thee all."

And the chief commanded, and they led him far into the woods to the banks of a beautiful rivulet. And here the chief bade them sever his bonds, whereat the prince stood before them and told again the story of the barren, wind tossed tree on the mountain, and of the fruitful one in the vale. But when he told them how he had sought to im-



A TYPICAL SANTA FE RESIDENCE.

These houses are constructed of concrete and adobe, roofed over with red tiling. The photograph shows native woman indulging in a cigarette while washing clothes.

of his warriors. And as the canoes drew near he saw that all of them save his son's were decked with branches of the palm tree. At this the chief marveled greatly and, turning to his council, besought the reason thereof. But the old men looked gravely across the waters and answered not, for never before in all their years had they witnessed such a home-coming of their warriors. At last the canoes grated upon the beach, and as the warriors stepped forth upon the shore the chief grew pale, for, lo! his son was bound. For a moment the old chief stood speechless. Then, lifting up his voice, he thus addressed the subchief of the war party:

"And call you this a victory, to thus return my son to me in bonds? Haste thee and explain, or you die!"

To which awful command the subchief made reply:

"May our great chief live long until the sorrow of this day be forgotten. Lo, thy son is thus returned to thee, for that he left our

part a lesson therefrom to their enemies they mocked him, and the chief, in his anger, caught up a spear and thrust it through the heart of his son. And the prince sank lifeless upon the greensward, while his blood flowed in a tiny crimson rill down the bank until it mingled with the waters of the rivulet. And straightway the people knew that the Great Spirit was wroth with them for the evil they had done, for immediately a hot wind swept down upon the isle and smote them with a deadly plague. Then, while the dire affliction was upon them, their enemies from the great island in the north suddenly appeared and would have fallen upon them without mercy had they not chanced to behold the prince lying dead on the greensward. But when the chief of the avenging tribe learned the cause of the young man's death, he paused ere beginning his work of destruction, and commanding his warriors to fashion a grave beside the rivulet, stooped down and lifted the body in his own arms. As he did this the assembled warriors mar-



SUBURBAN HABITATIONS AND NATIVE TYPES, SANTA FE.

veled, for out of the ground in the very spot where the prince had lain there gushed forth a beautiful spring, as clear as crystal and as warm as blood. And the invading tribe knew this to be a token of good will, and instead of avenging themselves on their stricken enemies, they brought them to the wonderful spring and laved them in its waters, whereupon they immediately became well.

And this is the reason, declare the old time natives about Santa Fé, why these waters for many years afterward bore the name of "El Manantial de Paz," The Spring of Peace, and why unto this day they are so revered throughout the West Indian Isles.

Prior to the late war, Santa Fé was the most popular health resort of the Greater Antilles, and while its permanent population numbered



NATIVE OF SANTA FE.

Showing popular method of carrying burdens in Isle of Pines.



FAMOUS MAGNESIUM CREEK, NEAR SANTA FE.

The beautiful stream flows through a perfect tangle of tropical foliage. Its waters are marvelously clear and partake of the same medicinal qualities as the springs upon the bank.

but a few hundred, this, during the summer season, was vastly augmented. While the as yet unsettled situation in Cuba has detracted considerably from the prominence of the place, its prosperity is soon to be restored on a much greater scale, for the reputation of its waters is rapidly awakening an interest throughout the United States. As a result, several American syndicates have already made application to the government for concessions with views to establishing winter resorts in the favored locality. In addition to this, the War Department has a plan under consideration, relative to locating a permanent sanitarium in the valley adjacent to the springs, where invalid members of the army may be sent to recuperate.

The principal resources of the island lie in its valuable forests, its undeveloped marble quarries, and its agricultural possibilities. The most important of the foregoing are its forests. These include many varieties of timber and ornamental wood-producing trees, such as pines of various kinds, cedar, ginebrahacha (a species of fir), oak,

the figurative translation of which signifies, "Food, drink, shelter and raiment."

The majority of pines indigenous to the island are of a heavy character and suitable only for coarse lumber. The large percentage of resin contained in this variety of timber renders it undesirable as fire wood, causing it to produce great volumes of smoke and soot. The natives, therefore, do not hesitate to substitute the valuable hard woods, such as mahogany, ebony and walnut, for fuel. They also utilize these expensive woods in various other prodigal ways, such as in building house frames, doors, fences, etc. Even the better class of residents apparently fail to realize the value of these precious materials, as is evident from the many absurd uses to which they are put. For example, the interior of the convict prison at Nueva Gerona is finished throughout with the most expensive of these hard wood products, which extravagant frame work is thickly smeared with cheap white-wash by way of embellishment.



INN AT SANTA FÉ

Notwithstanding the inadequate character of the hotel accommodations at Santa Fé, the place is liberally patronized by the wealthy classes of Havana and other large Cuban cities, who are attracted hither by the neighboring mineral springs, and the superior climate of the island.

pino de tea, octija (a wood used for cabinet material), sabina, capeche, fustic, cocoa, ebony, mahogany and walnut. In addition to the foregoing, the magnificent ceiba, so typical of the West Indies, abounds extensively, likewise the maranon, a tree which yields gum arabic, and the majagua, used in making cordage for ships. Along the borders of the great *ciénaga* in the southern portion of the island the timber grows very tall and straight, and being also strong and serviceable is unequaled the world over as material for ship's spars. The most common tree found on the island is the *palma real* or royal palm. This, like the resourceful maguay plant of Mexico, is a great boon to the natives, in that it supplies to them, in the language of the simple Spanish couplet,

"Comida, bebida,
Casa y vestido,"

The indiscriminate tendency on the part of the prevailing element is apparently little else than sheer wantonness, for in the town of Santa Fé there is a community of Spaniards which has for years been demonstrating the profitable purposes to which the fine woods of the island can be put. These Spaniards are skilled wood turners, and while their work shops and facilities for handling the product of the vast forests are of the most primitive character, they have nevertheless become fairly prosperous by their handicraft. The lathes used by these island workmen are invariably turned by hand or foot power, notwithstanding which their work has always found a ready market both in Havana and various cities of Spain.

Among the native agriculturists, the cultivation of the pineapple is extensively engaged in. The fruit ripens perennially on the Isle of Pines, requiring but little care or cultivation. A single pine-

apple grows on each shrub, and upon the maturity of the fruit the stock is entirely trimmed of its branches. From this stock are produced several additional shoots, which in due time likewise yield their fruitage. Bananas are also extensively grown and by reason of their extraordinary size and flavor find a ready market in the various cities of Cuba, to which they are shipped.

Other staple products of the island are sugarcane, corn and tobacco, all of which thrive luxuriantly, yielding an average of two crops annually.

Fruits in their wild state are exceedingly prolific throughout the northern section of the island, and include the guava, cainita, maranon, papaya, pineapple, orange and mango. In addition to these, there flourishes a peculiar fruit known as the "cocoa-agua," or water cocconut, from which a delightful and entirely harmless beverage is obtained. The ordinary cocconut also grows in great profusion.

The opportunities open to investors and home-seekers in this Island Utopia are perhaps larger and more attractive, in proportion to its area, than in any other of our recently-acquired possessions. Nature has been so lavish in her endowments that but little in the way of artificial improvement can be accomplished by mankind. The chief necessities, however, are the introduction of modern implements and machinery for the development of the island's existing resources. The agricultural implements in general use are of the crudest possible design. For example, plows are invariably fashioned throughout of hardwood, in one piece.

Thus far the only large institution that has sought to avail itself to any extent of the inducements afforded by the island is the Henry Clay Tobacco Company of Havana. This firm is extensively engaged in the cultivation of tobacco in the northern district.

The development of the marble quarries on the island offers a fine field for speculation. The product is of an excellent grade, and in addition to a fine white variety, is found in blue and green tints. Another



MAGNESIUM SPRING NEAR SANTA FE.

This is the largest of the mineral springs. Its waters are used expressly for drinking purposes. The springs which supply the bathing pools are located close at hand.

opening invested with special inducements is the stock raising industry. Not only is the climate particularly adapted to the health and development of various kinds of stock, but feed is abundant at all seasons of the year. The island has long been famous for the excellent quality of beef it produces. The supply, however, as a result of the late war, has been reduced to a minimum, and in order that the industry might be made a thorough success it would be advisable to import a few shipments of cattle for breeding purposes.

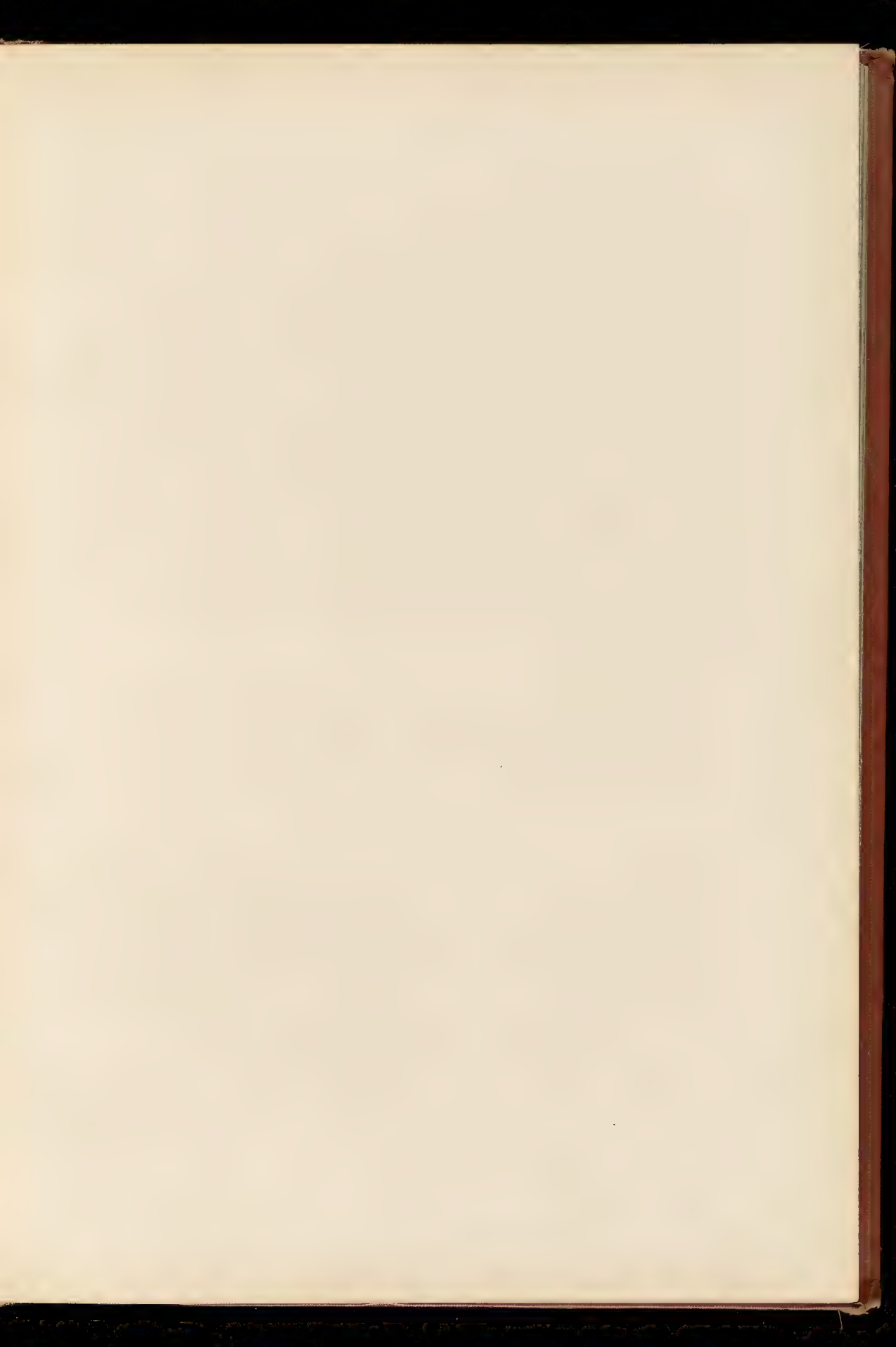
Thus, it will be seen that the Isle of Pines, far from being the desolate region such as the world has long pictured it, is for the most part a veritable paradise, soon to be generously peopled by the progressive race that has inherited it as a gift from Mars.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.



NATIVE HUTS NEAR SANTA FE.

This photograph was taken on the banks of the Rio Santa Fe on the outskirts of Santa Fe. The thatched hut is preferred by the natives because of its coolness.





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A COUNTRY ROAD IN SOUTHERN CUBA.

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COASTING VESSELS MOORED IN VICINITY OF OLD PIRATES' RENDEZVOUS, ISLE OF PINES

There are numerous localities along the coast of the island which still indicate the old buccancer regime. The vessels in the illustration are engaged in loading produce at one of these romantic spots.

A FAVORITE RESORT OF THE PIRATES.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter IV.

ASSOCIATED with the new territorial possessions recently acquired by the United States are numerous historical events which, though hitherto isolated and forgotten, must henceforth be assigned a permanent place in the early annals of our country. The past tendency to oblivion is specially manifest with reference to the Isle of Pines. Until the period of its acquisition from Spain comparatively little either of a geographical or historical nature was of record concerning the island. Moreover, the little accessible information relative thereto was indefinite and unreliable. Hence, historians were extremely reticent when obliged to deal with the subject, while in many instances the conscientious map maker was constrained to limit his indications of its existence to the vaguest of coast lines. This meagerness of detail, however, is scarcely to be wondered at when it is remembered that almost from the period of its discovery by Columbus, in 1494, until the middle of the eighteenth century, it was the retreat of desperate companies of pirates who owned allegiance to no government, and respected no laws other than their own. The discouraging reports circulated by the discoverer relative to the dangerous rugged shores of this island, and its consequent inaccessibility to navigators, were eagerly received by these "artful dodgers" of the deep. Having thoroughly satisfied themselves as to the perilous, forbidding character of the island, the buccaneers straightway selected it as an eminently fitting resort for their organization.

The Isle of Pines, though not the principal rendezvous of the West Indian pirates, was at all times a favorite retreat for their various crews, and frequently served as a strategic base for operations against

the settlements on the adjacent Island of Cuba. In a short time they had thoroughly familiarized themselves with the manifold treacherous passages from the open sea to sequestered coves along the shore of the reef-girt island. To this naturally fortified stronghold the marauders could retire after their successful raids abroad with never a fear of pursuit by the Spanish men-of-war on patrol duty in these regions. Indeed, there were instances when the buccaneers, by way of diversion, would unexpectedly dash forth in their swift corsairs and capture one of these same luckless war ships that had chanced to pass too near their rocky lair. It was from the Isle of Pines that Morgan, the notorious freebooter from Wales, had planned to conduct his long cherished expedition against Havana. Realizing that the harbor of that city was too well fortified to admit of an attack from the sea, his idea was to assemble his men on the Isle of Pines, and thence landing them in a body at Batabanó, march on Havana from the rear, thus avoiding the coast fortifications. There is no apparent reason to doubt that this up-to-date enterprise would have been attended with the usual success characteristic of Morgan's maneuvers had he been allowed sufficient time to put his tactics to the test. Happily for Havana, however, the British crown about this time tendered the pirate chief the office of Deputy Governor and Chief Justice of Jamaica. Thereupon, the shrewd buccaneer, perceiving in this political sinecure an opportunity of acquiring even more riches than by the wholesale pillage of the Cuban metropolis, straightway renounced his nautical sovereignty, and transferred his talents to the more lucrative field.

But all the pirates of that gilded era were by no means as uniformly prosperous as the accomplished Morgan, even though they

based their hopes upon the invincible Isle of Pines. There are occurrences of record which indicate that, when the proper degree of skill and caution was not exercised, its bristling shores were quite as capable



BUCCANEERS' COVE, ISLE OF PINES.

A noted resort of Buccaneers. Showing, also, the interior range of mountains, to whose influence the salubrity and healthfulness of the climate are largely due.

of bringing disaster to the pirates as to their less intrepid foes. In this connection the meteoric career of a pirate known as Bartholomew Portugues is of timely interest. As his name implies, this gentleman hailed from a community in Southeastern Europe, immediately adjacent to the kingdom of Spain, which fact, however, does not appear to have in the least enhanced his regard for the aristocratic dons. The earlier records fail to state at what period in his life Señor Portugues adopted the profession of a pirate chief, or the circumstances which impelled him so to do. He is first ushered into the West Indian arena in the rôle of a finished buccaneer, and—we are forced to infer from sundry backward references on the part of his biographer—with a past record quite too lurid for publication. Being in command of a small but fleet corsair, armed with four carronades and manned by some thirty kindred spirits, he one day set sail from the Island of Jamaica for the Isle of Pines, meanwhile keeping on the alert for any Spanish merchantman he might chance to encounter. Nor was he disappointed in this, for very soon there loomed over the

horizon first the spars and then the hull of an immense vessel. Immediately upon sighting her, the pirate piled on every stitch of spare canvas at her command, and was speedily flying over the waters in a straight course for the stranger. Very soon it developed that the latter was a Spanish galleon, carrying twenty great guns, and numbering a company of seventy men, which fact, however, seemed not in the least dismaying to the bold pirate, which sped fearlessly onward to the attack. As she came within range, the Spaniard gave the audacious craft a broadside of ten guns, more by way of target practice than from any danger she apprehended from so diminutive an assailant. However, the Spanish gunners of that remote epoch, it seems, were no better marksmen than at the present period, and the fierce broadside did no further damage than to rend the atmosphere, and plow up the sea in the immediate vicinity of the charging pirate.



BAHIA DEL CERRO (BAY OF THE HILLS)

This place derives its name from its proximity to the interior foot-hills with which it is connected by a river of considerable size. It was formerly a favorite landing place of the pirates and Buccaneers during the period of their dominance in the West Indian seas.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE SANTA FE RIVER, ISLE OF PINES, NEAR THE TOWN OF SANTA FE.

This photograph shows the mode of traveling adopted by our artist, Mr. W. B. Townsend, in the Isle of Pines, together with his guide, assistant and outfit. Senor Bloy Lopez, the guide, was a leader of the insurgents on the island, and has the marks of twenty machete wounds on different parts of his body, received in the various battles and combats in which he took part.

At this the Spanish captain ordered his ship to be brought about, in order that he might remove the impudent intruder from his locality through the medium of his ten remaining broadside guns. But before he could accomplish this maneuver, the pirate had run alongside, and her crew were swarming over the bulwarks of his vessel to attack his company on her decks. The situation now began to assume an aspect of seriousness, and the Spaniard ordered his men to repel the assault, which they did with such vigor that the pirates, being outnumbered more than two to one, were obliged to tumble over the side again into their boat. Here the attacking parties were comparatively safe, for, being close up to the galleon, the latter could not direct her big guns against them, whilst the Spaniards, recognizing their assailants as being superior marksmen to themselves, prudently refrained from showing their heads above the rails of their vessel.

Thus the pirates were enabled to rest themselves, and take stock of their injuries, which, being but slight, their leader determined to renew the attack with even greater spirit than before. This he did, and after a long and stubborn fight, succeeded in overcoming the Spanish crew, and thereby secured command of the great vessel. His victory, however, was dearly purchased, for out of his thirty men, he had ten killed and many wounded. The Spaniards fared even worse, losing nearly half their ship's company in the bloody fray. Having taken so great a prize, the Portuguese freebooter next proceeded, with the aid of his few remaining able-bodied men, to sail her to the Isle of Pines. But, unfortunately for him, while *en route* he was overhauled by three Spanish men-of-war, and, being in no condition to resist, was easily captured.

And now followed the most remarkable adventures that could well befall any one buccaneer, be he ever so proficient at his calling. The destination of the Spanish fleet, at the time of its capture of the pirates, was Havana, but soon afterward a great storm arising, the ships became separated, the one bearing the captive Portuguese being driven



A CARIB "AUNTIE," ISLE OF PINES.
There is little, if any, social distinction in the islands on account of color. The races associate together, and even intermarry, without losing caste or social position.



GREEK FISHING BOAT, OFF ISLE OF PINES.

The boat is loaded with the products of the island, principally yuca, which is one of the most valuable articles of commerce. The man on the left was preparing breakfast of fish and rice over a charcoal fire when Mr. Townsend took the picture.

before the gale in a westerly direction, and finally bringing up on the coast of Campeache. Here the vessel was visited by many merchants and other inhabitants of the mainland, who sought to pay their respects to their Spanish visitors. Thus it transpired that the presence of the pirate prisoners became known to the shore people. Moreover, they speedily recognized in the Portuguese chief one of the most atrocious outlaws of that region. Not only had he proved himself an omnipresent scourge to maritime commerce throughout those latitudes, but had repeatedly ravaged their coast with flame and cutlass. It was, therefore, decided that on the morrow this arch villain must die, and a tall gibbet was straightway erected on the shore, wherewith to accomplish this laudable determination. But Portugues, perceiving all these arrangements through a port hole in the side of the ship, determined to make a desperate effort to escape. Being unable to swim, he contrived, during the afternoon, to fashion a sort of life buoy from two large earthen jars, which he calculated would prove sufficiently buoyant to support him in the water.

After nightfall he bided a favorable moment, and with a knife he had managed to secrete about his person, struck his guard dead in his tracks. Then, springing to the side of the vessel, he threw himself into the sea, and, supported by his improvised buoy, struck out for the shore. This he finally reached in safety, despite the storm of shot that had immediately been directed at him. After a fortnight's journey along the coast, in the course of which he suffered many hardships, he came across a number of vessels manned by pirates who were well known to him. To these he related his recent experiences, and eventually prevailed upon them to equip him with a small boat and twenty men with which to return to Campeache for the purpose of revenging himself upon his late captors. With this small party he at once retraced his way along the coast, and eight days later sailed boldly into the Bay of Campeache. Seeing his little boat approach, the great ship in the harbor took her for little else than a fishing smack, or at worst a smuggling craft. Hence, little attention was given the newcomers, until of a sudden the little boat was thrown alongside the war vessel and its score of occupants, led by the dreaded Portugues, were scrambling over the rails, demanding the surrender of the vessel. This, of course, was vigorously disputed, and a bloody encounter followed. But the pirates, having the advantage of ready drawn pistols

and cutlasses, terrorized the Spanish sailors into submission, and the vessel was surrendered.

Thus the pirate chief found himself commander and owner of the self same vessel upon which but three weeks before he had been imprisoned under sentence of the gallows. Without waiting to clear the decks of the dead and wounded, the pirates immediately hoisted anchor and put to sea before any attempt could be made by other vessels in the harbor to retake the ship. Once at sea, the triumphant Portugues lost no time in shaping his course for his favorite retreat in the Isle of Pines. But soon misfortune again overtook him, for upon nearing the island, a terrific tempest arose and in his attempt to run



THE HARBOR AT NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

Showing Greek coaster unloading charcoal, which is used extensively as fuel, there being no deposits of stone coal on the island.

the treacherous passages between the reefs, his splendid prize was swept upon the rocks. In a short time nothing remained of the gallant war-ship but a mass of battered driftwood, while her crew, together with the luckless Bartholomew Portugues, barely escaped to the island with their lives.

The historian to whom posterity is indebted for these sanguinary narratives, one John Esquemeling, was himself a member of the brotherhood of buccaneers, and accompanied them upon many of their plundering expeditions. It appears, however, according to his own statements, that he was a pirate from force of circumstances rather than from choice. Having obligated himself to serve as a clerk for a



FIRST VIEW OF SUBURBS OF NUEVA GERONA.

The dilapidated appearance of the surroundings is due to the disorder of the war, which affected the Isle of Pines equally with all the other Spanish West Indies.

certain French company in the West Indies, he had the misfortune to be sold as a slave upon the premature dissolution of the concern which had retained him. His enforced bondage lasted for a space of three years, and when at length he regained his freedom he found himself in the midst of a desperate community, without any visible prospect of supporting himself by honest employment. He was, thereupon, constrained to cast his lot with a company of buccaneers, in which organization he continued throughout a period of nearly four years. But Esquemeling, though an acknowledged pirate, sharing equally in all their ill-gotten gains, studiously avoids accrediting to himself any of

the atrocities he so graphically attributes to others of his craft. Just what his peculiar functions might have been, therefore, is not altogether clear, although, like a certain writer who was once employed by a cowboy outfit solely because he could pick a banjo, he may have figured as a sort of court entertainer. At all events, he appears to

have been held in universal favor by the buccaneer element, from which circumstance, coupled with his unquestionable



PINE APPLE PLANTATION, NEAR SANTA FE, ISLE OF PINES.

It is claimed that this delicious fruit grows to greater perfection in the Isle of Pines than elsewhere in the West Indies, and, in conjunction with the extensive pine forests, gives name to the island.

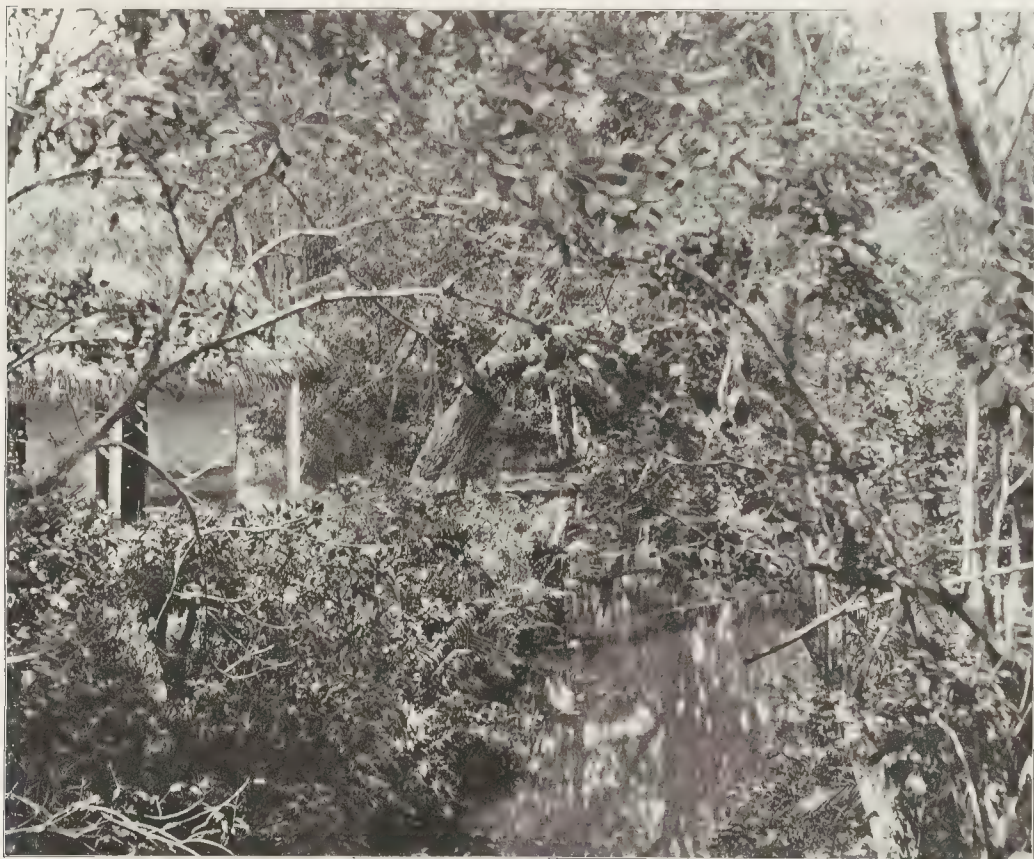
genius as a narrator, it is fair to presume that he regaled his pirate patrons with stories quite as lurid as those with which he subsequently entertained the world.

Among other things, this pirate author gives a very interesting account of his various sojourns on the Isle of Pines. He describes the island as being a veritable paradise, abounding in all manner of fruits and wild game. Turtles and wild cattle were particularly numerous, the flesh of both being salted down in large quantities and utilized in provisioning the pirate ships. The presence of crocodiles about the island appears to have been the one bane of existence thereon. These reptiles are described as being extremely fierce and aggressive, and it was the custom to post a special watch at night to prevent their invading the camps and attacking the sleepers. An instance is cited of a furious encounter which took place between a certain pirate and a crocodile. This man, in company with a negro, had penetrated for some distance into the woods, when of a sudden the former stumbled into a hidden

freebooter, confining his operations to the capture of an occasional caravel such as the Spanish nabobs were accustomed to travel in while visiting from place to place among the islands. With the proceeds of these spiritless hold-ups this pirate contrived to maintain an existence on the island for a number of years.

When not absent on his periodical raids, he delighted to array himself in gorgeous costumes made from the silks and other fine stuffs he from time to time acquired on his expeditions. It was this gaudiness of raiment that earned for him among his compatriots the sobriquet of "Rainbow" Gibbs.

One evening an English man-of-war sailed close by the Isle of Pines with a most singular-looking pennant dangling from her yard-arm. Later on, as Gibbs, who was absent at the time, failed to return, investigations were made, which revealed the fact that the aforesaid mysterious pennant had been nothing less than the missing pirate chief decked out in all the splendor of his rainbow attire.



MAGNESIUM SPRINGS, SANTA FE, ISLE OF PINES

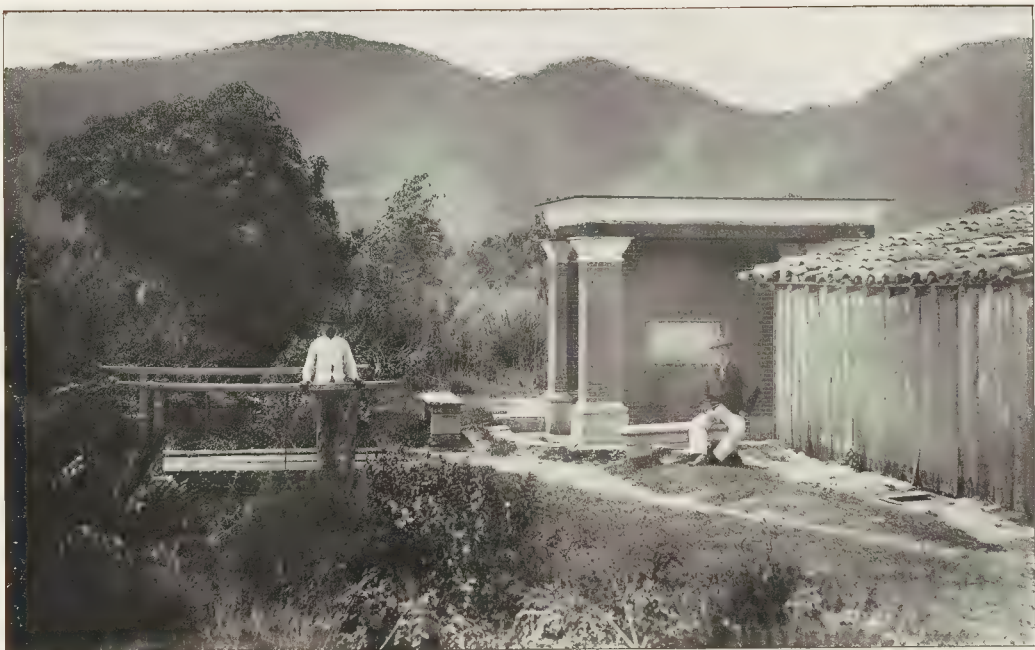
The town of Santa Fe is grouped around these famous springs, which are visited by invalids and pleasure seekers from all parts of the world, and now that an assurance of peace has come to the island, their fame as a resort will rapidly extend.

lair in which lay a huge male crocodile. In an instant the infuriated creature charged the pirate, fastening his terrible teeth upon his leg. At the first onslaught the negro deserted his companion and fled in terror in the direction of the camp. The pirate, however, being a courageous fellow, immediately drew his knife and gave battle to the crocodile, succeeding at length, after a furious combat, in dispatching the monster. But no sooner had he prevailed than he sank fainting to the ground from loss of blood, thus remaining until his companions came and bore him into camp.

Probably the most picturesque of all the ubiquitous rascals who frequented the Isle of Pines was the pirate known as "Rainbow" Gibbs. The iridescent title borne by this particular buccaneer was not acquired as a result of any especially brilliant exploit. On the contrary, "Rainbow" appears to have been a decidedly effeminate sort of

WONDERS OF THE ISLAND EVERGLADES.

The great cienaga swamp which covers the entire southern portion of the Isle of Pines, constitutes a most unique feature in the topography of the island. Curving northward from the southwestern extremity of this wilderness region is a long neck of land, somewhat resembling, on a miniature scale, the famous Cape Cod peninsula. Inclosed within this boundary is the vast lagoon known as Siguena Bay, the swampy adjuncts to which form the district designated as the Island Everglades. The geological indications are that this portion of the island has sprung into existence within comparatively recent times, the basis of its creation being a series of low lying reefs and cays corresponding to other such formations peculiar to the West Indies. Such of these rocky satellites as protrude a few feet above water are almost invariably covered with dense mangrove thickets, the growth of which is in no



BATH HOUSES AT MAGNESIUM SPRINGS.



FORWARD DECK OF STEAMER "PROTECTOR," PLYING BETWEEN BATARANO AND THE ISLE OF PINES.
Showing types of the better class of inhabitants of the island. The figure in uniform to the right is a son of the "Alcalde" of Nueva Gerona.

wise impaired by the continued drenching of their roots by the salt sea waves. This remarkable vegetation, moreover, has a tendency to spread outward over the water, and by so doing eventually connects many of the keys into continuous though necessarily infirm areas.

To this peculiar influence the existence of the immense morass in question is evidently due. And certainly a region more desolate in its general aspect, yet more singularly interesting withal, is difficult of conception. To the huntsman and naturalist, in particular, this remarkable district presents a field of even more varied attractiveness than the famous everglades of Florida. Its vast unexplored lagoons literally teem with fish and water fowl of every variety, while its labyrinthian shores and marshy recesses abound in strange creatures of the amphibious order, including the crocodile, turtle and manatee or sea cow. The crocodile or "cayman," as it is locally styled, is especially numerous. This reptile is extensively hunted by the natives, not only for its flesh,

forth in frantic haste to ascertain who the caller may be. In such instances, the faithful mother almost invariably follows her brood, and so falls a victim to her maternal solicitude. These hunters often cause an eccentric dam to charge fiercely across a forest stream by imitating the frightened cries of her offspring, or lure a pugnacious old bull from his retreat by sounding the distressing grunts of the female.

Upon decoying the crocodile within sufficient range, the hunter leaps fearlessly from his cover directly in the path of the surprised quarry, and emptying the contents of his heavy rifle into one or both the creature's eyes, quickly terminates its existence.

Another method sometimes employed in capturing the cayman is by diving. Armed with only a sharp, keen knife, and a short, stout stick, pointed at both ends, the hunter plunges fearlessly into the turbid waters of the swamp and boldly seeks his prey. The cayman may be wallowing in the mud of the bottom, and from this indolent attitude he



GROUP OF NATIVES AT THE BOAT-LANDING, NUEVA GERONA.

The artist obtained this view under difficulties, as many of the people seemed to be suspicious regarding the nature of his camera. The material in the sacks is yuca, or cassava, prepared for shipping. This is the principal landing on the Isle of Pines.

which is much relished, but likewise its hide and teeth, the latter being recognized among the staple exports of the island. Various tactics are observed among the natives in the pursuit of the cayman, the most effective of which is the calling method. This in many ways resembles the process known to sportsmen as stalking. So familiar is the native hunter with the habits and characteristics peculiar to this formidable saurian, that its capture involves but little actual labor on his part. He is, moreover, absolutely indifferent to such elements of danger as naturally enter into his chosen vocation. The method by calling is to take up a position in close proximity to the home lair, and imitate, with the voice, the grunts of the male or female cayman, or the plaintive squeals of the youngsters. The mimicry is so accurate that sometimes a considerable number are captured in a day. Should the delusive signals reach a mother and her young hidden away in their burrow, the unsuspecting little creatures respond with alacrity to the calls, and pour

is rudely aroused by his enemy. Up he comes to the surface, the man likewise, and the huge jaws are widely distended in an attitude of attack. By a quick thrust, however, the jaws are pinned apart by the upright wedge, and the next instant the native is on the creature's back, and the knife is plunged to the hilt, first in one eye, and then in the other. The thrashings and flounderings of the huge reptile little discommodate the hunter, who is as much at home in the watery element as he is on land. The carcass is then floated to the shore, and the pursuit of another cayman begun.

The largest iguanas on the western continent find a home in the cienaga swamps. The iguana is a species of monster lizard, often attaining a length of five feet. It has a long, flat tail, which, as well as its head and its enormous ridge-like spine, is covered with heavy, black scales. An enormous goitre-like pouch, hanging just under its chin, intensifies its already grotesque appearance. This creature feeds en-



FRAMEWORK OF COUNTRY HOUSE, ISLE OF PINES

After the framework has been erected, it is frequently covered with palm leaves, forming a cheap, comfortable and picturesque residence.

tirely on vegetables, and its flesh is greatly prized by the natives as food.

The only large serpent found in the Isle of Pines is the "maja." It frequently measures from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from sixteen to twenty-five inches in circumference. Although belonging to the boa constrictor family, and a master contortionist, this great reptile is generally regarded as quite harmless. It is found throughout the wooded portions of the island, in the interior and along the coast, but its principal haunts are the depths of the cienaga, where it attains its

greatest size. When occasionally encountered, he appears to possess intense curiosity regarding the human species, and will rear himself aloft to the extent of half his hideous anatomy in the effort to exchange acquaintanceship. Then he looks frightful enough to inspire a troop of professional snake tamers with dread, notwithstanding his established reputation for amiability.

One afternoon our artist, while focusing his lense on some immense cieba trees, which overhung a narrow lagoon in the cienaga district, was suddenly startled at the sight of a huge serpent uncoiling himself



IN THE SANTA FE RIVER, ISLE OF PINES.

This river has its source in the mountains of the interior and empties into the sea on the northeast coast of the island. It is a beautiful and picturesque stream, and was one of the principal resorts of the Buccaneers in the days of their power.

from a limb of the very trees he was photographing. So thoroughly terrified was he at the sight, that he afterwards wondered that he had sufficient presence of mind to complete the exposure before catching up his camera and making for the horses some distance in the rear. Upon relating this experience to his attendants, they laughed heartily, giving him to understand that the species of serpents which frequent that locality, notwithstanding their formidable appearance, were in thorough harmony with the inhabitants on the island, frequently being retained by them as pets. Be that as it may, the artist could never bring himself to believe but that the formidable snake, which his photograph showed to be of the constrictor family, and fully twenty feet in length, had anything but friendly designs upon his person.

The natives relate a curious incident of a "vaca" and a "vaca chiquito," meaning a cow and a calf, and a "maja," which helped in the milking from a near-by tree. The cow was standing under the tree and the calf was getting its dinner, when an interested "maja,"

and becomes black upon drying. They abound in large numbers in the great island cienaga, especially frequenting the mouths of streams tributary thereto, keeping near the land, and feeding upon algae and aquatic plants. They rarely feed on shore, though they may sometimes quit the water, and not infrequently support themselves in the shallows in a semi erect position. Under such circumstances they present, at a distance, a strikingly human appearance, enhanced by the distinct lips, the long whiskers in the male, and the pectoral mammae in the female. They are usually seen in small troops, associating for mutual protection, and for the defense of their young. They are perfectly harmless, however, and, manifesting but little fear of mankind, are easily captured. The manatee is hunted principally for its flesh, which, unlike that of the seal, to which genus it is closely allied, is both wholesome and palatable.

Two hundred years ago, according to the chronicle of Juan Valverde, they were "more numerous than seal," and would romp about



BRIDGE AT NUEVA GERONA

The company of natives were on their way to Santa Fe, and in accordance with their polite characteristics, they posed for this picture, which also shows the signal mountains and a portion of the town in the background

from the branches above, descended the trunk, and, unwinding one coil reached forward and helped himself from the same source of supply. The cow and calf were in no wise disturbed, and seemed perfectly content with the intrusion, and neither of them made any effort whatever to rebuke the snake's familiarity, nor to put an end to the proceeding.

The manatee, or sea cow, as it is more generally termed, is one of the most curious of the numerous denizens of the everglades. The manatee has an elongated, fish-like body, similar to that of the whale, the anterior limbs being flattened into fins, and the posterior limbs represented only by a rudimentary pelvis. The head is conical, without a distinct line of separation from the body. The fleshy nose much resembles that of a cow, the nostrils opening as usual on the end of the snout. The full upper lip has on each side a few bristly tufts of hair, while the mouth, eyes, and openings of the ears are small. The skin of the manatee is of a dark grayish color with a few scattering bristles,

a canoe without mistrust, frequently rising like mermaids, with curious, wondering eyes, to scan the crew. But with the crack of a harpoon in their ribs, their confidence in human nature suddenly ceases, and the lazy-looking phoca darts through the water with an impetuous rush that threatens to upset a canoe, unless the harpooner has instantly launched his "float." A strong cord of plaited rawhide connects the spear shaft with a leather bag, stuffed with spongy reed, that makes it float like cork, and bob up and down in a manner calculated to speedily frustrate the victim's efforts at secretiveness.

After darting down stream, or to seaward for a few hundred yards, the manatee dives, and its pursuers rise in their eagerness to discover the point of its re-appearance. At the first glimpse of the carmine float, they straightway head their shallop toward the spot, exerting themselves to the uttermost at the oars in order to reduce the intervening distance sufficiently to get a peep through the surface water

before the fugitive dives again. If they can thus determine the general direction of his flight, there is no danger of losing sight of him altogether; the constitution of his breathing apparatus will compel him to rise again, and the weakening influence of his wounds is likely to shorten the intervals of

tail, and is much prized by the natives as an article of diet. The "jutia" is a tree climber, a nocturnal feeder, and has the same sly habits as "Br'er Possum" of Georgia. The swamp abounds in wild dogs and cats, sprung from those animals in a domestic state, and wild hogs, quite as savage and as



CATHOLIC CHURCH, NUEVA GERONA, ONLY CHURCH IN THE TOWN.

his emergence. The chance for a second throw, or perhaps for a shot at close range, finally rewards the vigilance of the hunters with the capture of the game lamantin.

In the swamp is found a peculiar animal called the "jutia," which answers in form, size and habits to our opossum of the Southern States. In appearance it somewhat resembles the muskrat, but is considerably larger, being from twelve to twenty inches long, exclusive of the

ferocious as the peccary of western Texas and Mexico, are also numerous. Nowhere are there to be found so many wild pigeons and gorgeous peacocks



WAREHOUSE ON JURACO RIVER, ISLE OF PINES.

The same bungling carts and disregard for the comfort of beasts of burden are seen in the Isle of Pines as in Cuba and elsewhere in the West Indies. But few of their industries have yet experienced the benefits of modern appliances.

as in the cienaga swamp. Capt. J. M. T. Partello, the eminent naturalist, estimates that over 200 specimens of indigenous birds and more than 700 kinds of fish abound in its rivers, bays and inlets. One beautiful bird in particular deserves mention, which, owing to the distance when seen, remains up to the present time unidentified. It is a tall, handsome creature, and when discovered, was walking lightly on the lily pads of a marsh. Its color above is a beautiful spectrum blue, falling into creamy white on the sides, and bursting into a brilliant scarlet hue on the breast and lower body feathers. Its legs are green, bill of an orange color, and the head crowned with a coronet similar to that worn by the California quail. It is not web-footed, but instead has three broad toes branching to the front and one to the side, which indicate the wader rather than the swimmer.

There are fifteen elegant species of the humming bird peculiar to the island, the largest of which is the long-tailed hummer, measuring ten inches from tip of beak to end of tail, and the smallest, the Vervain

enumeration. The cangrejo, or climbing crab, is especially numerous, and it is commonly believed there are more crabs living on land in the Isle of Pines than there are in its neighboring waters. Far inland one meets these creatures in great droves, and at times the country for many miles is alive with them, particularly at a time when they are, in the act of migrating from one locality to another.

But it is in the insect creation that the great cienaga swamp appears at its best. As a rule, there are no venomous insects on the island, but what they lack in this respect is amply atoned for in size, brilliancy and inquisitiveness by day, and by the most marvelous luminosity by night. There are all sorts and varieties of beetles, among which the electric beetle, with its night-burning lamps, is the most conspicuous.

There is the great Atlas moth, a gigantic, fur-coated, night-flying insect, which is the largest winged insect in the world. A large specimen of this moth would measure about fourteen inches from tip to tip.



HOME OF CAPT. HERBERT MUELLER, OF THE STEAMER "PROTECTOR," AT SANTA FE.

This is a good representation of the better class of houses in the island. Capt. Mueller has been running on the route between Batabano and the Isle of Pines to the past twenty years, and is well known and very popular with the people.

which weighs but twenty grains. This atom of a birdling has a head no larger than a pea, and legs hardly larger than those of a good sized mosquito. Its extreme measurement from tip to tip is but an inch and a quarter. Strange as it may seem, these tiny creatures are easily tamed, and it is not an unusual sight to see pets of this kind enjoying the same freedom around some human household as a parrot or some other bird that has been domesticated. Not infrequently at some hovel, presided over by a mistress as hideously ugly as the imagination can picture, one of these beautiful elfin pets will be seen contentedly taking its food from a quill inserted in a toy cup filled with the juice of the sugar cane, and both held in one hand of the unprepossessing mistress.

The forests along the borders of the great swamp are also inhabited by myriads of gorgeous parrots which fly about from morning till night, uttering deafening shrieks with their untrained voices.

The most numerous denizens of the swamp are the lizards and chameleons, of which there are too many varieties to even attempt an

Of flies alone, over 300 species are known. The one most to be dreaded is called *el rodador* (the roller), something like a mosquito, which fills itself with blood like a leech, and when satiated drops off and rolls away. The insect fauna also includes a species of immense humpback spider, with flat legs, and armed with hideous filmy points. Rare butterflies are everywhere in evidence, from the tiny atom no larger than a pin head to the immense regal beauty combining all the colors of the rainbow and every tint of the sun.

The most gorgeous characteristics of this singular region, however, are witnessed after nightfall. Then the vast solitary savanas are transformed into grotesque expanses of phosphorescent light. Fantastical shapes, wrought of subtle atmospheric agencies, troop past in shadowy, unearthly array, while mysterious will-o'-the-wisps drift in and out among the sombre depths of the environing woods.

In the midst of this phantom carnival, the great region will suddenly be illuminated by a burst of iridescent flame, suggestive of an

aerial world alive with flashing meteors. Throughout the entire night this marvelous pyrotechnic display extends, at one interval ebbing to a faint subdued glow wherein the hydrogenous light is tempered to an azure-like pallor, only to again flame forth in all the weird resplendence of a veritable molten sea. Although such tendencies are in a measure characteristic of all tropical swamp lands, in no respect is the nocturnal phantasmagoria peculiar to this wonderful island everglade to be equaled within the limits of our entire possessions.

STORY OF THE ISLE OF PINES BLOCKADE.

The operations of the "Mosquito" type of United States war vessels in the vicinity of the Isle of Pines, during the war with Spain, constitutes a most interesting chapter in the history of our islands. This is particularly so from the fact that the vessels referred to were among the most diminutive representatives of our victorious navy, which, doubtless, accounts for the lack of prominence heretofore given to their numerous exploits. The stirring experiences of the pigny war yacht "Eagle" in this con-



A SPANISH MEMENTO, ISLE OF PINES.



"PRESTO MI UN CENTAVO" ("GI' ME A CENT").

A little walf of the war, whose only possessions consisted of a man's vest and a big straw hat.

nection are, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of naval warfare.

The "Eagle" was one of the smallest of the war vessels engaged in active hostilities, being of the same class as the "Hist," and other notable converted yachts. Her total displacement represented only 434 tons, her armament consisting of four six-pounders and two small Colt's automatic guns, while her complement of officers and men numbered but fifty, all told. The fighting capacity, however, of this diminutive war sprite was altogether out of proportion to the foregoing measurements, and the spirit of pugnacity which characterized her numerous engagements are at once ludicrous and commendable. Lieutenant W. H. H. Sutherland, U. S. N., who commanded the little vessel throughout the war, and who has since been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander for meritorious service during that period, is authority for the following incidents in connection with her lone vigil off the Isle of Pines.

At daybreak on the morning of July 3d, while near Pepe Head, smoke was sighted to the south-

ward. The "Eagle" immediately started in chase, and soon drew within about five miles of a four-masted steamer, which answered to the description of the Spanish cruiser "Alfonso XII." As soon as the American vessel was made out, the steamer ran away. For nearly an hour the "Eagle" gained slightly, after which the steamer gradually drew ahead. The chase was kept up for a distance of fifty nine nautical miles in the direction of Cape San Antonio, when the "Alfonso XII," was lost sight of. Within forty-eight hours later, this vessel was run ashore off Mariel, on the north coast of Cuba, by the U. S. S. "Hawk," another of our diminutive war yachts.

During the morning of July 5th, a schooner was sighted off the southern end of the Isle of Pines and chased



HOUSE BUILT OF PALM LEAVES

Illustrating the primitive yet independent customs prevalent among the inhabitants of this delightful island

close inshore, where she was deserted by her crew. When boarded, she proved to be the Spanish schooner "Gallito," and was seized as a prize. The boarding party was fired on from shore, but the enemy was quickly dispersed by a few well-aimed shots from the "Eagle's" six-pounders.

Shortly before noon on July 12th, a large steamer was sighted off Cape Francis in the act of chasing three prizes of the U. S. S. "Dixie"—the British schooner "Three Bells" and two sloops. The "Eagle" started full speed in chase, it being supposed that the enemy's vessel was the Spanish armed steamer "Montevideo," for which the blockading vessels were then on the lookout, in accordance with information contained in a telegram from the Secretary of the Navy to the commandant of the naval base at Key West. As soon as the "Eagle" appeared in sight, this steamer gave up the chase of the "Dixie's"

left and steamed about the northward, and as soon as fire was opened started for the channel inside the San Felipe Cays, followed by an occasional shot from the attacking vessel.

It was observed that two large guns were mounted forward on the Spaniard, and as the fire from the American vessel was not answered from these, a volunteer armed boat's crew, with the executive officer in charge, was sent ahead to board the steamer, if it were found safe to do so, and to take possession of her as a prize. At the same time the anchor was lifted, and the "Eagle" felt her way slowly in toward the stranded vessel with a boat ahead to sound out the channel.

When within 600 yards of the steamer, the armed boat's crew was seen to board without opposition. The "Eagle's" anchor was then dropped, and a second crew sent to her aid. It was then discovered that the vessel was the Spanish armed steamer "Santo Domingo," with



THE FAMILY FIG.

The custom of confining pigs with a rope around their necks, instead of being penned up, prevails in the Isle of Pines, the same as elsewhere in the Spanish West Indies. Our artist notes that it is a common sight to see the mother and a dozen little pigs tied in a group by as many different ropes, grunting and rooting with the utmost contentment.

prizes, and ran for the northwestern part of the bight between the Isle of Pines and Cape Francis, the former chasing and heading to cut her off. In about an hour's time, the steamer ran aground on a shoal off Piedras Point. From reliable information received a few weeks later, it was learned that she was bound to Caloma, and was only a few hundred yards from a good channel when she struck.

A small white side wheel steamer, which had been lying close inshore, at once ran out to and alongside the grounded steamer, but left in less than half an hour, when the "Eagle," which had run into very shoal water, over an uneven bottom, dropped anchor and opened fire on the steamer at a distance of about 2,000 yards. According to Hydrographic Office charts, the "Eagle" should then have been hard and fast aground, the survey in this locality, as indicated on said charts, being entirely inaccurate. Just previous to the engagement, the river steamer

two 4.72-inch breechloading Hontoria rifles, protected by shields, mounted forward, that she was literally packed with live stock, provisions, clothing, and other supplies, and that she had two 12-inch breechloading rifles secured in her hold.

All fires in her furnace were going full blast, with steam blowing off at 170 pounds, and no water showing in her gauges. Fires were immediately hauled by the prize crew. Lunch had been served and only half eaten when the officers, crew, and the sixty six male passengers deserted her, and left in the river steamer previously referred to. They fled in such haste that few private effects were taken, and none of the cargo was disturbed. Her 4.72-inch guns were loaded and ready for firing, and her magazine was open. Had these guns been used, she might have given the "Eagle" a very warm reception, as a single well directed shot from one of them would have been sufficient to annihilate

the little vessel. The fire from the "Eagle's" six-pounders was very destructive, many shells striking and exploding above and below the water line, and doing great damage. An inventory of the vessel and cargo estimated her value at nearly \$900,000.

Every effort was made to get the 4.72 inch guns, but after several hours' work it was found impossible to move them. Their breech blocks were, therefore, removed, and the guns rendered unserviceable. After stupendous efforts on the part of the "Eagle's" crew, it was found impossible to get the vessel afloat.

There was, moreover, a distinct possibility of an attempt at recapture, the smoke from each of three steamers being distinctly visible in the direction of Batabanó, and there were no other United States vessels within a distance of 200



TAKING CHANCES WITH THE CAMERA "YO ATINAR ASEGURAR" ("I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT").



THE ARTIST AND HIS MASCOT.

A little black hero, whose exploits deserve immortality.

miles to render assistance. In addition to this, several Spanish gunboats were known to be in the vicinity, and garrisons of Spanish soldiers at the various towns along this coast, and it was not certain that the "Eagle" could be safely maneuvered at night in the neighboring waters. In view of all these adverse circumstances it was reluctantly decided to burn the prize. She was, therefore, set on fire at sundown and completely destroyed. From reliable information received later, it was learned that a small Spanish gunboat was a witness to the destruction of the "Santo Domingo" from a near-by cove. A visit to this vessel several days later showed that the 12-inch guns could be saved, with proper wrecking appliances, and that the 4.72 inch guns could be saved and made of use to the naval service.

On July 14th, the U. S. S. "Nashville" arrived off the Isle of Pines, for the purpose of determining whether or not a sub-base could be established in Sigüanea Bay. On the 16th, the "Eagle" ran into Sigüanea Bay, on a line previously sounded out by the "Nashville's" steam launch, and found a large area of water, varying from four to six fathoms in depth, with good holding ground. This locality is one of great importance, as it will afford an anchorage during a hurricane, and, with Cortes entrance, affords the only passage for communication with points on the south coast of Cuba.

During the forenoon of July 24th, the "Eagle" chased and captured the Spanish schooner

"Dolores," laden with grain principally, and sent her into Key West for adjudication. Two days later, communication was opened with an insurgent camp on Mangle Point, which was under the command of a Cuban lieutenant. Much valuable information was obtained, and it was learned that, excepting the "Alfonso XII." and the "Santo Domingo," no vessel had attempted to run the blockade since the "Eagle" had first appeared in these waters. Arrangements were made for a pilot and for future means of communication.

The U. S. S. "Bancroft" arrived on the Isle of Pines blockade on July 28th, four weeks prior to which the "Eagle" had, single-handed, blockaded this entire section of the coast so effectively that, according to information received from insurgents and other people on shore, no vessel had succeeded in running the blockade, notwithstanding the fact that two of the enemy's gunboats were constantly in hiding-places in the vicinity.

From this on until the night of August 13th, when the news of the signing of the peace protocol was received from the U. S. S. "Helena," the "Eagle" was the junior vessel on this station, and was employed on blockading duty in and between Cortes and Sigüanea Bays.

When the news of the signing of the protocol was received, the little vessel was on her way from Sigüanea Bay to Cortes Bay to inform the senior officer that, from information sought for and obtained while in Sigüanea Bay, the immediate capture of the Isle of Pines was assured.

THE FIGHT NEAR CORTES BAY.

One of the most important engagements off the Isle of Pines took place on the forenoon of August 2d, between a boat's crew from the U. S. S. "Bancroft," Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., and a considerable force of Spanish soldiers. While cruising in the vicinity of the wrecked steamer, "Santo Domingo," in Cortes Bay, a sail was seen close to land, about ten miles to the northward. The "Bancroft's" steam launch was immediately lowered, with a 1-pounder gun mounted in the bows, and, manned by a crew of fourteen men, under charge of Lieutenant Henry B. Wilson, was sent to intercept her. By the time the launch reached the vicinity, the schooner had worked into a small port, and was being hauled ashore by a detachment

of Spanish soldiers. The launch, however, stood directly in, and opening fire, quickly dispersed the crowd. Springing into the water, James Munro, an apprentice, first-class, swam to the schooner and made fast a line, while Valdemar Holmgren, an ordinary seaman, likewise plunged overboard and swam to the pier, where a small sloop-rigged boat was made fast. As the launch was trying to haul off the schooner, the line parted, and while another line was being run, three volleys were fired from the high grass on the left bank. One of these shots struck Emmanouil Koulouris, a coal passer, who was instantly killed,



DR. MEODORE FERNANDEZ LOMBARD.

A hero of the war with Spain, and a graduate of Princeton College. Our artist was indebted to him for many courtesies. The photograph shows the Doctor at his home in the midst of a luxuriance of tropical growth that is almost bewildering to the northern eye.

being shot through the arm and breast. A rapid fire was started with rifles, while Lieutenant Wilson maneuvered the launch so as to take a line thrown by Holmgren from the small boat in which he had shoved off from the wharf. The boat was then pulled out and a fire opened on the ambuscade with the 1-pounder, which finally routed the party. The fire of the 1-pounder was next turned on the schooner, as it was too hard aground to be pulled off under the circumstances. A few shots resulted in damaging it beyond further use. The party then returned



A SERPENT IN THE TREE.

One of our artist's thrilling experiences not set down in the regular programme.

to the "Bancroft," bringing the smaller boat with them. It has always been considered remarkable that the enemy succeeded in getting in but one effective shot. The Americans had no means of accurately determining their loss,

but it was evidently severe. Too much cannot be said in praise of Lieutenant Wilson and all of the men in the party for their coolness and bravery. When fired upon, their first thought was to rescue the gallant Holmgren, who was on the wharf, openly exposed to the enemy's fire. It was admirably done, and the small prize triumphantly carried off.

On the afternoon of the battle, the "Bancroft" steamed outside, and the remains of Emmanouil Koulouris were committed to the deep, the ceremony being marked by all the honors of a naval hero's burial at sea.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

THE ISLE OF PINES, PRESENT AND PAST.

The Isle of Pines is an ideal gem of the ocean, possessing attractions of climate and resources of natural wealth that will insure it a large and enterprising population at no distant period in the future. The climate is delightful; the air is pure, dry, and balmy, and the winds, coming from the sea, and passing over pine forests, are mild and invigorating. Both along the seashore and in the interior, the country is beautiful and picturesque, presenting many of nature's rarest charms in rolling hills and intervening valleys, covered with the variegated green verdure of the tropics. The inhabitants are gentle and courteous in their intercourse with strangers, possessing a natural dignity and simplicity of manner, and an open-handed hospitality that are peculiarly gratifying.

So far as can be learned, there are no remnants of the aboriginal Indian tribes on this island. They were exterminated by the Spaniards and Buccaneers centuries ago, and the only records of them are of a traditional character. A writer who belonged to the forces of the Buccaneers, and was familiar with the customs of the Indians who inhabited the various islands of the West Indies at the time of their discovery, left a work in manuscript containing many interesting particulars, which was published in 1685. The following incidents, which are



A TOBACCO PLANTATION IN THE ISLE OF PINES.

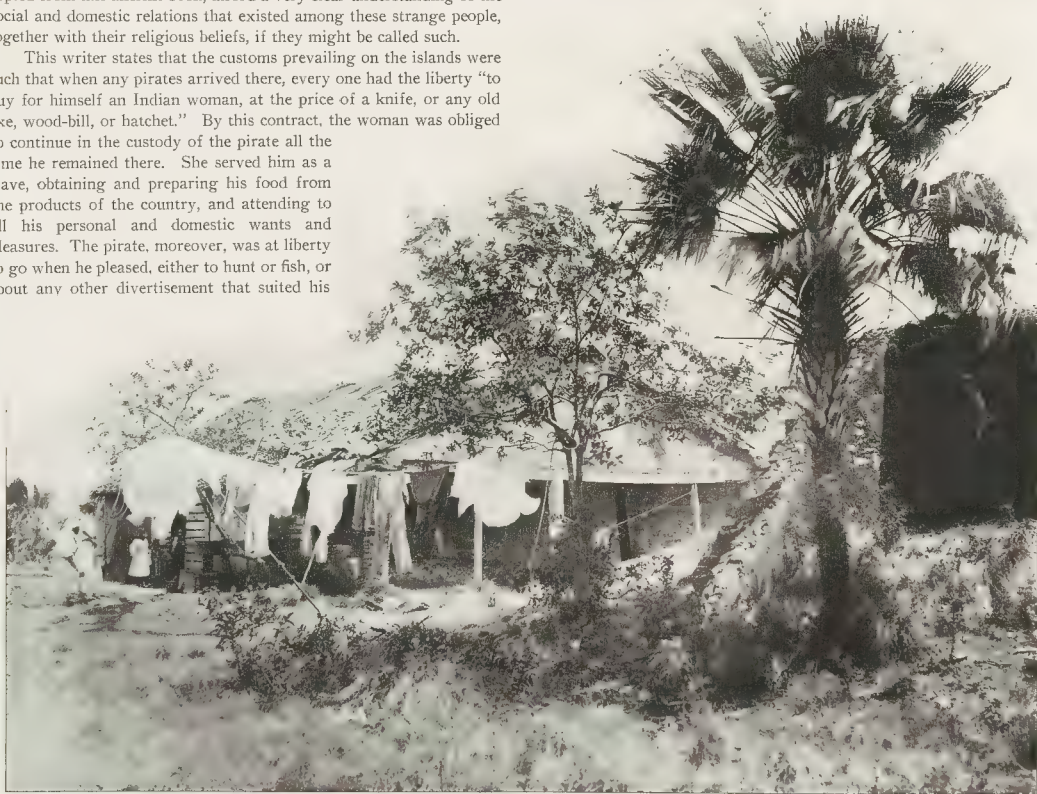
Tobacco of a very fine quality is grown on the island, but not so extensively as in Pinar del Rio Province, of Cuba. The photograph shows the plants in the beds before transplanting.



A TOBACCO FACTORY, NUEVA GERONA, ISLE OF PINES.

copied from this ancient book, afford a very clear understanding of the social and domestic relations that existed among these strange people, together with their religious beliefs, if they might be called such.

This writer states that the customs prevailing on the islands were such that when any pirates arrived there, every one had the liberty "to buy for himself an Indian woman, at the price of a knife, or any old axe, wood-bill, or hatchet." By this contract, the woman was obliged to continue in the custody of the pirate all the time he remained there. She served him as a slave, obtaining and preparing his food from the products of the country, and attending to all his personal and domestic wants and pleasures. The pirate, moreover, was at liberty to go when he pleased, either to hunt or fish, or about any other divertisement that suited his



NATIVE HUT ON THE ROAD FROM NUEVA GERONA TO SANTA FE.

This house, like many others on the island, is composed of stone, brick, timbers and palm leaves, and presents a much neater and more inviting appearance than the log cabins of the American forests.

pleasure; but he was not to commit any hostility or depredation upon the inhabitants, seeing that the Indians brought him all that he stood in need of, or desired.

Through this intercourse and familiarity, the natives were frequently induced to accompany the pirates to sea on their marauding expeditions, and remain with them for months and even years, without returning home. In this way many of them learned to speak English and French, and some of the pirates became efficient in the Indian language. They were very dexterous at darting the javelin, whereby they made themselves useful to the pirates in victualing the ships with fish and game. In this way, a single Indian would supply food enough for a hundred persons.

The form of government that usually prevailed among the natives was like a little commonwealth or republic, they having only occasionally a sovereign or prince among them, and in such cases the supreme ruler was generally some chief who had distinguished himself above

the wind. Some of them wore an apron around the middle, extending to the upper part of the thigh, these aprons being made of the inner bark of trees pounded upon stones until they were soft and pliable. The industrious members of the community used cloth made of this bark to cover themselves when they slept, while a few of the most enterprising made bedclothes of a coarse cotton cloth. Their principal arms were azagayas, or spears, pointed with iron or the teeth of crocodiles, which they used with great dexterity.

The natives were gentle, hospitable, and kind hearted. They had an indifferent idea of a God, but lived without religion or divine worship of any kind. Some of the more northern tribes believed in the devil, and had a hideous form of devil-worship, but this was unknown among the gentle islanders of the south. Many suppose that the modern Voodoo incantations of the Southern negroes are a combination of this former devil-worship of the Indians and some of the grosser African superstitions imported with the slaves. The ancient



ROADSIDE SCENE IN ISLE OF PINES

This photograph represents the home and family of a banana planter. The extraordinary fertility of the soil is shown in the luxuriance of the banana plants in the corner of this picture.

the others as a warrior or hunter. The people were divided into classes. Of these, the first employed themselves in cultivating the ground, and in many instances they owned extensive plantations, which were partly worked by negro slaves who had escaped from slaving vessels by mutiny or shipwreck. These poor creatures were much more kindly treated by the Indians than they ever were by their white masters. In some instances they intermarried with the natives, and this accounts, in some degree, for the strange mixture of races that prevails in all the islands, embracing characteristics of the Indian, African and Spaniard. The second class of natives were lazy and thriftless to such an extent that they built themselves neither houses nor huts to live in, but spent their time in wandering up and down on the sea coast, without knowing or caring so much as to cover their bodies from the rain, which falls in torrents in those localities during the rainy season. Their only covering was composed of a few palm leaves, which they placed upon their heads, and turned their naked backs always toward

writer whom we quote, quaintly remarks that on account of their devil-worship, these tribes were "not so much tormented by him (the devil) as other nations are."

His description of the food and drink of the island Indians, and some of their social customs, is so unique that we copy it literally:

"Their ordinary food, for the greatest part, consists in several fruits, such as are called bananas, racoven, ananas, potatoes, cassava; as also crabs, and some few fish of other sorts, which they kill in the sea with darts. As to their drink, they are something expert in making certain pleasant and delicate liquors. The commonest among them is called *achioc*. This is made of a certain seed of palm tree, which they bruise, and afterward steep or infuse in hot water, till it be settled at the bottom. This liquor being strained off, has a very pleasant taste, and is very nourishing. Many other sorts of liquors they prepare, which I shall omit for brevity. Only I shall say something, in short, of that which is made of *platanos*. These they knead betwixt their



NATIVE OX OF THE ISLE OF PINES.

hands with hot water, and afterwards put into great calabashes, which they fill up with cold water, and leave in repose for eight days, during which time it ferments as well as the best sort of wine. This liquor they drink for pleasure, and as a great regale, in so much that when these Indians invite their friends or relations, they cannot treat them better than to give them some of this pleasant drink.

"They are very unskillful in dressing victuals, and hence it is that they very seldom treat one another with banquets. For this purpose, when they go or send to any house, to invite others, they desire them to come and drink of their liquors. Before the invited persons come to their house, those that expect them comb their hair very well, and anoint their faces with oil of palm, mingled with a certain black tincture, which renders them very hideous. The women, in like manner,

daub their faces with another sort of stuff, which causes them to look as red as crimson. And such are the greatest civilities they use in their ornaments and attire. Afterwards, he that invites the other takes his arms, which are three or four *azagayas*, and goes out of his cottage the space of three or four hundred steps, to wait for and receive the persons that



VIEW ON THE JUCARO RIVER NEAR SANTA FE.

are to come to visit him. As soon as they draw near him, he falls down upon the ground, lying flat on his face, in which posture he remains without any motion, as if he were dead. Being thus prostrate before them, the invited friends take him up and set him upon his feet, and thus they go altogether to the hut. Here the persons who are invited use the same ceremony, falling down on the ground, as the inviter did before. But he lifts them up, one by one, and, giving them his hand, conducts them into his cottage, where he causes them to sit. The women on these occasions perform few or no ceremonies.

"Being thus brought into the house, they are presented, every one, with a calabash full of the liquor above mentioned, made of *platanos*, which is very thick, almost like water gruel, or children's pap, wherein is contained four quarts, more or less, of the said liquor. These they are to drink off as well as they can, and get down at any rate. The calabashes being emptied into their stomachs, the master of the house, with many ceremonies, goes about the room, and gathers his cala-

and he finally to the bride, who drinks it up, and with this only ceremony the marriage is made. When any one drinks to the health of another, the second person ought to drink up the liquor which the other person has left in the calabash. But in case of marriage, as was said before, it is consumed alone among those three, the bride obtaining the greatest part to her share."

Their funeral ceremonies were the most peculiar of all. They are thus described by our Buccaneer author: "At their entertainments it is usual that, when the man dies, his wife buries him with all his *azagayas*, aprons and jewels that he used to wear at his ears. Her next obligation is to come every day to her husband's grave, bringing him meat and drink for a whole year together. Their years reckon by the moons, allowing fifteen to every year, which makes their entire circle, as our twelve months do ours.

"Some historians, writing of the Caribbee Islands, affirm that this ceremony of carrying victuals to the dead is generally observed



IDEAL RURAL SCENE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLE OF PINES

The cattle shown in this picture are of the same breed as those introduced by Columbus in 1493, but they have been crossed and improved until they are now of much finer quality than the native cattle of Cuba.

bashes. And this drinking hitherto is reckoned but for one welcome, whereas every invitation ought to contain several welcomes. Afterwards, they begin to drink of the clear liquor above mentioned, for which they were called to this treat. Hereunto follow many songs and dances, and a thousand caresses to the women that are present."

Regarding their marriage ceremonies, this ancient writer says:

"They do not marry any young maid without the consent of her parents. Hereupon, if any one desires to take a wife, he is first examined by the damsel's father concerning several points relating to good husbandry. These are most commonly: Whether he can make good *azagayas*, darts for fishing, or spin a certain thread which they use about their arrows. Having answered to satisfaction, the examiner calls to his daughter for a little calabash full of the liquor above mentioned. Of this he drinks first, then gives the cup to the young man,

among them (also). Moreover, that the devil comes to the sepulchers, and carries away all the meat and drink which is placed there. But I myself am not of this opinion, seeing I have oftentimes, with my own hands, taken away these offerings, and eaten them instead of other victuals. To this I was moved, because I knew that the fruits used on these occasions were the choicest and ripest of all others, as also the liquors of the best sort they made use of for their greatest regale and pleasure. When the widow has thus completed her year, she opens the grave, and takes out all her husband's bones. These she scrapes and washes very well, and afterwards dries against the beams of the sun. When they are sufficiently dried, she ties them all together, and puts them into a cabala, being a certain pouch or satchel, and is obliged for another year to carry them upon her back in the daytime, and to sleep upon them in the night, until the year be completely expired. This ceremony



FISHING BOATS ON THE COAST NEAR BAY OF THE HILLS.

being finished, she hangs up the bag and bones against the post of her own door, in case she be mistress of any house. But having no house of her own, she hangs them at the door of her next neighbor or relation.

"The widows cannot marry a second time, according to the laws or customs of this nation, until the space of two years above mentioned be completed. The men are bound to perform no such ceremonies toward their wives, but if any pirate marries an Indian woman, she is bound to do with him, in all things, as if he were an Indian man born.

The negroes that are upon this island live here in all respects according to the customs of their own country."

The present inhabitants of the Isle of Pines seem to be almost a distinctive race from the Cubans, though, like the latter, they are noted for their polite manners and hospitality to strangers, also for their universal honesty in their business transactions. In visiting this new and delightful



CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

The wealth of this family, visited by the artist during his explorations of the Isle of Pines, consisted of a small field of tobacco, one pig, and two children, but they were contented with their lot, and felt that they had an abundance.

territorial acquisition, our photographer met with a number of interesting adventures, some of which he relates in his own entertaining style.

"I was not long," he says, "in finding out that in the West Indies time is estimated at about one-third its relative value in the United States. In other words, if I wanted anything to-day, I could reasonably depend upon getting it the day after to-morrow. Consequently I began by reluctantly reducing my six months of actual time on hand to three-score days, as reckoned from a standpoint of things actually to be accomplished within that period. One of the most trying institutions with which I became involved at various intervals was the railroad. And just here I wish to counsel the traveler who desires to do the islands within a limited period, to beware of the railroads, and, from an all-round standpoint of economy, invest in a mule. By so doing, he will save time in the long run, to say nothing of expense and mental friction.

"After leaving Havana, I experienced not a little difficulty through not understanding the Spanish language. On the train there was not a soul who could speak a word of English, while my command of Spanish was limited to 'quanto vale,' or 'how much,' and 'mucho gracias,' or 'much obliged.' Before I left Cuba, however, I had added to the foregoing vocabulary a dozen or so native ejaculations of doubtful significance but indubitable potency in various cases of emergency. At Batabanó I learned that a steamer had but a few hours previously left for the Isle of Pines, and that two days would elapse before the departure of another; I thereupon decided to spend the interval with the Greek sponge fishers at that point. I found a number of picturesque subjects in the community, and, on the whole, succeeded in employing the two days to very good advantage.

"While at Batabanó I picked up a mascot in the person of a small black boy about ten years of age. He was a bright little fellow, and



DRIVING CATTLE TO MARKET.

These cattle still show many of the characteristics of the original breed brought to the islands by Columbus, in 1493. They have the same large horns and heavy fore-quarters, with slender rumps, but in several respects they are a decided improvement over their Spanish progenitors.

"When I left Havana, my first objective point was the Isle of Pines, to the southward of Cuba. In order to reach this destination, it was first necessary to cross the island to Batabanó, the southern seaport. The distance was thirty miles, which, at the rate of 10 cents a mile, made the fare \$3.00. This was bad enough, I thought, until I found that the tariff placed on my photographing outfit and trunk amounted to just twice that figure, making the thirty-mile trip to cost me exactly \$9.00. However, it was largely inexperience with Cuban customs that led me into such extortionate pitfalls. The payment of that extra \$6.00 on my dunnage was quite uncalled for, as, notwithstanding the rules to the contrary, passengers are allowed to carry all manner of truck in the cars with them without additional expense. One native, who sat opposite me in the first-class coach, had with him a dog, a goat, two poll parrots, and a hundredweight or so mixed vegetables in the section he occupied.

had quite a remarkable history. During the Cuban-Spanish war he was rounded up, together with several thousand reconcentrados, and confined to the limits of the town. During the terrible suffering which followed, this boy was selected by Dr. Fernandez, a native doctor, to go to Havana in quest of medicine for the dying people. The trip was a most hazardous one, but the little emissary did not for a moment hesitate to attempt it. By reason of his tender years he was allowed to play around the Spanish sentries on the outskirts of the town, and, watching for a favorable moment, he finally slipped past the line and set out on his mission. Inside of a week he was back again, having trudged every foot of the sixty miles to and from Havana, while, sewed up in various parts of his clothing, were some 500 grains of quinine and morphine furnished him by Dr. Fernandez's friends in Havana. I became very much attached to this little hero, and kept him with me as long as I remained in western Cuba.

"Upon the return of the boat from the Isle of Pines, I at once set about arranging for my transportation. This was no easy matter, as the captain, who was likewise purser and freight clerk, in response to my inevitable query of 'Quanto vale,' was unable to demonstrate either by words or signs the requisite amount of cash for my passage. Finally, in despair, I offered him my wallet, from which he proceeded to help himself, apparently according to his own ideas of traffic rates. However, he left me some small change, upon perceiving which, and not having, up to that time, made any additions to my original stock of expressions, I said, somewhat lamely, 'Mucho gracias.' Then, as I sauntered aboard. I caught myself wondering wherefore the skipper had smiled so broadly. Upon landing with my outfit at Nueva Gerona, a few hours later, I found myself an object of much curiosity among the natives. None of them could speak English, and many of them had never seen an American before. Evidently the whole town had turned out upon the approach of the steamer, and upon landing, I determined to seize the first opportunity for photographing the community. In obedience to the inspiration, therefore, I opened my traveling chest, and, unlimbering my tripod and camera, proceeded to train the latter on the crowd. The effect of this act I shall never forget. If that innocent glass-eyed box had been a battery of gatling guns it could hardly have created more consternation among my spectators. By the time I had secured the proper focus, two-thirds of their number had dodged out of sight, while, with a few exceptions, the remainder stood eyeing me with undisguised suspicion."

He succeeded, in a measure, in securing the desired view, as the accompanying illustration bears evidence; but on other occasions he was not so fortunate, and, in order to obtain desirable representations of the natives, he was compelled to resort to the expedient of allaying their fears by making himself a part of the group, while his assistants worked the instrument. Several amusing and highly interesting views



AN ISLE OF PINES IDYL.

The pretty little Spanish maiden is drawing a cool drink for the artist while he takes her picture.

were obtained by this ingenious method. He thus describes his trip through the island, and some of the experiences that he met with:

"My instructions were to make a thorough tour of the Isle of Pines, and, as there are absolutely no transportation facilities other than saddle horses, I was obliged to organize my expedition accordingly. Through the assistance of Doctor Fernando Plazaola, the Alcalde of Nueva Gerona, to whom I had letters of introduction, I was enabled to secure the services of two good native attendants, together with three saddle horses and two pack animals. With this outfit, I made a complete circuit of the island, the expedition occupying a space of several weeks. During this time, I succeeded in photographing localities which my guides declared had never before been visited by a white man, and the wilderness character of the island's interior regions seemed to fully bear out their statements. This is particularly so of the great cienaga swamp, which occupies the entire southern half of the island."

Among the valuable products of this island, the potato holds an important position. It is indigenous to the soil and climate, and the



A VILLAGE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE ISLE OF PINES.

Showing different modes of constructing houses, and general characteristics of the inhabitants of such places.

yield is enormous. Its cultivation, however, has been so indifferent, that it is impossible to obtain satisfactory statistics as to the quantity of the yield. Two crops are raised annually, and the quality is so superior to that of the northern product, that the price of the native crop in Havana and other Cuban cities is much higher. But it is claimed that, in order to sustain the quality, the seed should be brought from Minnesota, or some other northern region, each year. A potato farm in the Isle of Pines, or in fact almost anywhere in Cuba or the West Indies, would be the foundation of a sure fortune for any enterprising American.

The potato was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1586, the seed being carried in his ships from Virginia that year. It is claimed, however, that it was introduced into Spain at a much earlier date, where it was extensively cultivated as an article of food, and also fed to pigs. From Spain it went to Holland and Italy in 1588, but in none of the European countries has it ever attained the perfection that it reaches in flavor and quality in its native localities, and for this reason its cultivation and use on the continent advanced by slow degrees. Even in Ireland, where it has become the staple food of the people, and from which it derives its modern appellation, the potato was not generally cultivated until about one hundred years ago. No one can fully appreciate the delicious quality of the potato as a food until he has eaten it in its perfection, as grown in the islands where it was a common luxury when Columbus landed, in 1492. It grew wild then in the woods, and was also cultivated in a rude fashion by the natives. The Buccaneers author whom we have previously quoted, thus describes the use of the potato among the Indians:

"The second fruit, necessary to human life, which here they tried, was potatoes. These do not come to perfection in less time than four or five months. On these they most commonly make their breakfasts every morning. They dress them no otherwise than by boiling them in a kettle with fair water. Afterward they cover them with a cloth for the space of half an hour, by which manner of dressing they become as soft as boiled chestnuts. Of the said potatoes they also make a drink called *maiz*. They cut them into small slices, and cover them with hot water. When they are well imbued with water, they press them through a coarse cloth, and the liquor that comes out, although somewhat thick, they keep in vessels made for that purpose. Here, after settling two or three days, it begins to work, and, having thrown off its lees, is fit for drink. They use it with great delight, and although the taste is somewhat sour, yet it is very pleasant, substantial and wholesome. The industry of this composition is owing to the Indians, as well as of many others, which the ingenuity of those barbarians caused them to invent, both for the preservation and the pleasure of their own life."

Before the introduction of iron pots and other domestic utensils among the natives, they constructed boiling pots out of the tough bark

of trees. These being filled with water, were placed over the fire, or brought to a boiling heat by inserting heated stones in the liquid. The same method was employed by the Indians of our northern forests.

Yuca, or cassava, is another product of great commercial value grown extensively in the Isle of Pines. There are three varieties, although only two, the sweet and the bitter, are generally cultivated. The latter is indigenous to Brazil, but is grown extensively in other portions of South America and the West Indies. It is a shrub, six or eight feet high, with a large tuberous root, sometimes weighing as much as thirty pounds. The root of the bitter cassava contains a large



HUSBAND AND WIFE

Though poor and of mixed blood, these people possess the natural suavity and courtesy of manner that are such marked characteristics of the inhabitants of the Isle of Pines, and are grateful to all strangers and visitors. The man in the picture is a veteran of the insurgent forces.

proportion of starch, impregnated with a poisonous, milky juice, containing hydrocyanic acid and a bitter acrid principle. The other two species do not possess this poisonous juice. All are used alike for the preparation of the meal. The root is well washed, then scraped or grated to a pulp, and this, when of the poisonous kind, is thoroughly pressed in order to remove the juice, but even if some of this is left in the meal, it escapes by its volatility during the process of baking or drying the cakes. These are afterward dried in the sun and kept as food, to be mixed with water and baked like flour in thin cakes. They form a coarse, cheap kind of bread, of which the nourishing quality is composed chiefly of starch. The expressed juice also furnishes by deposition a very delicate and nearly pure starch, after standing for

some time, and when well washed with cold water and afterward dried, it constitutes the tapioca of commerce.

Such is the poisonous nature of the juice of the bitter cassava, that it sometimes occasions death in a few minutes, and in this way many of the unhappy Indians destroyed their early Spanish persecutors. By way of experiment, a physician administered small portions of this poisonous juice to several dogs and cats, which died in less than thirty minutes in dreadful agony. On a subsequent occasion, thirty-six drops were administered to a criminal, and these had scarcely reached the stomach when such torments and convulsions ensued that the miserable wretch died in six minutes.

But to whatever cause the poisonous quality of the juice of the bitter cassava may be due, it is so highly volatile as to be entirely dissipated by exposure to heat. When



AN ISLANDER'S FUNERAL.

It is the custom for the dead to be carried to the grave in rented coffins, on the shoulders of their friends and associates, children being carried by children, according to sex. At the grave the body is removed from the coffin and buried in wrappings, the coffin being returned to the sexton, who rents it again.



FUNERAL OF AN ISLAND BOY.

the root has been cut into small pieces and exposed during some hours to the direct rays of the sun, cattle may be fed on it with perfect safety, but if the recently extracted juice be drunk by cattle or poultry, they speedily become much swollen and die in convulsions; yet the same liquid, if boiled with meat and seasoned, forms a favorite soup, which is both wholesome and nutritious. The Indians used the juice for poisoning their arrows, which rendered them the most deadly of weapons. They also ate the simple root, after roasting it in hot ashes, without any other preparation, and they produced an intoxicating liquid by first sweetening the juice with molasses, made from the sugar cane, and afterward fermented. They possessed this knowledge before they were visited by the Europeans, and this fact is em-

ployed in support of the argument that nearly all races, however differently situated, made use of some sort of stimulating and intoxicating drink. Nothing of this kind, however, was found among the aborigines of the North American continent, who seem to have been wholly temperate until the advent of the Europeans with their "fire water."

Cassava was the chief bread of the original inhabitants of the islands, and is still a prominent article of food there and in various portions of the Southern continent. The bread is very nourishing, and will melt away to a jelly in liquid, but is dangerous when eaten in any quantity while dry, as it swells on being moistened to many times its original bulk. So great is the productiveness of cassava, that it has been calculated that an acre of ground planted with it will yield nourishment to more human beings than six acres of wheat. The leaves are also boiled and eaten by the natives, and, taken altogether, it may be said that, as a food product in the islands, cassava ranks with the banana and the potato.



A FAMILY GATHERING.

In many parts of the Isle of Pines strangers are rarely seen, and when one passes, he is usually complimented by the entire family turning out to view him, and generally wishing him a courteous "*Buenos dias, Senor*" (Good day, sir).

Again we quote our Buccaneer author for the native method of cultivating, preparing and using yuca or cassava: "The third fruit the newly cultivated land afforded was mandioca, which the Indians by another name call cassava. This is a certain root which they plant, but comes not to perfection till after eight or nine months, sometimes a whole year. Being thoroughly ripe, it may be left in the ground the space of eleven or twelve months, without the least suspicion of corruption. But this time being past, the said roots must be converted to use some way or another, otherwise they conceive a total putrefaction. Of these roots of cassava, in those countries, is made a sort of granulous flour or meal, extremely dry and white, which supplies the want of common bread made of wheat, whereof the fields are altogether barren in that island. For this purpose they have in their houses certain graters, made either of copper or tin, wherewith they grate the afore mentioned roots, just as they do mirick in Holland. When they have grated as much cassava root as will serve turn, they put the gratings into bags

apples seen in England were sent there as a present to Cromwell, who endeavored to have them cultivated, but without success, except as imperfect hothouse plants. There are a number of varieties, several of which grow wild, and can be greatly improved by cultivation. The ease with which the pineapple is propagated, its large yield, and the rapidly increasing demand for the fruit, all unite in rendering it one of the most desirable products of our new island possessions. With improved methods of cultivation, and quicker and safer means of transportation to northern and European markets, the demand, as well as the yield, will largely increase and become a source of vast wealth to the producers.

The leaves contain an abundance of strong and very fine fibers, which are woven into fabrics of exceeding delicacy and lightness, so that with the progress of intelligent cultivation there is promise of a vast enlargement in the profitable production of this rare plant and fruit. A pineapple orchard is a very profitable investment, requiring



GENERAL VIEW AT NUEVA GERONA

Showing Mount Grande in the background, and sacks of yuca ready for shipment near the wharf.

or sacks, made of coarse linen, and press out all the moisture, until they remain very dry. Afterwards they pass the gratings through a sieve, leaving them, after sifting, very like sawdust. The meal being thus prepared, they lay it upon planches of iron, which are made very hot, upon which it is converted into a sort of cakes, very thin. These cakes are afterwards placed in the sun, upon the tops of houses, where they are thoroughly and perfectly dried; and lest they should lose any part of their meal, what did not pass the sieve is made up into rolls, five or six inches thick. These are placed one upon another, and left in this posture until they begin to corrupt. Of this corrupted matter they make a liquor, by them called veycou, which they find very excellent, and certainly is not inferior to our English beer."

The Isle of Pines derives its name both from its extensive pine forests and from the pineapple, which grows there in profusion, and of the finest quality. The Indian designation of this delicious fruit was *nanas*, from which the Portuguese derived *ananas*, this being the name that it holds in most European languages. It is said that the first pine-

comparatively little capital or labor, and bringing returns within less than two years from the inception. It is said to be the most profitable of all tropical crops, except bananas. The methods of cultivation have been crude, but the profits are enormous.

Other tropical and temperate zone products, like cotton, coffee, sugar, rubber, oranges, lemons, limes, rice, yams, and an infinite variety of fruits and nuts, flourish abundantly in the Isle of Pines, but as these will be treated fully in connection with Cuba and Porto Rico, it is not necessary to repeat the same information here.

In various parts of the island there are fine deposits of marble, iron, silver and quicksilver, none of which have been worked. Turtle fisheries are also of considerable importance, but, for a century or more, cattle raising has been one of the chief and most profitable industries. There were no cattle or horses anywhere in the New World at the time of the discovery, but in 1493, on the occasion of his second voyage, Columbus brought a bull and several cows, and left them on one of the West India Islands. Others were imported by succeeding Spanish



THE NOON REST.

settlers, of the Estremadura breed, and left on various islands, where they ran wild and increased to immense herds. They were also taken to the main land of the Southern continent, and the vast pampas or plains of nearly the whole of Spanish America are now covered with herds of cattle descended from these. They are of the large, thin, long horned breed, familiarly known in the United States as "Texas cattle." The breed in the Isle of Pines has been crossed and improved, until it is much superior to those found in the other islands, and in Spanish America generally.

The growth of pines which covers a large part of the island is said to be something remarkable, while cedar, mahogany, and other valuable woods are abundant. In fact, the wealth and natural resources of this delightful island are so great as to be almost inconceivable.

There are but few serpents in the Isle of Pines, and none of them are poisonous. The maja, a large reptile of the boa class, is described elsewhere; also the birds and insects peculiar to the island. In earlier times, serpents were numerous, but not more venomous than those of the present day. The ancient writer to whom we have previously referred, thus describes them: "Here is no lesser number of reptiles, such as serpents and others, but by a particular providence of the Creator, these have no poison. Neither do they do any other harm than to destroy what fowl they can catch, but more especially pullets, pigeons, and others of this kind. Oftentimes the serpents or snakes are useful in houses to cleanse them of rats and mice. For with great cunning they counterfeit their shrieks, and thereby both deceive and capture them at their pleasure. Having taken them, they in no wise eat the entrails of these vermin, but only suck their blood at first. Afterwards, throwing away the entrails, they swallow almost entire the rest of the body."

Sharks infest all of the waters of the West Indies, and are the special terror of navigators, who know and dread their ferocity, but by nature the shark is a coward, and attacks only when he imagines everything is favorable to himself. Referring to this fact, an old sailor says:

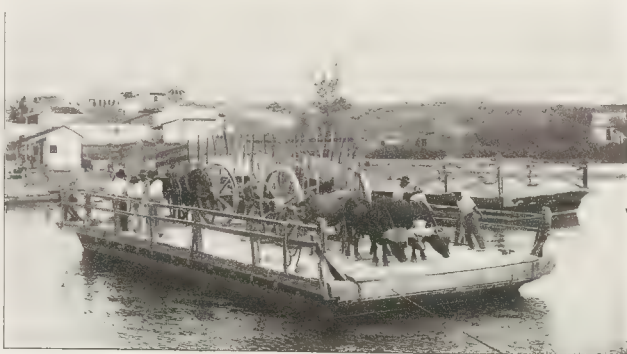
"As to the cowardliness of sharks, that fact is well known among men who have been much to sea in southern waters infested by man eaters. The fiercest man-eater that ever bullied a poor little pilot fish into acting as a food scout for him, will get out of the seaway in a mighty big hurry if a swimmer, noticing the shark's approach, sets up a noisy splashing. A shark is in deadly fear of any sort of living thing that splashes in the water. Down among the South Sea islands, the natives never go in sea bathing alone, but always in parties of half a dozen or so, in order that they make the greatest hubbub in the water, and thus scare the sharks away. Once in a while a too venturesome swimmer among these natives foolishly detaches himself from his swimming party, and momentarily forgets to keep up his splashing. Then there is a sudden swish, and the man-eater comes up beneath him like a flash and gobbles him.

"I know a naval officer, who, down in the harbor of Acapulco, Mexico, one afternoon, a few years ago, stepped on a sleeping man eater in shallow water while in bathing. The officer gave himself up for lost, but he made a frantic effort to wade in to the beach. He expected every minute to have both of his legs lopped off by the shark's teeth. In wading in, he, of course, made a lot of disturbance in the water, and this is what saved him. When, to his own



SUNDAY MORNING IN AN ISLE OF PINES VILLAGE.

surprise, he finally stepped up on the beach, and looked back for his shark, he saw the man-eater's fin cleaving the blue waters of the bay hundreds of feet away, bound outward."



AN ISLE OF PINES FERRYBOAT.

The wet or rainy season prevails in the Isle of Pines, the same as in Cuba and Porto Rico. It is thus described by a gentleman who has resided there many years:

"It is not as bad as most people think. Bad effects associated with its recurrence are largely due to defective drainage and generally unsanitary conditions of living. There are sections of the United States where they have a pronounced rainy season—as, for instance, along the Pacific slope—but its effects do not strike terror into the hearts of the sojourners. The wet season in Cuba may be said to commence about the first of May, and run into September; sometimes even into October. During that time, there is seldom a day without rainfall, and on the lowlands the fall is very copious. Rain never falls, as a rule, till the afternoon, and in the manner of its coming is very capricious. Sometimes it will rain heavily all one afternoon, and then only shower for a whole week. Rain nearly always ceases at sundown. Rarely did I find any rain in the evening. I would wear mackintosh and rubbers

entire heavens seem aflame in vivid glare, and forked tongues of fire appear to run down the mountain slopes. Drenching rain falls for an hour or two, and then the skies clear, and all is serene and calm; full moon and brilliant constellations of the tropics appear in all their glory as the black clouds roll away on the horizon.

"Such storms are confined almost wholly to the coast, only going out to sea occasionally, off a cape or headland, to kick up a squall. Ships sailing along the coast in calm seas and clear skies are witnesses to the beauty and grandeur of the land storms without feeling the slightest effect of these disturbances of nature a few miles distant."

The Isle of Pines is peculiarly healthy. Very little sickness of any kind prevails, and cases of yellow fever, so long the scourge of some of the Cuban cities, are rarely known. This exemption from sickness is supposed to be due to the Gulf breezes and the pure air of the mountains of the interior, which affect the whole island, and also to the healthful influences of the pine forests, which prevail everywhere.



A FARM YARD.

It is not surprising that many places in Cuba and the Isle of Pines should appear dilapidated and out of repair. These are the natural results of war, but now that peace and liberty have come with their blessings, the islands will begin a new existence, and in a few years present a totally different aspect. This book faithfully represents the islands and their people as they were at the close of the war.

all day, but in the evening I would discard them and go to the theatre or for a promenade under the stars. To my mind, the wet season is the most beautiful part of the year in Cuba; but so much has been said about it, that tourists visit the island only in the dry season, when everything is dried up and comparatively unattractive."

A correspondent who visited Cuba and the Isle of Pines at the beginning of the wet season of 1898, furnishes this description of what he saw:

"The islands already show the effect of the beginning of this season. Showers occur daily, and soft, white rain mists are seen on the slopes every morning. The smokes and fires of the burning plantations are being extinguished, and luxuriant nature is rapidly healing many of the ravages of the war.

"These tropical storms at night are wonderful exhibitions of electrical pyrotechnics. At times the lightning flashes on the horizon line look like the regular firing of guns from a distant fort. Again, the

It may be truly said that, taken altogether, the Isle of Pines comes as near fulfilling all the requirements of an earthly paradise as any other locality in the world. What else could be expected of a country whose climate is almost like that of a continuous spring day, and whose soil is so rich that it spontaneously produces nearly every fruit, cereal, and food product that can contribute to the necessity or pleasure of mankind? Oranges, for instance, grow virtually without cultivation, and are said to be the sweetest in existence. They are immeasurably superior to those of Florida, and are richer in flavor, and heavier in bulk. All the attention that is needed after the planting of the tree, is an occasional weeding of the ground at its roots, and there is never the least frost or cold to congeal the sap or injure the tree.

Or, if one desires to become a sugar planter, he may be said to be on a velvet footing, for he can harvest his first crop in nine months, at an average profit of ten to twelve per cent over the entire cost of his investment. He will have no more planting to do for, perhaps, ten

years, and the crops increase in productiveness with age. The resources of the island, in all respects, are practically boundless, and inducements offered to intelligent investors, either in large or small sums, are of the most desirable character.

One who visits the Isle of Pines, either for health or pleasure, invariably becomes attached to the scenery and the people, and takes his departure with regret. The sheltered position of the island protects it from the devastating tornadoes that occasionally sweep over portions of Cuba and Porto Rico, and the character of the inhabitants seems to partake largely of the placid and even temperature of the climate. The scenery of mountain, hill and dale is unsurpassed in any other part of the world. From the hazy, cloud-capped mountains in the center of the island, numerous picturesque streams find their way down into the valleys and on to the sea, breaking into myriad waterfalls and cascades as they rush from their elevated sources into the gentle levels of the plains. These streams abound with fish of many varieties, which, with the forests on the banks alive with game of various kinds, afford ideal resorts for the sportsman and the hunter.

Whoever goes to the Isle of Pines may do so with the assurance of a cordial welcome from the kind-hearted and hospitable people, who seem to vie in their efforts to make the stranger feel that he is at home. The best that they have is placed at his service, with a liberality that is as unaffected as it is genuine.

The selfish commercialism of thickly populated countries has not yet invaded this region, and one who desires to experience the pleasures of a hospitality that comes from the heart, and enjoy nature in her best and brightest moods, should visit this beautiful island of the pines.



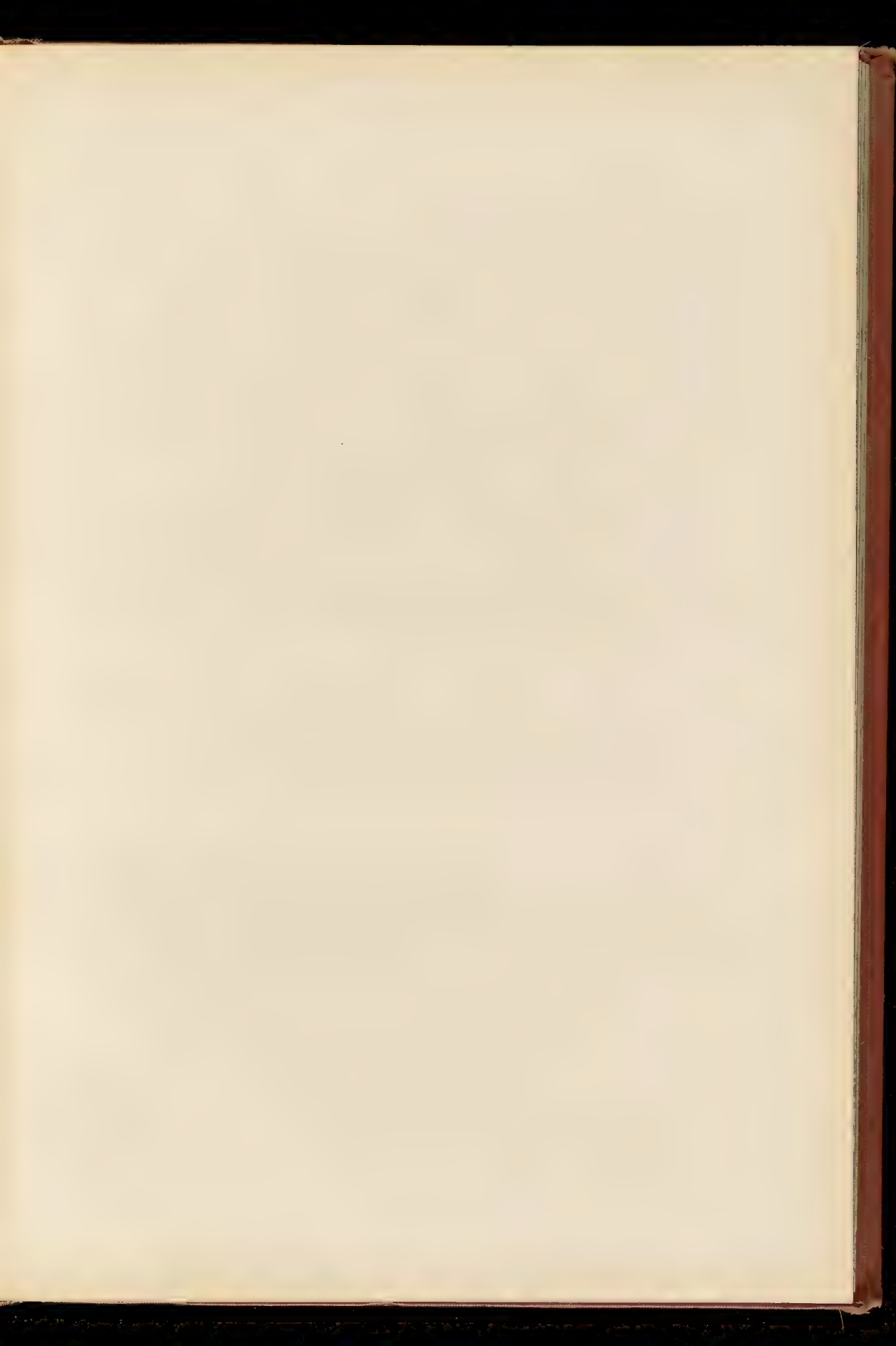
A PRIMITIVE CIGAR FACTORY.

In the Isle of Pines, as well as Cuba, many families manufacture cigars in their homes. The photograph represents such a scene. Each member of the family joins in the work. After the cigars are finished, they are packed in corn shucks, as shown in the picture, and sold at the rate of about fifty for \$1.



FAREWELL TO THE ISLE OF PINES.

This photograph represents Mr. Townsend's last impressions of the Isle of Pines. He had remained over night with this hospitable family, and as he took his departure in the early morning the children all came out to wish him adieu.





SAN GERMAN, PORTO RICO, FOUNDED IN 1511.

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CURING TOBACCO IN THE VUELTA ABAJO DISTRICT.

This tobacco has shorter and smaller leaves than the varieties grown in the eastern portion of the island, but its superior quality, and the comparatively limited region in which it grows, gives it an almost fabulous value. A single acre in the Vuelta Abajo district has been known to yield a crop to the value of \$3,000.

PINAR DEL RIO.

AN AGRICULTURAL UTOPIA.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter V.

From Eastward west on the mountain's crest,
Winds the tideless River of Pines;
The forest's green is its fadeless sheen
And its shores are the beautiful vales between
The sea and the River of Pines.

THE celebrated province of Pinar del Rio, at the eastern extremity of Cuba, is beautifully and appropriately named. Literally the term Pinar del Rio signifies "River of Pines," but in the present instance, as is so frequently the case in Spanish nomenclature, it is applied in a strictly figurative sense.

And herein lies its uniqueness and beauty; for the allegorical "River of Pines" is nothing less than the continuous pine-clad mountain range which begins near the Havana boundary on the east, and, after traversing the center of the province, ends on the shores of the Mexican gulf to the westward. But it is from the fertile valley along its southern seaboard, rather than from the waveless river in its midst, that the province has achieved its renown as the richest agricultural region on the globe; for here is situated the great Vuelta Abajo district, whence is produced the remarkable tobacco from which the finest cigars known to commerce are manufactured. The name Vuelta Abajo signifies "lower belt," and in Cuba is employed to distinguish the particular district to which it pertains, from that adjoining it on the east,

and designated as the Vuelta Arriba or upper belt. The former is confined almost entirely to the province of Pinar del Rio, and extends from the region of Cortes Bay on the west to a limit slightly beyond the Havana boundary line to the eastward. From the absence of any definite confines, it is impossible to accurately estimate the area of the Vuelta Abajo district, but some idea as to its extensiveness may be formed from the fact that it embraces upwards of 6,000 tobacco plantations, some of which latter individually represent thousands of acres. One plantation in particular, devoted to the exclusive cultivation of this superior grade of tobacco, is that owned by the Partagas Company, a London corporation, capitalized at \$1,500,000, and which consists of 18,000 acres of the choicest land in the Vuelta Abajo district. The price paid for this princely estate was \$1,000,000, or \$12.50 per acre. The utter absurdity of so low a figure can be better realized when it is considered that a single acre of land in this same locality has been known to produce \$3,000 worth of tobacco, and moreover, that ordinary tobacco lands in the Vuelta Arriba district are valued at from \$30 to \$35 per acre. From the product of its vast plantation, the Partagas Company manufactures at Havana a daily output of 35,000 fine cigars, in addition to some 2,000,000 cigarettes made from scrap tobacco. The average annual yield of tobacco in Southern Pinar del Rio is



A PINAR DEL RIO TOBACCO FIELD

This is the tobacco that makes the celebrated Havana cigars, so popular with all smokers on account of their fine taste and aroma. There is no other region of the world that produces similar tobacco, and this fact gives special value to this limited section, known as the Vuelta Abajo district.



TURNING THE TROCHA TO PEACEFUL USES

The Spaniards built one of their numerous truchas near the city of Pinar del Rio, which was ordered removed by our Government at the termination of the war. The wire was given to the natives who were willing to remove it, and many of them availed themselves of the opportunity to get wire to fence their farms.

560,000 bales, or about 28,600,000 pounds. This aggregate, though nearly half the entire crop of the island, is in no sense as large as it might be, nor is the annual supply of Vuelta Abajo tobacco by any means equal to the demand, either of Havana manufacturers or of foreign markets.

The fault, however, lies entirely with the planter, and not with the plantation. It is a well-known characteristic of the average Latin American to be satisfied with, at most, a comfortable living, and the Cuban planter is no exception to the rule. The "method" commonly employed by native planters in the Vuelta Abajo district is to cultivate



CUTTING AND STRINGING VUELTA ABAJO TOBACCO.

This photograph, taken in the midst of a tobacco field near Pinar del Rio, shows the mode of cutting and stringing the plant preparatory to curing it.



REPLANTING A SUGAR-CANE FIELD

While tobacco has been the principal industry of Pinar del Rio Province, there are also a number of sugar plantations. These require larger capital than almost any other class of Cuban agriculture. It costs about \$100 per acre to prepare the ground and plant sugar cane, and then it must be replanted every seven years.

their crops in ten-acre tracts, or vegas, selected from the most fertile portions of their estates, the remaining space being allowed to lie idle. This same waste land, with a small percentage of the customary cultivation bestowed upon the soil in other countries, would undoubtedly yield phenomenal returns. In defense of the foregoing thriftless trait,

the Cuban planter will contend that the amount of care and attention necessary to the production of the choicest grades of tobacco render it impracticable for him to undertake the culture of more than a few acres at a time. So shallow an argument, however, is scarcely deserving of repetition, save as an example of not a few of the absurd and utterly



HARROWING A SUGAR CANE FIELD.

All the implements used in agriculture in Cuba are of the most primitive character, owing to the excessive embargo placed on the importation of such implements by the Spanish government. But a new era will come to the island and its people, with liberty and the right to purchase in the world's market.

unjustifiable customs which prevail on the island. All excuses for the prodigal wastefulness evinced on every hand throughout the Vuelta Abaja district are forever set at naught by such instances as the Par-tagas, Henry Clay, and a few other plantations owned by foreigners in the same localities. On the latter estates, scarcely a foot of the precious soil remains uncultivated, and the annual profits often exceed an hundredfold or more the comparatively insignificant proceeds of native plantations adjacent thereto.

The superior quality of the tobacco product of the Vuelta Abaja region is due entirely to a singularly specific combination of geological and climatical conditions. In its original wild state the tobacco indigeneous to this particular locality was vastly superior to other specimens of the plant found growing elsewhere about the island. This degree of superiority has since been preserved proportionately with the cultiva-

this region is that of a low, undulating stretch of plain, tending somewhat to foothills as the country approaches the central mountain range. Throughout this region, in all directions, are scattered the numerous plantations, the distance between each varying according to the richness of the soil. As a general rule, however, upwards of a mile intervenes between the houses of the various estates.

The tracts or vegas where the tobacco is cultivated are readily distinguishable from the maze of surrounding tropical vegetation by the symmetrical arrangement of their plants. The method followed by the planters throughout the district in the cultivation of the product is exceedingly primitive, calculated to supply only the most natural wants of the plant, and entirely devoid of any pretense toward scientific propagation. Each plantation has its nursery, in which the young plants are raised from seed, about ten pounds being sown to the acre. During the



OUR ARTIST IN A PINAR DEL RIO CANE FIELD

Nearly all farm work in Cuba is done with oxen, as they stand the climate better than either horses or mules. The heavy burden of the clumsy yoke and pole, together with the rings in the noses of the animals, seem like altogether unnecessary cruelties. It will be observed that the yoke is fastened to the horns, and the whole strain of the draught devolves upon them.

tion each has received. The surpassing merit of the Vuelta Abaja tobacco is reckoned neither from a standpoint of strength nor largeness of leaf, in both of which respects it is frequently exceeded by the product grown further east. Its excellence lies wholly in the delicate flavor and aroma peculiar to its leaf, which combined qualities, like those of the finest scent extracts, are correspondingly enduring.

Since the discovery of this remarkable plant, many attempts have been made to introduce it into various foreign tobacco growing countries. In each instance, however, the experiment proved a complete failure, the inevitable result being that the imported plant would steadily degenerate until it finally reached the level of its inferior contemporaries. It is such results as these that have tended to prove most decisively the exclusive adaptability of the Vuelta Abaja district in the production of this world-renowned tobacco. The prevalent nature of

months of October and November the field planting takes place. The young plants, then about three inches in height, are taken up and transferred to the field, where they are bedded out in furrows, two feet apart. During the three months necessary to the full growth of the plant, the field hands devote their time to keeping the furrows clear of weeds by means of wooden plows, and to exterminating the green tobacco caterpillars, so numerous and destructive to the crops if allowed to multiply. When the plant has developed its larger leaves, usually averaging ten to the stalk, the smaller leaves are removed. Later, when the stalk has attained its full height, the seed glumes are likewise plucked, after which the plant is allowed to stand for some time, in order that its leaves may expand through exposure to the sun.

The choicest product, utilized for the capas or outside wrapper of the cigar, is produced by the female tobacco plant, the leaves of which

excel in size and firmness. When the crop is ready for harvesting, the color of the leaves, which was formerly a vivid green, has changed to a mottled yellow. In the gathering process, the plant is cut up into several pieces, and in such a manner as to preserve two leaves to each section of stalk. The crop is then conveyed to an open space adjoining the drying houses, where the leaves are hung on a framework of long horizontal poles, raised above the ground.



IN A CUBAN VILLAGE.

The noon siesta prevails in the rural districts of Cuba, and but little activity is seen between the hours of twelve and two o'clock. Life in a Cuban village is most active early in the morning and during the latter half of the afternoon.



OLD SPANISH STRONGHOLD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PINAR DEL RIO.

These works commanded the entrance to Pinar del Rio by the main road. The moat was filled with water, and wires from the trench were connected with mines laid out half a mile or more in all directions, rendering the works practically impregnable.

Here it is allowed to remain until such of the leaves as are still inclined to be green have become colored by the sun, when it is removed to the interior of the drying house, and the sections strung upon slender poles, arranged one above the other, to dry. When the curing process is finished, the leaves are carefully gathered into bundles of about 100 each, which in turn are made up into bales of eighty bundles, with an average weight of 110 pounds, the whole being wrapped in a casing of palm leaves. Thus prepared, the baled tobacco is ready for sale, and is at once transported to the storehouses of Havana, whence it is distributed to the manufacturers or exported to foreign markets.

To the practical tobacco grower of moderate means, probably no other section of the earth offers wider possibilities than the Province of Pinar del Rio. Of its total area, comprising 5,764 square miles, but 2,861 square miles, less than one half its surface measurements, are at the present time utilized. As previously stated, the limits of the won-

Not many years since, the cultivation of tobacco in Cuba was practically confined to the western portion of the island, where it was conducted purely from motives of luxury. Even at the present time, independent of his pecuniary estimate, the native Pinar del Rio's sentiment regarding the weed verges closely upon veneration. This trait was most forcibly exemplified during the late Cuban-Spanish war, from the fact that the insurgents would rarely devastate a tobacco plantation, while, on the other hand, millions of dollars went up in the smoke of burning canefields at their instigation. Statistics show that, whereas twenty-three out of seventy of the most important sugar estates of Pinar del Rio were laid waste by Maceo and his followers, only one of the 6,000 tobacco plantations in the province suffered damage at their hands.

The scenic beauty which prevails throughout the Vuelta Abajo district is of a most striking character. From an agricultural point of



GROVE OF COCOANUT AND DATE PALMS NEAR THE CITY OF PINAR DEL RIO.

This photograph affords a good idea of the general appearance of the country in that region before the land has been cleared for cultivation.

derful Vuelta Abajo district are as yet indefinable, and it is perfectly feasible that vast areas of land in its vicinity as yet unexperimented with can be made to yield equally profitable returns. Notwithstanding its almost incredible profits, tobacco culture in Pinar del Rio is attended with little more expense than the growing of ordinary garden produce. A thorough knowledge of the peculiarities of the plant, based upon practical experience in the various phases of its cultivation, is the chief essential upon which success in the industry depends. Add to the foregoing a scientific education in its propagation and development, and the possibilities can not be adequately estimated. It is largely owing to such qualifications as the foregoing that certain vinegrowing districts of Europe are to-day rated among the richest cultivated localities in the world. Yet the choicest vineyards on the Rhine have never yielded the same relative profits to the acre as have certain corresponding areas of tobacco lands, though comparatively undeveloped, in the Vuelta Abajo district.

view, there is no landscape more pleasing to the vision than that presented by a Pinar del Rio tobacco plantation in the fullness of its vegetation. Combine with this the denser foliage of the adjacent canefields—an indispensable adjunct to every Cuban estate—the omnipresent cocoanut and banana groves on the neighboring hill slopes, and, finally, the verdant wooded course of the metaphorical River of Pines along the summit of the far mountain range, and a picture has been wrought that will not soon be effaced from the memory.

FETICH WORSHIP IN CUBA.

Not least of the tasks yet to be accomplished in Cuba, through the medium of an advanced civilization, is the elimination of the fanatical tendencies and customs from among the black population of the island. While superstition is an accepted characteristic of the African race, it seldom exists to a more inordinate degree than among the Cuban

negroes, where fetichism is as prevalent as among the most barbarous tribes of the Congo region. This fanaticism has existed for centuries, steadily increasing with the growth of the negro element, and up to the present time utterly defying all measures tending to its extirpation. Even Spain's otherwise inexorable policy was unable to cope with a condition which had its origin in the minds of these, her lesser subjects, and her frequent efforts toward its expulsion only aggravated the evil. The half-savage black man might endure with equanimity his portion as a slave, but his oppressor as well might aim a blow at the life of his chattel as at his superstitions, for the influence of the latter over the average Cuban negro is supreme. Brute force has never yet been productive of mental reform, much less moral enlightenment. Hence, the destruction, from time to time, by Spanish officials, of the tangible evidences of paganism in Cuba, and the physical castigation of its votaries, far from rectifying the condition, resulted in a moral corruptness infinitely worse than the original evil.

In a wild spot among the mountains of Pinar del Rio, which divide the cane bearing lands along the north coast of the province from the great tobacco district in the south, are the ruins of an ancient fetich temple. Years have passed since the structure was utilized as a central place of worship by the slaves from the distant plantations, and yet to this day its fast crumbling walls are jealously guarded by an aged Obi man, or native sorcerer. This old negro wields a strange influence over his countrymen for miles around, and his few wants are never left unattended. On the contrary, should he see fit to demand it, their utmost penny would be promptly brought and placed at his disposal—not from motives of veneration, but of abject



NATIVE CUBAN SOLDIERS ARMED WITH MACHETES.

fear. For, to this crafty old individual is attributed the ability to bring about all manner of tribulation upon all who are so unfortunate as to incur his animosity. However, while by no means averse to extortion, should occasion demand it, he is generally disposed to content himself with the bare necessities of life. Strangers rarely venture to the remote haunts of this aged recluse, but the occasional traveler who chances that way must assuredly gather a strange impression from the desolated temple and its solitary, mysterious guardian. And to such a wayfarer as happens to speak the language of the island, and who has



JUST AFTER THE WAR

Our artist visited Pinar del Rio Province immediately after the close of the war, when there were many desperate characters in the country, and a local guard was maintained for the protection of life and property.

the forethought to deposit a few centavos in the withered hand of the magician, the latter will invariably unfold this weirdest of stories concerning the place:

In years long past, the great valleys on either side the mountain range were owned by two brothers, the older of whom lived in the midst of vast cane fields on the one hand, and the younger among his rich tobacco lands on the other. And, strange though it may seem, the brother in the north was at enmity with him who dwelt in the south, for, notwithstanding the former's great wealth, he continually envied the other his prosperity and possessions. At that time the temple on the intervening mountain was a marvelous structure. Its tall, massive walls were covered outside with bright green plaster, while at each of the corners arose a square tower, likewise green without. At the top of each of the four towers sat a great green image, each of which was gifted with the power of a special plague. The one to the south repre-

in the midst of the temple to perform the rites of their sect, and to purchase exemption and favors from the omnipotent Obi man. For not only did their payment of tribute render them impervious to the plagues, but for additional sums they were enabled to have the same visited upon such of their enemies who were without the pale of the Obi man's protection.

Now, it happened that the brother who dwelt in the valley to the north became curious regarding the continued going and coming of his slaves; wherefore, he disguised himself one night and followed them to their mountain retreat. And learning here the secret of the four plagues, an evil impulse straightway entered his heart to have them all, one after another, inflicted upon his despised brother in the valley beyond. Therefore, biding his chance, he approached the Obi man, and, first offering his tribute, after the manner of the slaves about him, besought the sorcerer to send the plague of drought upon all the tobacco



A SNAP SHOT IN THE COUNTRY

Showing a Cuban highway and group of natives, with an American soldier who is making himself agreeable to the people of the island, and doubtless relating some tall stories of his adventures

sented a land crab, controlling the plague of drought; that to the west a frog holding the fever plague; on the north, an eagle bearing the plague of war; and on the east, a serpent fraught with the plague of sudden death. The inner walls of this gruesome temple were the color of blood, aside from which there were no embellishments, neither altar nor shrine. The high priest of the sect who worshiped here was a skilled Obi man, who alone controlled the four images on the four towers. When he spoke to the crab, the land was straightway ravaged by drought; if he invoked the frog, the people were at once stricken with the fever; when he commanded the eagle, there speedily followed war; while the mere mention of a name to the serpent resulted in instant death to the bearer thereof. The black people from the two great valleys alone knew the whereabouts of this temple and the source of the dire afflictions which from time to time smote the island. And it was the wont of these people to assemble on certain nights of each week

lands to the southward. So prodigious a request, however, was not to be accorded the same readiness of favor as a minor plea; therefore, the Obi man thought to put the applicant off by demanding of him a fee such as no ordinary slave could command. But, much to his surprise, the required amount was immediately forthcoming; wherefore, the magician commanded the land crab, and the drought went forth as desired.

When the other brother beheld the great disaster that had been visited upon his lands he was sore distressed. Moreover, the time speedily came when famine brought his household face to face with want. Yet, in the presence of his exigencies, he marveled that his slaves suffered no ills, and perceiving that they came and went at certain intervals, he disguised himself, as had his brother, and followed them into the mountains. And it happened that as he reached the temple and mingled with the people therein, the Obi man was in the very act of

calling upon the frog to send the fever plague into his household. And he looked again and saw that the slave who had desired this thing was none other than his brother, disguised like himself. And when the afflicted brother understood the source of the deadly influences that were being brought against him, he fled in terror from the place, and, going before the Governor of the Island, revealed to him the secret of the fetich temple, and the baneful evils his brother was having brought upon him. So the Governor sent forth his army to destroy the temple, and to bring the offending brother to punishment. Now, it so happened that the army, in entering the country, passed through the persecuted brother's lands, upon hearing of which the evil brother in the north exulted greatly, believing it the result of the war plague which he had besought of the Obi man to bring into his brother's possessions. And that very night he again set out for the temple that he might cause his brother to be stricken with the final plague of



U. S. SOLDIERS ENCAMPED IN A PINAR DEL RIO VILLAGE.



OLD CRONIES.

Representing three old Cuban women returning from market with their purchases for the day. The children, who have gathered into the group, manifest a good deal of uncertainty as to the innocence of the camera, which is not a matter of wonder, considering the variety of murderous machines they were accustomed to seeing in the hands of the Spaniards.

death. But even as he reached the spot he perceived that a great commotion prevailed about the temple, for the Governor's soldiers were in the act of demolishing its walls. But as yet one tower remained, whereon sat the green serpent, and the Obi man, who had been bound by the soldiers, seeing the brother from the north approach, and attributing to the latter's evil eye

the dire misfortune that had come to pass, spoke his name to the serpent, and straight way the last plague which the wicked conspirator had intended should fall upon his brother was visited upon himself, and he fell dead before the wrecked temple. Moreover, declares the present aged guardian of the ruins, from that day the virtue departed from the cane fields in the valley to the north and entered the great tobacco fields of the south, which, even until now, are the richest in the island.

Notwithstanding the traditional character of such narratives as the foregoing, they are, in a majority of instances, more or less associated with actual occurrences.

It is an established fact that in former years there existed in various parts of Cuba a number of fetich temples, equipped with images similar to those previously described. These were destroyed during the early part of the present century by the Spaniards in their efforts to abolish sorcery and witchcraft from among the natives.

The undertaking, however, was far from successful, and finally resulted in the organization of the terrible "Nañigos" fraternity by the black element. The members of this society were originally pledged to protect their fanatical customs, and to kill their enemies at every oppor-

tunity. In time this order developed the fiercest lot of criminals ever known to the island. By the direction of its Obi men, murders were committed on every hand, and, although the offenders were from time to time apprehended, the Spanish officials were powerless to suppress the element.

In the absence of their former temples, the fetich worshippers in Cuba, at the present time, are accustomed to perform their weird ceremonies in out-of-the-way buildings or in the depths of the forest. The powers attributed to the Obi men have by no means diminished with time, but, on the contrary, their evil art has come to be dreaded by many of the better class of Cubans. The following story, vouched for by certain over-credulous members of the latter element, will serve to illustrate one of the conversions to a belief in fetichism. A wealthy planter, knowing this faith to exist among his negroes, out of curiosity traced them one night to the locality where they were wont to celebrate their

frog had hopped out of sight, when, with another cry, he brought his worshippers to their feet. Then followed the Obi man's declaration that the evil spirit had entered into him, which, confirmed by the disappearance of the frog, was sufficiently convincing to the audience, who now hastened to seek immunity from his baleful art in return for tributes in money and other valuables.

In the midst of this heathenish ceremony, the planter, who had been a close observer throughout the ordeal, suddenly stepped forward, and, confronting the Obi man, denounced him as an impostor. Greatly to his amazement, however, the conjuror, instead of cowering before his accuser, promptly defied him, and, stretching out his hand imperiously toward him, pronounced a withering curse upon his head. So incensed was the planter at this audacity in the presence of his assembled negroes that he was unable to control himself, and, drawing his revolver, shot the Obi man dead in his tracks. At this the congregation



BLOCKHOUSE IN PINAR DEL RIO.

This blockhouse, abandoned by the Spaniards on evacuating the island, was used by our soldiers for storing ammunition. The little Cuban boys in the midst of the group of soldiers afford an indication of the perfect trust and confidence of the Cubans in our people.

rites. The location was a deserted building in a remote part of the forest, and herein the negroes were congregated, awaiting the arrival of their Obi man. At length this functionary put in an appearance, and every inch a bogymen he seemed. His tall, angular form was entirely nude, while the attenuation of his body was emphasized by decorations in white paint, calculated to represent him as a skeleton. At his approach the assemblage immediately set up a weird chant, forming themselves into a dense hollow square, in the center of which the sorcerer took his position. In his hands he carried a large green tree-frog, which he ceremoniously deposited upon the floor, and then proceeded, with many grotesque antics and incantations, to possess the same with the spirit of the evil one. Finally, with a shrill cry, he indicated his task as accomplished, whereupon the members of the audience immediately prostrated themselves on the floor, in token of obeisance. In this attitude they were kept by the Obi man until the inoculated

dispersed in terror, while the planter also withdrew and made his way homeward, smiling grimly to himself at the thought of the futility of the black man's curse. Upon reaching his home, however, he was staggered by the terrible news that his wife had suddenly, and from no apparent cause, become insane, and on the following day a message from a distant city informed him of the death of his only son.

Fully believing now that the malediction of the preceding night was being fulfilled, the terrified planter at once sought another Obi man, whom he entreated to cause the spell to be broken. This, however, the magician assured the miserable man to be impossible, as the curse of a dead Obi man was inexorable, wherefore continued misfortune must beset him for the remainder of his days.

No Obi man of any standing among his votaries ever imperils his reputation by resorting to manual labor as a means of livelihood. Frequently, however, he is encountered along the Cuban highways, or



SECTION OF THE SPANISH TROCHA IN PINAR DEL RIO

Showing the character of the entanglement that our soldiers cut their way through in the battles near Santiago.

even on the outskirts of the interior towns, in the rôle of fortune-teller, or palmist, in which artifices he is invariably as adept and extortionate as the gypsy of other lands.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

A WINTER EDEN.

In many respects the climate of Cuba is most delightful. Running through the length of the island, from east to west, there is a range of mountains, more or less broken, and forming

a backbone from which streams flow to the sea on each side. Some of the peaks of this mountain range attain a height of 8,000 feet, and lend their influence to the tempering of the climate, which is more equable than in other localities of the same latitude. The thermometer never rises so high as it frequently does in our own middle and northern States, and sunstrokes are unknown. From May to October is the warm season, but during this period the mercury seldom reaches 100° F. in any part of the island. The highest recorded temperature, in observations extending over many years since 1801, was 104° F. In December and January, the north winds prevail, and under their influence the mercury has occasionally fallen to the freezing point. The average temperature of Havana is 77°, maximum 89°, minimum 50°. There are only two seasons, the wet and the dry. The former begins in May or June, and ends in November, and during this period there are drenching showers almost every day. The rainfall in a single year has been known to reach 133 inches. The heaviest rains occur in September and October. During the "dry" or "cold" season, the dews are very abundant, both at night and in the early evening, greatly stimulating the growth of vegetation. There is only one record of snow having fallen in Cuba. This was on December

24 25, 1856, when the coldest term ever known on the island occurred, and slight snow fell near Villa Clara, in the central section. Violent thunder storms are common from June until September. Earthquakes are frequent in the eastern portions of the island, but are seldom felt in the central and western regions. The salubrity of the climate is variously estimated, but it is generally conceded to be very favorable to longevity. Remarkable instances of this character have been noted among the aborigines and the negroes, and it is believed that, with proper sanitation,



A CUBAN HAT FACTORY.

The women are plaiting the peculiar straw hats that appear in a number of the illustrations. Some of these hats are woven under water, and are very expensive, but they are soft and cool, and well suited to the climate.

and reasonable attention to cleanliness and the simplest rules of health, the island will become a veritable sanitarium. An epidemic called putrid fever carried off many of the inhabitants in 1648 and 1654, and this disease is believed by some to have been yellow fever, but it is generally claimed that the latter, in its modern manifestations, was not known in the island until 1762. It has never advanced into the interior, but is confined exclusively to the coast cities and lowlands, and its character being now so well known to the medical profession, it has ceased to inspire the terror that accompanied its visitations in former times.

Among the mountains are many exceedingly fertile and healthy valleys, some of which are 200 miles in length by thirty or more in width. Under good government, and with proper cultivation, these valleys will become the source of almost fabulous wealth.

The rivers of Cuba are small but numerous, aggregating 260, exclusive of small streams and rivulets. The Cauto is the only navigable stream, in the strict meaning of the term. Small vessels ascend it for a distance of about sixty miles. Many other streams are navigable for light draft vessels for distances ranging from ten to twenty miles above their mouths, and the Spaniards took advantage of these conditions to patrol them with gunboats during the war. One of the small rivers, the Ay, is remarkable for its scenery and its numerous falls, some of which are nearly 200 feet high; also for its great natural bridge, under which the entire river flows.

Under the new order of things, Cuba will be a hunters' paradise. In November, when our East American woodlands are swept by sleet storms, and the best hunting grounds of the Pacific slope are shrouded in drizzling mists, the clouds of the Cuban Sierras clear away, and the islands of the Caribbean Sea, from Jamaica to Trinidad, hail the return of a fair-weather season that continues till March, and sometimes till after the middle of April.

The ten weeks following the autumnal equinox may, in fact, be called the spring of the Northern tropics. Trees and shrubs burst into flowers, and thousands of woodbirds begin nest-building, with a fair prospect of hatching their eggs unmolested by the cloudbursts of the rainy season.

Nine-tenths of the West Indian parrots that reach our Northern markets are caught a few weeks before Christmas. Old macaws are nearly as wary as mountain ravens, but their nestlings may be lured

from their hiding places in hollow trees by a trick which the boys of our Yankee colonists can be relied upon to master before the end of the first year. Near Bocancas, some thirty miles east of Santiago, says a gentleman who has enjoyed the rare sport of Cuban hunting, I once saw the youngster of one of my traveling companions waste a quarter of an hour on a problem which our native guide solved in two minutes. In the cleft of a canahoe tree, a few hundred yards from our camp, our tree-climbing friend had discovered a nest of blue king parrots, and announced his intention to get the young ones, dead or alive, though with considerable preference for the latter alternative. After clearing out all the mouldering wood of the nest hole (some thirty feet above



GATHERING COCONUTS IN HIS OWN GARDEN.

The milk of the ripe coconut is a delicious liquid, of which all the natives are excessively fond. It is regarded as an appetizer when taken before breakfast, and an agreeable beverage throughout the day.

ground), he took off his jacket and thrust in his arm to the elbow, but all in vain, though there was no doubt that the tenants were home, as we had seen them poke out their heads whenever the hen bird came near the tree.

The hollow seemed to have large side cavities, and we had already voted to relinquish our plan, rather than to go to the trouble of cutting the tree down, when our guide kicked off his shoes and commenced the ascent, without letting his cigarette go out. After a rest or two, he got high enough to straddle a branch a little below and behind the nest, and then clapped his hands in a very peculiar manner. A moment after,

four of the nestlings poked out their long necks, chirping and clamoring for their morning lunch. At the second clapping, they almost crawled out of the tree, when the guide made a sudden grab—and three young parrots had to take lunch at our bivouac.

"How in the world did you do it?" asked the youngster, when the guide came down.

"I showed you, didn't I?" laughed the old fellow, "or I would charge you a dollar for a trade secret. Well, the matter is this: The old parrots clap their wings when they hover about the nest. It's a sort of dinner signal, and if you can imitate that, you may depend upon it that the young ones will be on hand before long. They don't miss a meal if they can help it."

About the middle of December, the swamps of the coast jungles dry out, and the lovers of *terra firma* sports can go boar shooting. Numberless pigs and dogs have enacted a declaration of independence, and multiplied like our American tramps, but the Creoles contrive to limit their capacity for mischief by frequent



BLOCKHOUSE CAPTURED BY INSURGENTS



A WANDERING FORTUNE TELLER AND CONJURER, PINAR DEL RIO.
This man is also afflicted with leprosy, and is a general outcast.

rodeos or circle hunts. The swamp forests abound with vegetable products that would enable self-respecting swine to dispense with barnyard refuse, and enjoy the advantages of autonomy in peace, but the Spanish West Indian breeds, it seems, can not keep quiet, and betray their lairs by frequent grunting concerts. Their odor of unsanctity, too, is very loud, and, guided by these indications, the rodeo managers surround their headquarters and then turn loose a gang of whooping darkies, who rarely fail to break up the grunting conventicle, and make the bristling assembly rush forth *en masse*. The ambushed marksmen, too, then make a dash in the same direction, and a volley of heavy buckshot, fired at close range, is very apt to reduce the price of pork in that neighborhood.

Wild dogs are harder to approach. They live pair-wise in the cave region of the foot-hills, and congregate only for a joint stock raid on the sheep farms of the Sierras. On such occasions a junta of avengers is often summoned at short notice, but even if the marauders can be cornered in an isolated thicket, it requires strong measures to make them break cover. They are too cunning

to attempt a simultaneous dash through the dead-line, and prefer to scatter and try their individual luck here and there. In that manner a plurality of the four-footed reconcentrados generally get away unrepentant, and nursing females—often as ravenous as wolves—can be killed only at the risk of their puppies, leaving their dens and approaching farm yards with yelping appeals to the charity of the proprietor.

These appeals are not always in vain. Quite a number of young bush dogs are reclaimed every year, and repay their protector by their talent for rat killing and rabbit hunting; but they can not be induced to attack their wild relatives. Spanish wolf dogs will. The shaggy hounds that are imported from the mountains of Aragon and Catalonia can throttle a tramp dog as a terrier would kill a rat, but occasionally succumb to the co-operative tactics of the renegades, who surround the champion of law and order and overpower him by the suddenness and fury of their charge.

Viduos, recluses, or "widowers," the Cubans call old bush dogs who keep bachelors' hall in some well-hidden dugout, often under the

Another animal, the jutia, is about the size of the muskrat, but in its habits resembles the porcupine and the raccoon of the United States. It lives in trees, and feeds on fruits and leaves.

Strange as it may seem, there are very few snakes, especially of the venomous species. The juba, about six feet long, is venomous. The tarantula is sometimes found, but its bite, while producing fever, is not fatal, and the native scorpion is less poisonous than that of Europe. There are twelve varieties of mosquitoes, the sand-fly, the jigger, and a species of ant which destroys all living vegetable matter. The latter deposits its eggs in the form of a honeycomb, which was regarded as a delicious dish by the Indians. It is said there are three hundred varieties of the butterfly in the island, and as many different kinds of flies. Among the latter, the firefly is celebrated for its jewel-like beauty, and is often worn by Cuban belles to ornament their dresses.

In dark nights the sailors of the West Indian archipelago frequently infer the vicinity of a coast from the perfume of hill forests,



A LABORER'S HUT IN THE TOBACCO DISTRICT.

Tobacco laborers are generally poorly paid, and have but few comforts in their homes, but these could be greatly increased by a closer attention to the domestic planting and care of tropical fruits and garden vegetables.

root-tangle of a fallen tree, in the heart of the virgin woods, and renounce the vanities of youth in the enjoyment of sucking-pigs and solitary meditations. They slink into cover when they hear the howls of a hunting horde, and often get so cautious that they avoid daylight rambles altogether, but, for all that, do more damage the year round than their less unsocial kinsmen, and have to be tracked to their dens or brought to bay by stratagem, as it is almost impossible to overcome their prejudice against trap-like contrivances.

Though the forests are extensive, and in many places almost impenetrable, they are inhabited by no wild animals larger or fiercer than these wild dogs, which resemble wolves in appearance and habits, and are very destructive to young cattle and poultry. They are descended from the European or domestic dog, their size, appearance and habits having been affected by their wild life through many generations.

and occasionally also from the many-voiced screams of water fowl that have been roused from their bivouac in the reeds of some river delta. The floods of the rainy season isolate many of these rush meadows, but the midwinter droughts turn the islands into peninsulas, and droves of wild hogs enter the canebrakes to rob the nests of the feathered squatters. The ensuing noise is deafening, but awakens the Te Deums of the rice planter. All in all, the swamp goose is a worse nuisance than its enemy, the bush pig, and successful goose hunters are in great request. Canoes, masked with shrouds of green bushes, drift slowly down the coast rivers, in the hope of getting in range of the winged depredators, but the sentry ganders are all suspicion, and set up their alarm screech at the first symptom of danger.

Their ideas of safety, however, are mostly founded on shotgun data, and the marksmanship of the young darkies who guard the coast

plantations with slings and stones. Long-range rifles still get the better of their precautions. On the north coast of Puerto Principe (Central Cuba), many communities used to pay a bounty of a real, or about 12 cents per goose head, in addition to what the hunter might get from fonda cooks and feather dealers, and in the predicted era of returning prosperity, wild goose chasing may cease to be a synonym of an unprofitable enterprise.

Lake ducks are even more numerous than geese, though their immense swarms must in turn have been surpassed by the flocks of wild pigeons that once darkened the sky of the Ohio Valley. But neither the anglers' paradise of the Upper Nile, nor our Oregon salmon streams, can rival the fishing rivers of the southern West Indies. Near Punta Juana, on the south coast of Porto Rico, says the same gentleman previously referred to, I remember crossing the trestle bridge of a coffee brown bayou that seemed to be literally choked with fish of all sizes and shapes. They were feeding on the drift of a little tributary, bringing down the offal of a cattle ranch in the foothills, but the supply of available miscellanies was evidently short of the demand. Grape skins, crumbs of tortillas, and pellets of butter-stained paper, dropped from the railing of the bridge, were snapped up instantly, and an angler might have landed fish as fast as he could reload his hook with anything resembling a fragment of organic substance.

"Yes, they are here the year round," said our native Cicerone, "but nobody troubles them much; there are too many murenas and pompanos, a few miles further down; and if you want to get something really worth your while, you ought to let me take you across to the Boca, where they spear manatees as heavy as grandmother hogs."



REGIMENT OF U. S. SOLDIERS IN EASTERN PINAR DEL RIO PROVINCE.

It was quantity, rather than quality; our dusky friend expected to make life worth living, and many of his neighbors would have preferred a musk ox to a string of muscalonge, but, from a sportsman's point of view, manatee hunting is really worth a visit to the estuaries of the larger Antilles. This strange connecting link between the dolphins and seals can live in sea water, and manatees as lively as porpoises have been caught among the reefs of the Western Bahamas, where the current of the Gulf Stream could hardly have influenced the range of their excursions. But, as a rule, they stick to deltas shoaled



JAIL GUARD AT PINAR DEL RIO.

Showing four native policemen, with a burly sergeant in the center in command of the squad. Our artist photographed the group as they stood in front of the jail at Pinar del Rio, and succeeded, at the same time, in securing the picture of the three pretty little Cuban girls on the left.

by the drift of large rivers, and in the tangle of their favorite feeding grounds can often be approached by an easy-paddling boat's crew.

Fish-spearing by torchlight is likewise a favorite amusement of the coast dwellers, and the discovery of a turtle landing sets a whole village agog, the traffic in tortugal colorado, or reddish brown tortoise-shell, being the principal source of income throughout the eastern half of the Caribbean polynesia. Turtle-egg oil sells at 40 cents a gallon, and live turtles find a ready market in the seaport towns of the larger islands.

When the companions of Columbus first explored the interior of the great island, which they mistook for a peninsula of the eastern continent, their geographical delusion was confirmed by the almost total absence of wild quadrupeds. Only the influence of an ancient civilization, they argued, could have resulted in so complete a disappearance of

miles of sparsely settled highlands, now offer more inexhaustible hunting grounds than any equal area of the Western Hemisphere.

MATTERS OF INTEREST ABOUT WESTERN CUBA.

Some ten years ago, before the beginning of the last revolution that set Cuba free, James Anthony Froude, the distinguished English historian, visited the island, and subsequently wrote his impressions of its final destiny. Much that he said sounds like prophecy now, and as it has a direct bearing on our present and future relations with the island and its people, we reproduce it in this connection:

"Four centuries ago, Spain was the greatest of European nations, the first in art, or second only to Italy; the first in arms, the first in the men whom she produced. She has been swept along in the current of



IMPERIAL ROAD BETWEEN PINAR DEL RIO AND HAVANA.

Showing U. S. Quartermaster's wagons on the way from Pinar del Rio to Havana for army supplies, which had to be hauled a distance of 100 miles. The photograph also shows the imposing style of buildings erected by the Spaniards in many localities.

beasts of prey, though they admitted that the hunters of Kublai Khan had rather overdone their work of extermination. There were no deer in the forests, and no goats on the highland pastures; the woods abounded with wild-growing fruit, but there were no monkeys; no squirrels and minks even, the only discoverable four-footer being a bushrat about the size of an Alpine marmot.

But that dearth of game has since been remedied by the introduction of the most prolific quadruped of the Old World, and in addition to the above-mentioned renegades, there are now myriads of rabbits and conejos vastecos, or burrowing coneys. In Cuba these little animals have made themselves at home on hundreds of deserted plantations, and enter vacant dwellings with what a British poet called "a shocking tameness."

Pheasants, grouse and wild pigeons still swarm in the mountain forests, and, altogether, the Spanish Antilles, with their 40,000 square

time. She fought against the stream of tendency, and the stream proved too strong for her, great as she was. The modern spirit, which she would not have when it came in the shape of the Reformation, has flowed over her borders as a revolution, not to her benefit, for she is unable to assimilate the new ideas. The old Spain of the Inquisition is gone; the Spain of to-day is divided between Liberalism and Catholic belief. She is sick in the process of the change, and neither she nor her colonies stand any longer in the front line in the race of civilization; yet the print of her foot is stamped on the islands of the New World in characters which will not be effaced, and may be found as enduring as our own.

"America may not find it to her interest to annex these islands, but since she ordered the French out of Mexico, and the French obeyed, she is universally felt on that side of the Atlantic to be the supreme arbiter of all their fates. Her Consuls are thus persons of consequence.

The Cubans like the Americans well. The commercial treaty which was offered to our islands by the United States would have been eagerly accepted by the Spaniards. To them, however, the Americans have, as yet, not been equally liberal. They say that they have hills of solid iron in the island, and mountains of copper with 50 per cent of virgin copper in them, waiting for the Americans to develop, and likely, I suppose, to wait a little longer. The opinion in Cuba was, and is, that America is the residuary legatee of all the islands, Spanish and English equally, and that she will be forced to take charge of them in the end, whether she likes it or not. Spain governs unjustly and corruptly; the Cubans will not rest till they are free from her, and if once independent, they will throw themselves on American protection."

The accuracy of this prediction seems now almost startling. Cuba is free. Whether she becomes a State of the Union or remains independent is for her own people to determine, but destiny seems to indicate that she ought to be a part of the great American Republic. The sovereignty of the people is the basis of our government, upon which all the members stand free and equal. Cuba alone would be but a feeble nationality, unable to command the respect or justice of the world, but as an integral factor of the American Union, her influence and her greatness would be equal to that of the whole combination. When Cuba is ready to come to us, she may depend upon receiving a cordial welcome.

It must not be forgotten, however, that a majority of the people of the island know but little about the Americans or their institutions. What they know has been learned principally since the close of the late war, for during Spanish domination, the gates were closed, and there was comparatively little communication between their people and ours. The conditions are well illustrated by the following statement of a prominent officer of the American army:

"My experience with the Cubans led me to believe that it would be an excellent idea for our Government to send to the islands some



A SOLDIER'S WIDOW AND HER FAMILY.

Americans who are thoroughly well versed in the United States' system of government, and who would be able to impart this knowledge to the Cubans in the Spanish language. I know men who are among the educated class in Cuba, who entertain some very false notions about the Americans. If they understood more about it, I believe there

would be very little opposition to annexation. To illustrate: One day I was sitting outside my tent, near Mariano, when a Cuban gentleman, who had been educated in Scotland, and who spoke English well, came up with a party of his friends, among whom were ladies. This gentleman had just built a very handsome residence in Mariano, and was a Cuban of the higher class. He introduced me to his friends, and we were chatting about one thing and another, when his gaze fell upon the



VIEW IN THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF PINAR DEL RIO.

Showing fodder cart and vendor of sweets carrying his wares on his head, as usual. Like all Southern people, the Cubans are very fond of sweets, and vendors of these are seen in all their streets.

two flags in front of my tent, one of them Old Glory, and the other the flag of Illinois. 'Colonel,' he said, 'I have never been able to understand why it is that each regiment has two flags of different character outside of the headquarters tent. The one with the stars and stripes, I know, is the American flag. What is the other?'

"I told him the other flag was the flag of Illinois. I then went on to explain to him that each one of the States of the United States had its own flag, and that this flag was hardly less dear to the people of that State than the National flag. I gave him a full understanding of the relations between the separate States and the national Government. He said this information was all new to him, and he was very much interested, as were all of the members of his party, to whom he translated all I said. I then outlined to him what the condition of Cuba would be if admitted into the family of States. She would still preserve her flag,

tion would do for Cuba as these people of whom I speak. That is the reason why I think it would be an excellent idea for our Government to send to Cuba some of our citizens who can speak Spanish, and who would be competent to instruct the Cubans in the knowledge of our institutions. A little instruction, taken together with the actual benefits which they have experienced, would bring nearly all of the Cubans around to the idea that annexation would be the best thing for them from every standpoint."

If all the Cubans understood our system of government as it was explained by this intelligent officer, there would be no question as to their decision regarding their future relations with us. A distinguished correspondent, Mr. Charles M. Pepper, who visited the island immediately after the war, drew a somewhat humorous mental picture of the conditions then prevalent. He said:



NATIVE HUT IN PINAR DEL RIO PROVINCE.

On account of the destruction of houses during the war, it frequently became necessary for several families to dwell under one roof, as was the case in the above instance. But this hardship is not felt so much as it would be in a more rigorous climate, since much of the time is spent out of doors.

and while she would be represented in the general government, all her laws for local government would be made by the people of the State of Cuba, without interference upon the part of any other State, or of the United States.

"I gave him, also, an idea of the benefit it would be to Cuba to be part of the United States. For instance, I told him, if Cuba became part of the United States, the expense of the navy which would be needed to patrol and protect her coast, would have to be borne by all the States of the Union in proportion to their taxable wealth, although many of them, like Missouri and Illinois, were so situated that they needed no navy for defense. I talked along these lines for a couple of hours, and I feel certain those people were more favorable to annexation when I got through than they were before. They told me I had presented the situation in an absolutely new light. The majority of the people of Cuba are entertaining just as false notions of what annexation

"This is the period of the disconsolates. They are of three classes—Cubans, Americans and Spaniards. The latter, to their credit, are the least obtrusive, the Cubans the most vociferous, and the Americans the most disgruntled. The disconsolate Cubans will be heard from right along now, and I shall not give them much space, because they will occupy plenty of it in the future. Their grievance is that Cuba is not free and independent all at once, and before the material conditions of the island would justify the withdrawal of the American control, though the political prospects might admit it. They are disconsolate because, for their own good, and for the good of the island, they must wait awhile. The Spaniards are disconsolate because they don't know just where they stand. A few of them want to fall right into the arms of the United States. Others want to join the Cubans, and line up the Latins against the Anglo-Saxons, in order to keep out American competition in trade. The majority of the Spaniards

are awaiting developments with a stoicism that calls forth admiration.

"The disconsolate Americans are the most entertaining class. The grades of them are various. Some of their grievances are whimsical, some ludicrous. At bottom, most of them are sore because money is not picked up in the streets. They do not find gold nuggets lying around loose, and they have not been able to sell gold bricks to their friends in the United States. They divide the blame equally between the country and its inhabitants and their own Government. I think they lay most stress on the shortcomings of the national administration. Many of them, in addition to their readiness to make money in any kind of business, would be willing to accept the responsibilities of office. That they were green in politics is shown by their coming to Havana to seek appointments instead of laying the foundation with their Congressmen in Washington. They say harsh things about Collector Bliss and Director of Posts Rathbone, because these officials tell them the policy of the administration is to appoint only Cubans. The disappointed office seekers, when they have this statement repeated to them, are sure the United States is following the wrong policy. They go out and tell everybody what they think about



A PINAR DEL RIO WATER CARRIER.

it, and also what they think of Bliss' and Rathbone's administration of the custom house and post office, respectively.

Without interjecting a discourse on the difficulties of American administration, it is proper to say that both these officials are making headway in the face of many discouragements. They grow a year older each month, but that is their own personal affair. But however faithfully they may discharge their duties, they will not be able to please their fellow countrymen who fail to get positions under them.

"Some of the American business men, legitimate business men, and not promoters and schemers, are also disconsolate. I met one of them last evening. He was from Philadelphia, and was not a newcomer. A dozen years ago or more, Philadelphia capitalists began loaning money on Cuban sugar plantations. After a time they had to take the plantations. Probably the investments were not so bad, because they have lately been buying more sugar cane land, and have also made purchases in the timber regions. But this capitalist was disconsolate. To use a German phrase, he was 'mad with' the Cubans. 'These Cubans,' he said, 'have gall. They think money is going to rush in here, but it isn't. I'm going to take my capital out. When I was home, Señor Blank wrote



A TOBACCO PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

The young lady in the photograph is the daughter of a well-to-do tobacco planter at Pinar del Rio, and the building is one of her father's numerous tobacco sheds. This young lady is a type of the educated middle class of Cubans.

and asked me to renew a \$50,000 mortgage on his place at 8 per cent. He's been paying 18 per cent. I wrote and asked him if he thought we were crazy. We can get 8 per cent in the Southern States. He didn't answer, and when I got back he turned up and said he wouldn't pay more than 8 per cent for a renewal. So he satisfied the mortgage, and I've got the money, and don't know what to do with it. I'd like to know who's been fool enough to loan money on a Cuban sugar plantation in these times at 8 per cent.

"Some of the American tobacco men are disconsolate, while the Cubans are fretting, because a definite date is not fixed for ending the military occupancy. These tobacco men are worrying because they can get no declaration from Washington that it will be continued indefinitely. They have tried pretty hard, too. One of them went to Washington two months ago for the express purpose of impressing on the

that what he says the next time may not be received with the same degree of credence that was given his former utterances. When he told spook stories he really saw ghosts in his imagination. The spooks have failed to materialize, and he can not conjure them a second time.

"Another American tobacco man, a manufacturer, pulled me into his factory the other day to listen to his whispered tale of disconsolateness. Some of the men had struck for higher wages, but the cigar workers in the United States do the same thing, and a strike could hardly be looked upon as having special significance. This was not what the manufacturer wanted to talk about, for he had had strikes when he was trying to prop up the tottering authority of Spain. 'Our officials,' he said, 'are making a great mistake with these people. They are too lenient, too easy entirely. The iron hand is the only way to rule in Cuba.' I did not remind him that Spain had made a gigantic failure of the iron



SCENE OF A FIERCE BATTLE

This blockhouse, surrounded by a wire trench, was located in the outskirts of the city of Pinar del Rio. During the war, a fiercely contested battle took place here between the Spaniards and Cubans. The latter, while crossing the valley below the blockhouse, were exposed to a deadly fire from Mauser rifles, and while they did not succeed in capturing the fort, they made its location so hot that the Spaniards soon afterward abandoned it.

authorities that a large body of troops must be held in the island to keep the Cubans from massacring the Spaniards. This American has large tobacco plantations; he has a great deal of money invested, and his capital has been of immense benefit in pushing industrial recuperation. His views are entitled to respect. Nevertheless, when he went to Washington there had not been a single instance of aggression against the Spaniards in his locality. In the two months that have followed, not an outrage has been reported. No American troops have been within miles of the place. The little community has maintained order by its own efforts, and Spaniards have worked with Cubans and Canary Islanders on the plantation. And when he thinks about the alarmist reports which he previously carried to the national capital, this tobacco capitalist is disconsolate. He is as much in earnest as ever in his anxiety for indefinite military control, and is sincere in his belief that it is best for the Cubans, and decidedly best for himself. But he realizes

hand, but asked what the trouble was. There was no trouble at all. He fancied he saw signs that American military government was relaxing, and he feared there might be trouble. He was discontented at the notion that the military authority would in time be withdrawn. For his own convenience, he wanted indefinite military occupancy. He is a type of many Americans who have real business interests in Cuba. Because they want an immediate protectorate or annexation, they think the wishes of the inhabitants are not to be taken into account. They are disconsolate when they think of the experiment of independent government for the island. So they try to make everybody else disconsolate. But their feelings will not control."

All these matters, under the influence of the good common sense of our people and the Cubans, will in due time work out their own salvation, and the island will eventually reach its proper destiny as one of the richest and happiest sections of the earth's surface. No one



LIFT OF SPONGE BOATS OFF THE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA.

The sponge interest of Southern Cuba is very large, and while it centers principally at and near Batabanó, yet nearly the whole south coast of the island is interested in this industry.

could reasonably expect a terrestrial paradise to spring instantly out of the ruins of war. But Cuba is so rich in natural resources and diversified products, that her rehabilitation will be surprisingly rapid. In fact, miracles have already been wrought in this direction. Cuba is at the threshold of an era of astonishing growth and prosperity, and men of intelligence and enterprise who go there with capital enough to insure a beginning, will reap a rich harvest. And no great amount of capital is necessary. A few hundred dollars, judiciously invested and handled, will insure competence in the near future, while two or three thousand may be made the basis of a large fortune. Inducements are practically without limit. For instance,

two crops of corn can be grown annually, with but little more labor than would be required for one in the Northern States, and nothing is more profitable than the raising and feeding of stock, as the success of those who have tried it proves. The growing of vegetables and fruits



A MOUNTAIN STREAM IN PINAR DEL RIO PROVINCE.

Many beautiful streams come down from the mountains that extend through the center of this Province, adding a peculiar charm to the landscape, as well as increasing the fertility of the soil. Along the banks of these streams native women are to be seen in picturesque costumes doing family washing, a custom that gives an impression of Palestine and other Eastern countries.

has been neglected, but this will soon be a vast and very profitable industry. The western part of the island has been especially neglected in this respect, and, therefore, offers a surprisingly good field for enterprise. The markets of the United States would afford an outlet for an almost unlimited supply of vegetables and fruits in the winter months, where the people are perforce restricted at present to the use of canned goods. A cheaper and more wholesome supply of vegetable food would be a boon which, beyond question, would be thoroughly and substantially appreciated.

The climate of this section is not a dangerous one, as many Americans have been led to believe. The only trouble has been the neglect of sanitary conditions, as proved by the remarkable improvement in health statistics in all principal towns immediately following the American occupation. It may require a decade to cleanse Havana, but the city has already been so vastly improved that it is no longer a

plant, which has not been successfully produced elsewhere. Nothing, therefore, can depreciate the value of the tobacco lands of this famous section; and, like everything else in Cuba, they are at the beginning of their development. Even the largest plantations have been indifferently worked. It is customary with the native planters to select a few acres in the richest spots for cultivation, while the intervening land goes to waste. Eventually, all these neglected areas will be brought under tillage, and the whole region made to bring forth its annual product of wealth. An observing writer states that visitors from abroad have often been struck by the amount of time apparently wasted by the laborers on these tobacco plantations, as well as by the crude methods which they use in planting and saving the crop; yet they are, so to speak, bred to and for this particular work, and seem to have an intuitive knowledge of all the peculiarities of the plant, and of the essential rules to follow, in order to bring it to perfection for the mar-



A RURAL HOME IN WESTERN CUBA.

Scenes like this are common all over Cuba. The artist, in posing this farm, observed the opportunity for an artistic effect, and the native good nature and politeness of the people readily secured for him the desired pose. The large rubber tree on the left indicates what may be done in that important industry with the advent of permanent prosperity now assured to the island.

pest hole, and with proper attention to the common rules of hygiene, Americans may live there the year round with but little more risk than they would encounter in any of our Northern cities. An intelligent planter of Pinar del Rio province says that within the past ten years he has employed on his estate about 250 men from the northern part of Spain, and during the entire period there were only eight or ten cases of yellow fever among them, and these were confined to the intemperate class. There are few localities in Cuba at the present time that are more unhealthy than Louisiana Territory was when Jefferson purchased it from Napoleon.

The province of Pinar del Rio, covering nearly the whole of the Vuella Abajo district, has a practical monopoly of the world's finest tobacco for cigars—the famous Havana cigars. This is due to a peculiar combination of soil and climate, adapted to the growth of this variety of

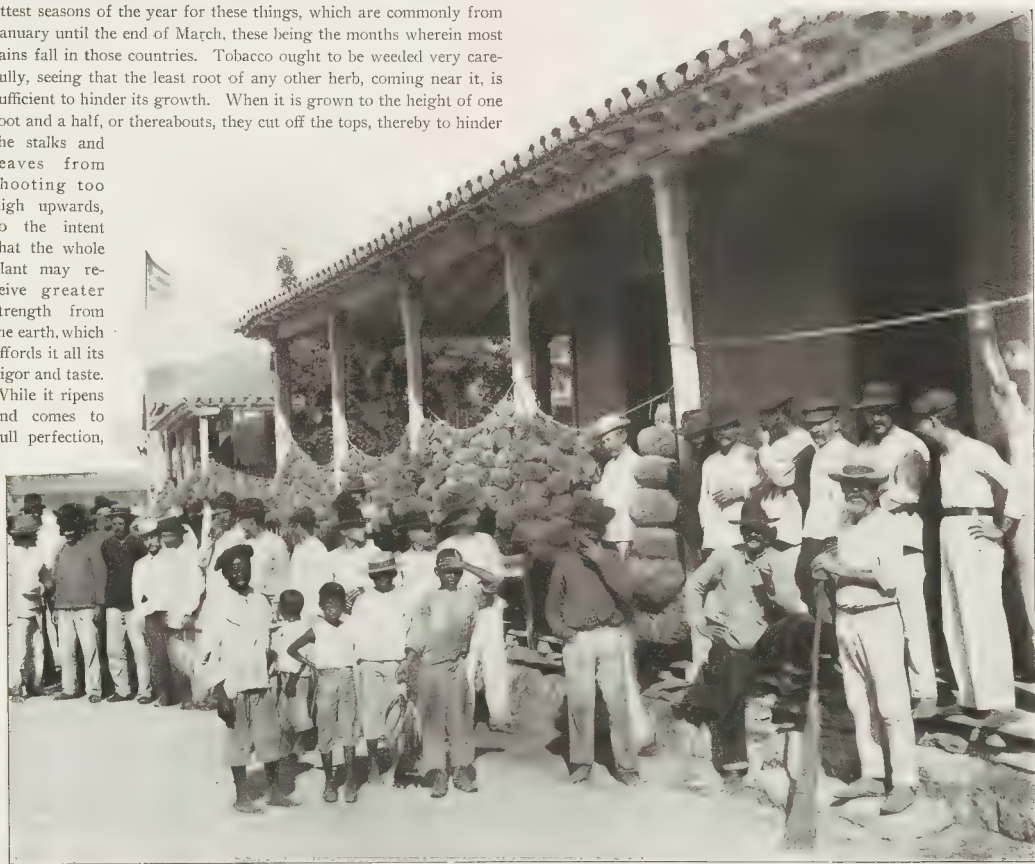
ket. But they have practically made no advance in the cultivation and handling of tobacco since the first century or two of its discovery, as will be seen by the following description, published in 1685:

"After they had cultivated these plantations, and filled them with all sorts of roots and fruits necessary for human life, they began to plant tobacco, for trading. The manner of planting this fragrant commodity is as follows: They make certain beds of earth in the field, no larger than twelve feet square. These beds they cover very well with palmetto leaves, to the intent that the rays of the sun may not touch the earth wherein tobacco is sowed. They water them, likewise, when it does not rain, as we do our gardens in Europe. When it is grown about the bigness of young lettuce, they transplant it into straight lines which they make in other spacious fields, setting every plant at the distance of three feet from each other. They observe, likewise, the



DIG SPONGE CRAFT RETURNING AFTER A WEEK'S SUCCESSFUL CRUISE.

fittest seasons of the year for these things, which are commonly from January until the end of March, these being the months wherein most rains fall in those countries. Tobacco ought to be weeded very carefully, seeing that the least root of any other herb, coming near it, is sufficient to hinder its growth. When it is grown to the height of one foot and a half, or thereabouts, they cut off the tops, thereby to hinder the stalks and leaves from shooting too high upwards, to the intent that the whole plant may receive greater strength from the earth, which affords it all its vigor and taste. While it ripens and comes to full perfection,



A TYPICAL SPONGE DEALER'S STORE IN SOUTHERN CUBA.

they prepare in their houses certain apartments of fifty or threescore feet in length, and thirty or forty in breadth. These they fill with branches of trees and rafters, and upon them lay the green tobacco to dry. When it is thoroughly dried, they strip off the leaf from the stalks, and cause it to be rolled up by certain people who are employed in this work and no other. To these they afford for their labor the tenth part of what they make up into rolls. This property is peculiar to tobacco, which, therefore, I shall not omit, that if, while it is yet in the ground, the leaf be pulled off from the stalk, it sprouts again no less than four times in one year."

This description could be applied with perfect accuracy to the cultivation of tobacco in Pinar del Rio province at the present time. But it must not be presumed that tobacco is the only valuable product of this famously rich district. It is unquestionably the leading one, on account of a peculiar adaptation of soil and climate, as previously

soil prevail as far westward as Bahia Honda, certain localities being well cultivated in cane fields, while others are entirely neglected and covered with brush and timber. Similar conditions continue westward along the coast from Bahia Honda, except that there are fewer cultivated fields and some extensive marshes. Cattle raising has been the principal occupation of the inhabitants of this western region, and some valuable timber also exists there. The interior is picturesque and hilly, rising into a chain of mountains in the center of the province, which temper the climate and add to the health of that part of the island. Some of the mountains are well timbered, and while they are mostly given up to grazing, there are a few small coffee plantations, tobacco fields, and patches of corn along their base.

There are few, if any, mineral deposits in Pinar del Rio province, its natural resources being almost entirely agricultural. There are many large tracts of unoccupied land, and this region, as well as the



MARKET SCENE IN ONE OF THE SMALLER TOWNS OF PINAR DEL RIO PROVINCE.

It is a custom of the people to meet at the market and exchange the gossip of the day and learn the news, these gatherings taking the place of the morning newspaper. In the center of the group the artist's little black mascot will be observed, with his tin cup in his hand, the only article of worldly wealth that he possessed.

stated; but sugar is also a valuable crop, and coffee and bananas have added largely to the wealth of the province in the past, and will, doubtless, do so to a much greater extent in the future. In fact, it would be difficult to suggest any tropical product that would not flourish in the rich Pinar del Rio soil. Oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, yams, potatoes, cassava, indigo, and fruits of an almost endless variety flourish there. These will be treated separately in connection with the localities where they are principally cultivated.

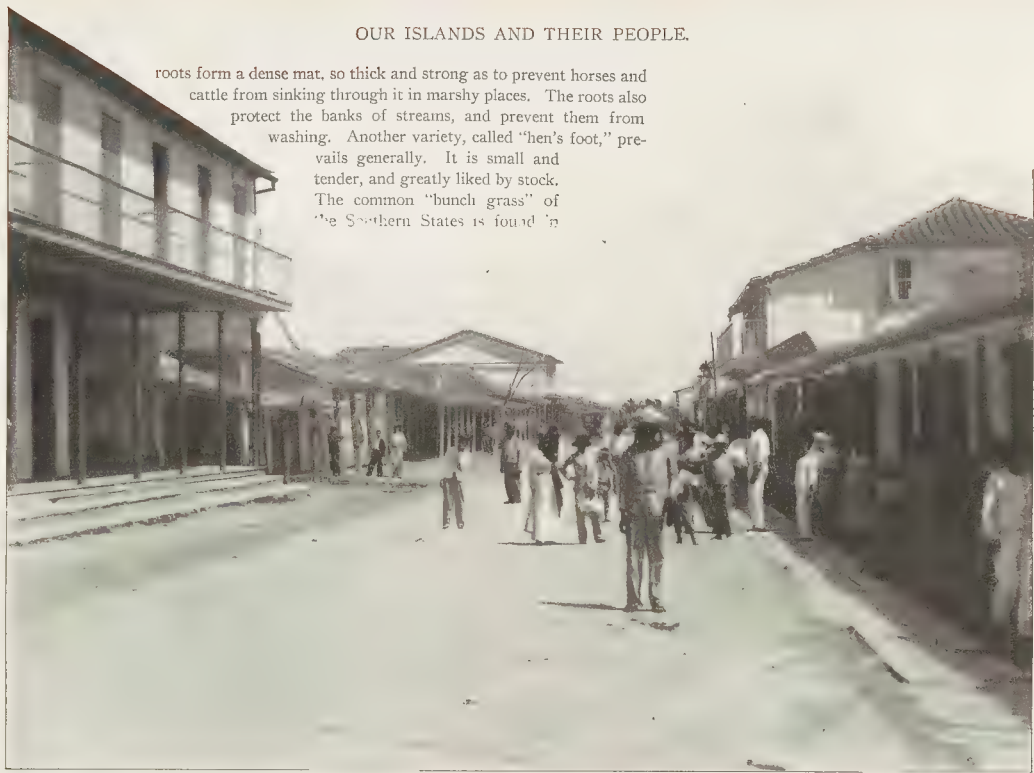
For some distance along the northern coast, at the eastern end of the province, the country is mostly hilly, and generally wooded with large timber, although there is considerable open, rolling land, with a surface of rich loam. This is good soil for cane, and there are a number of sugar mills in that region, although the industry is not so extensive as it is further east. The same general conditions and character of

entire island, is capable of supporting ten times its present population. As an instance of the opportunities that are offered for judicious investment, it is stated that the coffee plantations now in existence are not sufficient to support the local demand, limited as that is by the ravages of war. Various valuable timbers exist, pine being conspicuous in certain localities. Grape culture has never been attempted beyond a very limited extent, though it is claimed that the hillsides are well adapted to this industry. Some rice is grown at points along the sea coast, and much of the land is supposed to be well adapted to cotton culture, but this has never been seriously undertaken.

Several varieties of valuable grasses exist in this section. One of these, known as "Yerba del Para," grows along the streams in great luxuriance, attaining a height of more than six feet, and being very tender and sweet, is greatly relished by stock of all kinds. Its

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

roots form a dense mat, so thick and strong as to prevent horses and cattle from sinking through it in marshy places. The roots also protect the banks of streams, and prevent them from washing. Another variety, called "hen's foot," prevails generally. It is small and tender, and greatly liked by stock. The common "bunch grass" of the Southern States is found in



PRINCIPAL STREET IN BATABANÓ, SOUTHERN CUBA

Batabanó, in Havana Province, is but only a short distance from the east line of Pinar del Río. It is the center of the sponge fishery trade and other industries, and being also the port of entry for the Isle of Pines, is an important trading point, with an assured future.

many places in this province, and there is another variety similar to our Western prairie grass. A coarse species, known as "Yerba de Don Carlos," is the pest of the fields and sugar plantations, and its leaves have such sharp, knife like edges, that stock will not eat it. The native

grasses grow rankly everywhere, but very little is used as hay, and no special significance is attached to the hay crop by Cuban planters. In fact, it is viewed as a matter of minor importance in a country where the grass and foliage remain green all the year round.



HOSPITAL FOR LEPROS, YELLOW FEVER AND SMALLPOX.

This hospital is located on the coast near Batabanó, and at the time of the artist's visit it contained a number of patients suffering from the three diseases named. With proper scientific care, leprosy and yellow fever will be driven out of Cuba.

THE CUBAN PROBLEM.

An intelligent correspondent, who had carefully studied the situation and the temper of the people, wrote the following in March, 1899:

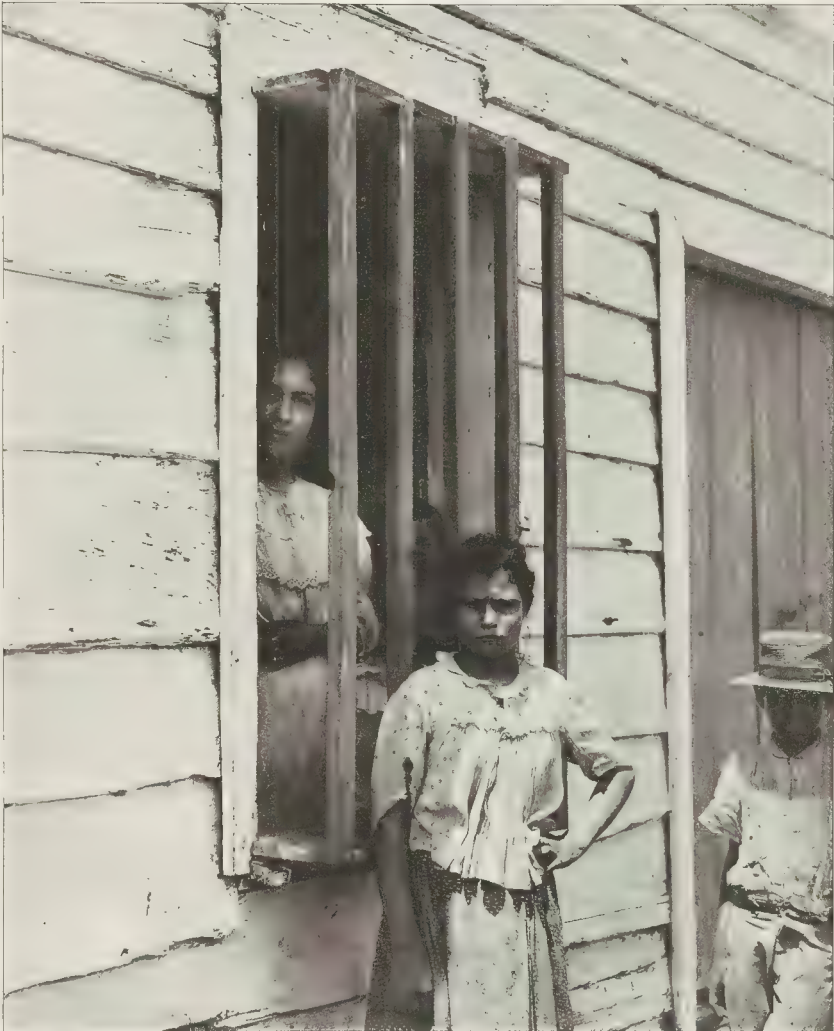
The Cuban problem will work itself out. There are forces now operating toward its harmonious solution, the potency of which is scarcely appreciated in the United States. The most powerful of them is cheap food. The Cuban working man, under the American administration, can go out and earn \$1 a day upon the highways of Cuba, and for that dollar he can purchase as much as the American working man can purchase for the same amount. Flour, which, before the liberation

of the Cubans from Spanish domination, was held at \$6 per 100 pounds, can now be bought in Cuba for from \$1.75 to \$2 per 100 pounds. There has been a corresponding decrease upon all articles of human consumption. This is due to the fact that the onerous tariff of Spain has been abolished, and all articles of food are allowed to come into Cuba from the United States free of duty. The people of the United States can hardly appreciate what this means to the Cubans. Things which before the war were to them the highest luxuries, are now within easy reach of the industrious. Take meat, for instance. Before the war, fresh meat was an article of food which only the rich in Cuba could enjoy. Now Texas firms are shipping large numbers of cattle on the hoof to Cuba, and slaughtering them there for sale to the public at prices which are about the same as those which prevail in the United States. These improvements in the material conditions of the Cubans are making a deep impression upon them—an impression which will not be disturbed by the vaporings of noisy agitators. The Cuban knows what he had under Spanish rule; he knows what he has under American rule; and it will take something more than mere politics to induce him to surrender the benefits of American administration.

It is not to be wondered at, that the people of Cuba, after their long and terrible experience under their Spanish masters, should be distrustful of all benefits save those which they actually see and feel. They were fed and starved too long on Spanish promises to leave them much faith in problematic benefits. But the benefits herein mentioned are real, and to them they are very great. The people of Cuba, moreover, will not part with these benefits for any trivial cause.

The rapid flow of American currency into Cuba is hastening the exportation of Spanish gold and silver, whose legal and nominal valuation here is far below either its legal or market value in Spain. Twenty-

six thousand Spanish pieces arrived at Havana recently from Santiago, where only American money now passes current, for shipment abroad. Hence, at the present time, there is much more confidence shown in Cuban financial circles, and although money is still scarce, there is a tendency toward an easier market. The grocers of the island, especially in the country and on the sugar plantations, facilitate the *menage* of their customers, not by lending them money exactly, but by extending them a two months' credit, making life possible. This is one straw that shows that money is becoming a little easier. It is remarkable what large quantities of imports have been consumed by Cubans in the



COUNTRY HOUSE IN SOUTHERN CUBA.

Showing peculiar open window protected by wooden bars. The lady of the house, a good looking young matron, obligingly posed in the window while the artist took the picture.

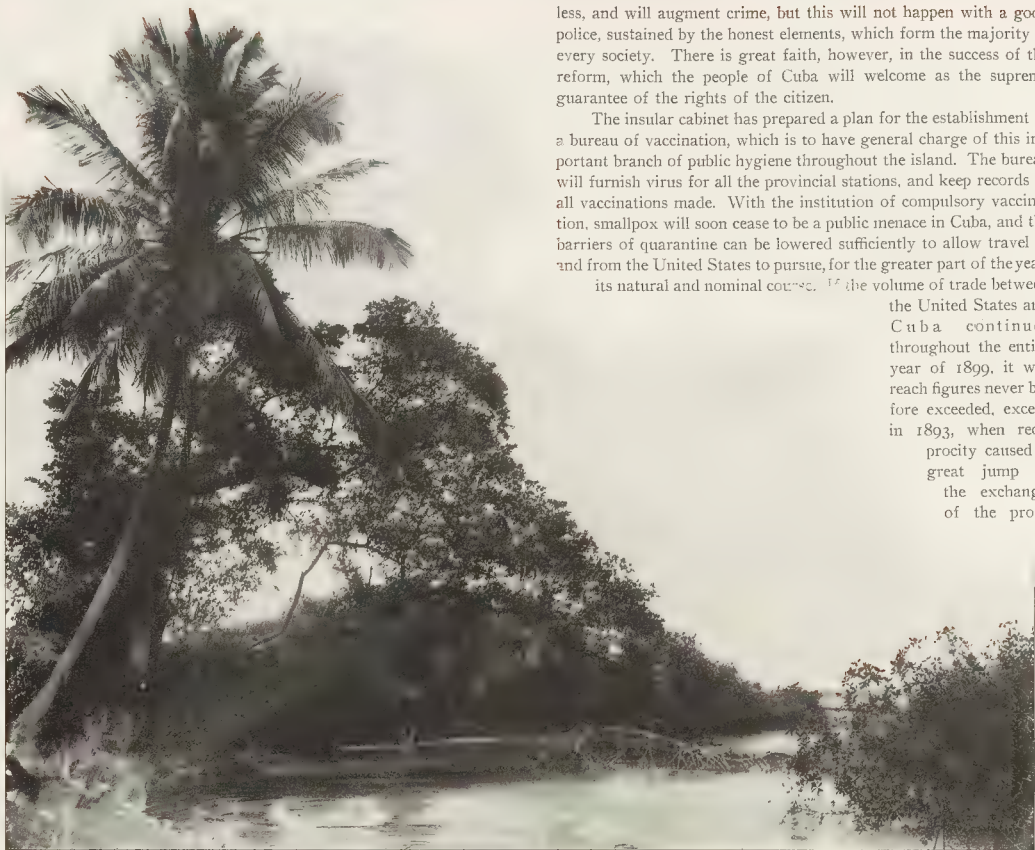
past, and are being distributed among them to-day. America has always had a large share of this trade.

Much satisfaction is felt by the people of the island over the great reform which is being accomplished in their laws. There are not lacking, nevertheless, persons who view the prospect with disfavor, but this is due to the vicious intellectual education which they have received. People accustomed to be governed cruelly cannot conceive of a system of procedure in which the social power exercises its rule without prejudice to individual rights, or without heaping taunts upon the accused. It is said that the *habeas corpus* will leave the State defense

less, and will augment crime, but this will not happen with a good police, sustained by the honest elements, which form the majority in every society. There is great faith, however, in the success of the reform, which the people of Cuba will welcome as the supreme guarantee of the rights of the citizen.

The insular cabinet has prepared a plan for the establishment of a bureau of vaccination, which is to have general charge of this important branch of public hygiene throughout the island. The bureau will furnish virus for all the provincial stations, and keep records of all vaccinations made. With the institution of compulsory vaccination, smallpox will soon cease to be a public menace in Cuba, and the barriers of quarantine can be lowered sufficiently to allow travel to and from the United States to pursue, for the greater part of the year, its natural and nominal course. ¹² the volume of trade between

the United States and Cuba continues throughout the entire year of 1899, it will reach figures never before exceeded, except in 1893, when reciprocity caused a great jump in the exchange of the prod-



PICTURESQUE COCOANUT PALM TREE SOUTHERN COAST OF CUBA.



RAILROAD STATION AT BATABANO, CUBA.

This is one of the most important shipping points of Southern Cuba, and a spirit of active industry constantly pervades the place.

ucts of the island and this country. As shown by the official statistics, prepared by the War Department, Cuba's recovery from the effects of war, in a commercial sense, is marvelously rapid. For the fiscal year of 1899, the island will have exported to the United States products to the value of \$20,000,000. Up to the end of April, the exports from Cuba to the United States had reached the sum of \$17,003,536. In the corresponding period for 1897, the total was a little more than \$12,000,000. In the same ten months, ending April 1, 1899, this country took from Cuba, notwithstanding the havoc wrought by the war for independence, \$10,125,748 worth of sugar, and \$4,024,471 worth of leaf tobacco. These are the two principal items.

Equally astonishing have been the purchases by Cuba from the United States during the corresponding period. In the ten months ending with April, 1897, this country sold to Cuba, \$1,216 worth of agricultural implements, and in the corresponding ten months of 1899,

no incentive to enterprise, as any one so foolish as to imagine to the contrary soon found out to his cost. For instance, if a man wanted a franchise for a railway, he would have to make application first to the Captain-General; then the Captain-General would send the application to Madrid, where it might possibly be pigeon holed indefinitely, or smothered in red tape. After a year or two, inquiry of the Captain-General would bring out a request for another application, the first one not having been in proper form, and so the matter would drag on its long and weary course.

The reproach has been made against the Cuban that he is unenterprising, uninventive, and lazy. Nothing could be further from the truth. Is it to be wondered at that he was not enterprising in developing the resources of the country, when such instances as the foregoing are considered? To say that the Cuban is lazy, is to utter one of the cruelest of calumnies. The laboring man in Cuba rises at four in the



THE PLAZA, MATANZAS, CUBA.

Matanzas is situated on the north coast, about sixty miles east of Havana, and is connected with that city by rail. It is one of the most important and beautiful cities on the island, and has a population of about 30,000.

\$21,051. Of wheat flour, in the same period two years ago, the United States sold to Cuba, \$497,862, and this year, \$1,383,267. Cars and carriages for the two periods show an increase from \$3,993 to \$97,948. Other increases in exports from the United States to Cuba have been in proportion to the foregoing.

There is throughout the island to day, a growing sentiment of good-will toward Americans, and all things American. The people, for the most part, thoroughly realize that the interests of the two countries are independent. "If we are bound to the United States by commercial and industrial ties," they say, "why should we not be allied politically as well?" A careful study of the situation proves that 90 per cent of the population are in favor of annexation. That the Cubans have any serious idea of fomenting a revolution against the United States is quite absurd. There is no question that the average Cuban to-day fully appreciates the great opportunities which a stable, honestly administered government will give him. Under the old *regime*, there was

morning, and works until sunset. On the sugar estates there is nothing but unremitting work for everybody, from the owner down, from day to day, and from week to week, and from month to month, until the crop is harvested. Only a breakdown of the machinery of the mill will stop the wheels of this tireless, ceaseless energy. Business men in Cuba have been known to toil day after day for years, without any holiday. They had no Holy Thursday, Good Friday—no Sunday, even. The Anglo-Saxon people, unfortunately, get their ideas of the Cuban's laziness, and his fondness for the daily siesta, and the general notion that Southern people think only of the *dolce far niente* of life, from fiction. Such picturesque impressions are gained by travelers who have seen but little more than the rosy side of the picture.

For, be it supposed that you are a visitor from the States just arrived in Cuba, with letters of introduction to some prominent merchant, or business man. He receives you cordially at his office at 9 a. m., and takes you out to lunch and to see the town, returning to

his office at, we will say, 1 or 2 p. m. Now, do you not at once jump to the conclusion that Señor Francisco does not work? But you forget that the other



TENTH U. S. INFANTRY IN CAMP NEAR MATANZAS

Owing to sanitary improvements made since the war, Matanzas has become one of the healthiest cities on the island. Troops were quartered there during the entire summer of 1899, and they experienced very little sickness of any kind.

Señor Francisco, his brother, has remained at his desk, doing his own work and his brother's too. There is no noon "siesta" in Cuban cities as in Mexico; no loafing of business men. On the contrary, the man of

affairs there rises at an early hour, and starts work often at 7 a. m. He works until 10, then goes to breakfast, and is at his desk again at 11, where he continues until 3 p. m., when he knocks off for dinner,



FORT SAN SEVERINO, MATANZAS.

Mr. Townsend, the artist, is under arrest in this picture on the charge of photographing U. S. fortifications without permission. But on showing his credentials from Washington, and after a somewhat heated argument with the officer in command, he was released. While under arrest he had his assistant take a snap-shot at the top of the castle, and in that way secured the only picture of these fortifications ever taken for publication. The large 8-inch cannons shown in the photograph were captured from the Spaniards.

returning at 4 p. m. to finish the day, which usually ends at sunset, but often is prolonged by busy workers until 10 or 11 p. m. Before the revolution, with a population, according to the census, of 1,500,000 inhabitants only, there were produced 1,000,000 tons of sugar, to say nothing of the vast quantities of tobacco, and other products of agriculture and manufacture—in all sufficient to amount yearly to an export value of \$80,000,000. And one year before the war, there were exported products to the value of \$100,000,000. Does that look as if there were many lazy people in Cuba? The comparison of statistics makes one doubt the accuracy of the census, for it seems almost incredible that a mere handful of people should accomplish such a vast amount of work. Such industry cannot be too highly commended, and eventually cannot but result in prosperity.

To-day Cuba is quiet, expectant, preparing for the great destiny which her people rightfully believe to be in store for her. Their heroism in war, and their patient endurance of the ills of bad government, that would have driven a more turbulent people into voluntary exile, prove them to be a race entitled to a larger meed of praise than has sometimes been accorded them. They love their island homes



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, MATANZAS.

This is one of the oldest churches in Cuba. It is situated in the suburbs of the city, about three miles from the harbor, and is surrounded by an old wall about twenty feet high and ten feet thick, evidently built for defensive purposes in earlier days.

with an intensity of devotion that is truly commendable, and under the blessings of a stable government, and its encouragement of honest industry, their prolific fields will soon blossom with nature's richest bounties. The more closely one studies Cuba and its possibilities, and the recuperative energy of its people, the more favorable will be the verdict as to the future greatness of this incomparably rich and beautiful island.

The city of Pinar del Rio, the capital of the western province, was founded in 1776, the year of American independence. It has a population of about 5,500, and exhibits in all its aspects the devastating effects of war and the blight of Spain's iron hand. There are but few foreigners among its inhabitants, and its ancient brick and stone houses, and general absence of modern improvements and conveniences, give the place a mediæval appearance, strongly reminding the visitor of some ancient, drowsy town in the interior of Spain. But being essentially a tobacco center, and in the midst of the famous Vuelta Abajo district, it will awaken into modern life with the approaching dawn of a new and brighter era. The city is connected with Havana by rail, and also by a highway in some respects superior to others of similar

character in various parts of the island. Its location is on a hill, seventy feet high, with a total elevation of one hundred and sixty feet above the sea, from which it is distant twenty-five miles. The streets, as usual in Spanish towns, are narrow and dirty, and the present population, composed largely of a mixture of the French and African races, brought together by the tobacco industry, are not kindly disposed toward modern ideas, either as to cleanliness or enterprise. The province has an area of 8,486 square miles, and a population of 225,891, of whom 58,731 are black. Along the seacoast, much of the land is flat and swampy, but many of these swamps can be drained and converted into fertile fields. The forests, in numerous places, are so dense and tangled with tropical growth that no sunlight ever penetrates them, and from their midst arise deadly miasms, laden with poison and disease. Vast areas of such forests are filled with valuable timbers, and when these are cleared and converted into the various products of commerce, the sunlight will find its way to the sodden earth, and do its beneficent work in drying up the swamps and dispelling the germs of disease. It is estimated that throughout Cuba, there are between 13,000,000 and 15,000,000 of acres covered with timber not yet touched by the axe, most of which belongs to the valuable species, such as mahogany, cedar, etc. A peculiarity of the Cuban forests is the almost universal presence of pine, a distinctively northern product, but found growing in the island in the greatest profusion, side by side with the palm, the mahogany, the rubber, and the coffee tree. So abundant is pine in the western portions of the island, that this province, Pinar del Rio (River of Pines) derives its name, like the Isle of Pines, from that tree. The Royal palm flourishes, also, in this western section, where it finds congeniality in the rich, heavy soil. It grows alike on the hills and in the valleys, often rising, like a tall shaft of rough, gray marble, to a height of

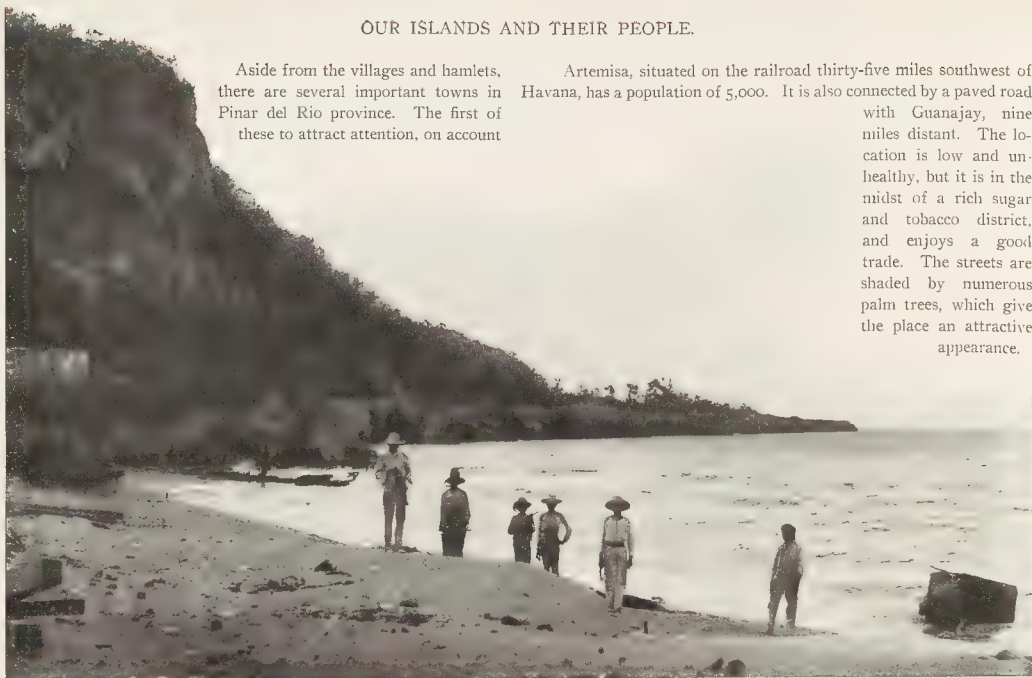
eighty feet, with an ornamental tuft of branching leaves crowning its top. On account of its manifold uses to the human family, the Royal palm has been called the "Blessed Tree." It will be more fully noticed in connection with the timber interests of the island.

Although Pinar del Rio province has been a settled district for nearly two centuries, comparatively little of its surface has been brought into cultivation. Many thousands of acres are yet to be reclaimed from the forests and the swamps, and subjected to the uses of industry and civilization. The towns, as a rule, are mere dilapidated hamlets, belonging, in general appearance and construction, to an age long since past. They were caught in the midst of their progress toward modern conditions by the iron hand of Spanish military despotism, and withered and wasted away under its blighting influence. At the end of the war, the whole province was a wreck, its industries paralyzed, its plantations destroyed, its towns and cities burnt, and the most enterprising portion of its population killed or driven away. When relief came this rich province lay like a stricken giant, bound and helpless. But a new era has dawned for Cuba, and the recuperation of Pinar del Rio will be so rapid as to long excite the admiration of all beholders.

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

Aside from the villages and hamlets, there are several important towns in Pinar del Rio province. The first of these to attract attention, on account

Artemisa, situated on the railroad thirty-five miles southwest of Havana, has a population of 5,000. It is also connected by a paved road with Guanajay, nine miles distant. The location is low and unhealthy, but it is in the midst of a rich sugar and tobacco district, and enjoys a good trade. The streets are shaded by numerous palm trees, which give the place an attractive appearance.



A CUBAN SEA COAST VIEW.

of its location on the map, will be Bahia Honda, with a population of about 2,000, principally blacks. It is more than 100 years old, has a fine harbor, and is one of the chief seaports of the northern coast, but its wharves are in bad condition, its houses poor and dilapidated, and its streets sadly in need of repair. The surrounding country is rich in tobacco and sugar lands, and Bahia Honda will be among the first of Cuban towns to feel the benefits of the new era.

Guanajay, with a population of 6,000, is the largest town in the province. It has railroad connection with Havana, and is at the junction of several paved roads, which bring a large trade to its merchants. The place manifests a considerable degree of enterprise, but like all the interior towns of Cuba, it suffered severely from the ravages of the war.

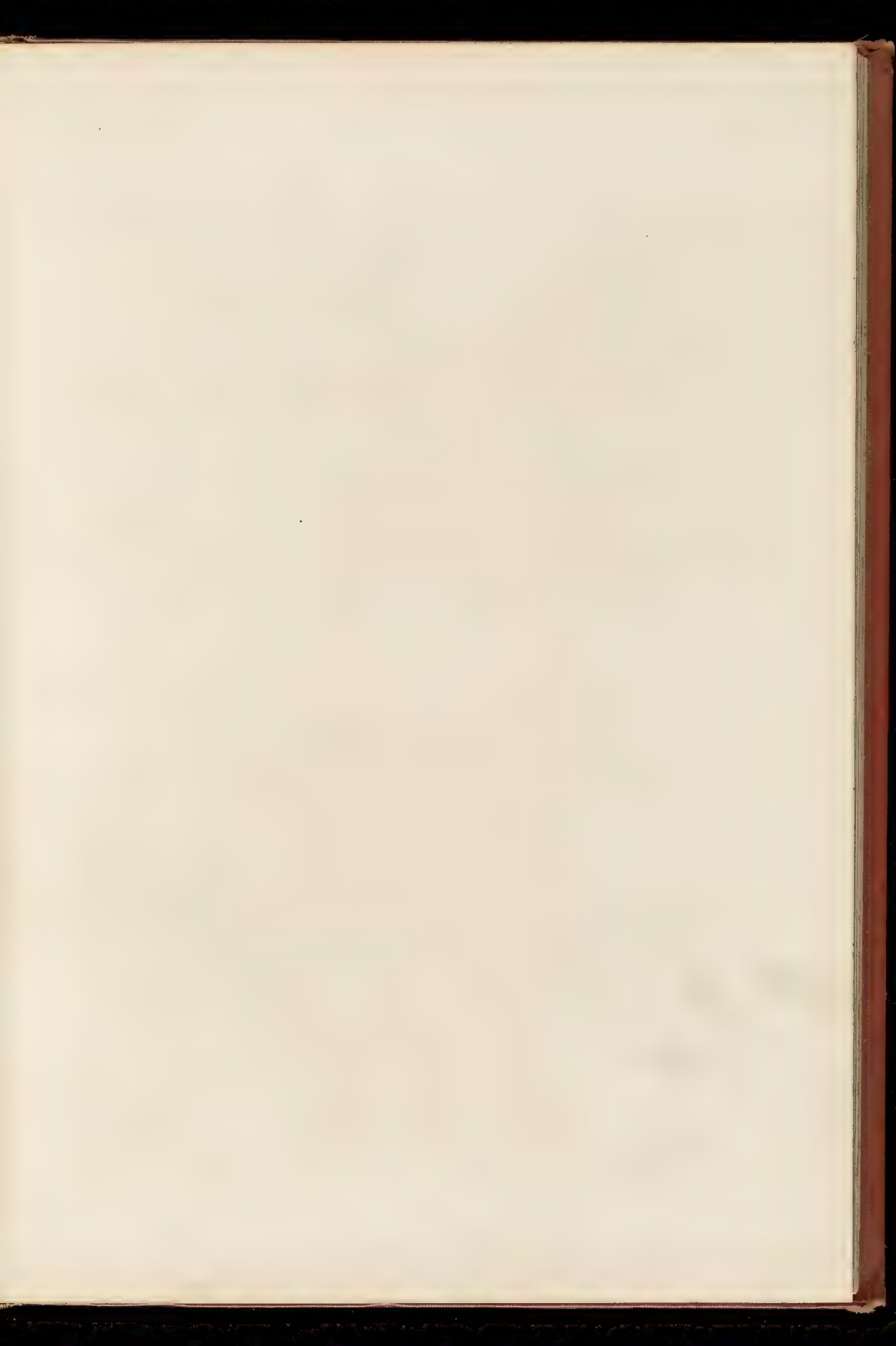
Consolacion del Sur, with a population of only 2,000, is, next to Bahia Honda, the chief commercial town of the province. It is located in the tobacco district on the railroad that connects Pinar del Rio with Havana, and commands a large and rapidly increasing trade.

Another enterprising place on the same line of railroad is San Cristobal, with a population of 3,500. It is near enough to the mountains to enjoy an excellent climate, and the health of its citizens is above the average. San Cristobal is one of the oldest towns on the island, and its location in the Vuelta Abajo tobacco district, together with its superior transportation facilities, insures it a prosperous future.



MATANZAS SCHOOL BOYS

Under the Spanish régime in Cuba very little encouragement was given to the education of the masses of the people, but now the American public school system has been introduced throughout the island, and a surprising degree of interest is manifested in educational matters.







FORMER RESIDENCE OF THE MAYORS OF MATANZAS

After the occupation by the United States this handsome building was used as a Government hospital. It is an example of Spanish splendor in the erection of public buildings at the expense of an unwilling and heavily burdened people.

MATANZAS.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF CUBAN LIBERTY.

Chapter VI.

IT is impossible to conceive of a region at once more incongruously and fittingly named than the province of Matanzas. Exquisitely situated, and munificently endowed of Nature, no other section in all Cuba would seem as deserving of some appellation typifying all that is most beautiful to the vision, and entrancing to the senses. But the record borne by this singularly duplex locality up to the close of the Spanish American war, is so steeped in the blood of nearly four centuries of unremittent conflict and carnage, that the world cannot wonder at its sanguinary title of El Matanzas—"The Slaughter Pen."

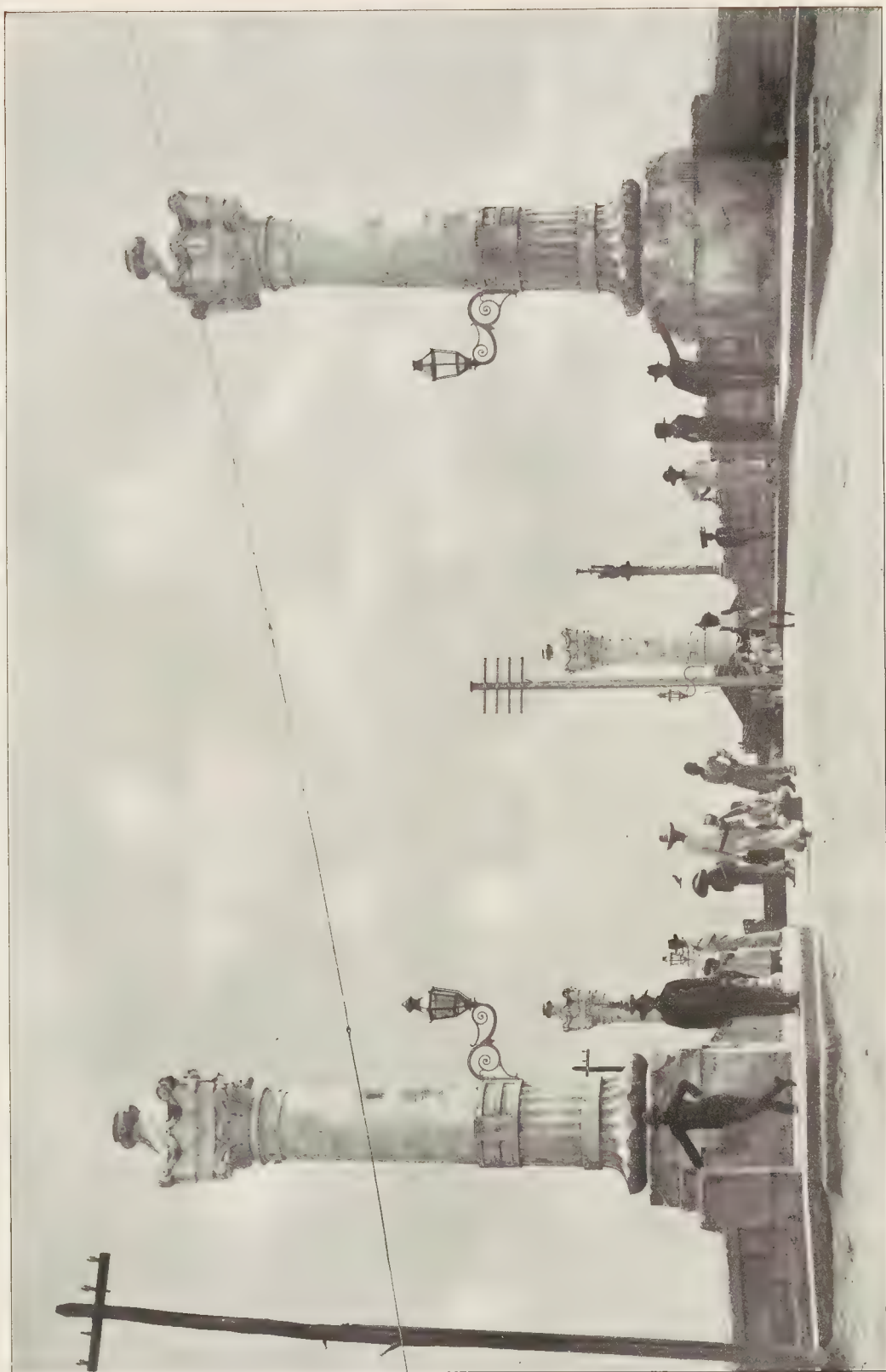
The tribulations of this particular section date back to the Spanish conquest of the island in the year 1511, which event was marked by the merciless massacre of several thousand peaceable Indians who inhabited its fruitful vales.

The first permanent settlement was founded in 1693, at which period a Spanish hidalgo, named Manzaneda, obtained from Carlos II., King of Spain, several thousand acres of land adjacent to the sea coast, and established thereon a colony of Canary Islanders. The new settlers landed on a certain Saturday in October, and on the following day, with much ceremony, the place was christened San Carlos y San Severino, in honor of the Spanish monarch. The third day, Monday, was devoted

to laying the corner stones of the Cathedral and the Castle of San Severino, an instance of promptness never before, or afterwards, equaled in all the history of the Spanish West Indies. The colonists, by degrees, acquired sufficient space for a cattle range, and devoted themselves to the raising of beef for the Havana market. Hence the locality was called "El Matanzas de San Carlos y San Severino." In time, the names of the saints were omitted altogether, and not only the town, but the bay, the district, and the whole province became known as Matanzas. It would appear to-day as if the ominous name had not been erroneously conferred.

The Cubans delight in referring to Matanzas as "*El Suelo natal de Independencia*," the birthplace of Independence, and for 200 years the Spaniards looked upon it as a very nest of rebellion. The province of Matanzas represents an area of 3,265 square miles, and contains a population of 259,578 souls. Though next to the smallest of Cuba's six provinces, it is acknowledged to be the richest section on the island, notwithstanding which fact there are as yet upwards of 2,000 square miles of uncultivated land within its limits. At present, the enormous production of sugar constitutes its chief industry, although, in addition to this, there are some extensive rice plantations along the coast. Corn

ENTRÔ'S NOTE.—The publishers are pleased to announce that special arrangements have been made with Mr. José de Olivares for the reproduction in this work of selections from his famous series of historical narratives, which excited such wide comment immediately following the close of the Spanish American War. These narratives will be presented to the readers of "Our Islands and Their People" in connection with the various localities with which their principal incidents are associated. The first of this series, entitled "The Curse of the Lopez," appears in this section. The series was first published in the Sunday Magazine supplement to the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," which paper Mr. Olivares represented in Cuba and Porto Rico in the capacity of war correspondent, throughout the late conflict with Spain. The special drawings, illustrative of the narratives referred to, are by Russell, whose art productions are so widely admired.



ORNAMENTAL BRIDGE PILLARS AT MATANZAS.

"This handsome structure affords a passage for the Imperial Road between Matanzas and Fort San Severino, over the famous Yumari Valley. It also insures the extent and grandeur of many of the public works erected by the Spanish Government, as a partial recompense for its assistance to the Cuban people."

is also produced in great quantities, and, as elsewhere in the sugar districts, honey and wax are important products. No attention has been devoted to fruit or tobacco culture, yet both soil and climate are as well adapted to the successful production of such commodities as elsewhere throughout the island. A few years ago, Matanzas province rejoiced in the possession of 478 sugar estates in operation, besides 528 stock farms, and some 3,000 other plantations of various kinds. Its rapid decadence from a luxurious center of wealth and fashion, commerce and productive industry, renders its present comparative poverty most pitiful. The aristocracy of the old *régime* are all gone now. Many of the finest plantations were, years ago, confiscated. Others passed into the hands of Spanish adventurers and emigrants, who kept up the exhausting struggle as long as they could against a system grounded upon violation of every economic law, then went to the wall. And the torch of war has finished the rest. But, happily, a new era of prosperity is in store for this fruitful land—a prosperity that will be far

nobody has thought of building a wharf at that point, and of connecting it with the town by tramway. Maybe some enterprising American will now do it, and incidentally make a fortune for himself, while increasing the trade of the town fully fifty per cent.

The San Juan and Yumuri Rivers, which run through the city, divide it into three districts. Matanzas proper occupies the ground immediately between the two streams, and has a population of about 25,000 souls, while Pueblo Nuevo, or "New Town," south of the San Juan, contains about 10,000. Versailles, the third and smallest precinct, numbers about 5,000 inhabitants, and is more healthy and better situated than either of the two former sections, having an average elevation of thirty feet above the harbor. After the great conflagration of forty-three years ago, in which more than half of Matanzas was burned, the well-to-do losers built their homes on these heights above the city, where ocean breezes blow fresh and cool, and the wide-spreading bay affords a charming picture. The amphitheater of green hills,



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AT MATANZAS.

Showing a portion of the bay, the docks, coasting vessels, etc. This picture has excited great admiration because of its superb cloud effects, the delicate lights and shadows reflected in the water, and its general exquisiteness of detail throughout.

greater, and vastly more enduring, than the province could ever have experienced under its former harassing discouragements.

Matanzas, Cuba's second city in size, wealth, and commercial importance, and, perhaps, first in healthfulness, quaintness and beauty, is situated on the northern coast, fifty-four miles east of Havana. Its harbor, though not so large as that of Havana, is superior to it in many respects, and infinitely cleaner. Although apparently not land locked, its wide entrance is thoroughly protected from the heavy surf and swells of the sea by a fine natural breakwater formed by the coral reefs which lie just beyond its mouth. The dimensions of the harbor measure about two and one-half miles long on its southeastern shore. The breadth at the usual point of anchorage is about seven and one-half miles. There is only one wharf in the town, and just eight feet of water in front of it, consequently all large vessels must anchor half a mile or more from shore, and load and unload with lighters. The citizens argue that this gives work to a good many people who otherwise would have nothing to do, but nobody seems to have figured on the amount of trade that has been lost during 200 years on account of this slow and tedious method. The harbor has never been dredged at all. Half a mile below the one solitary wharf, the channel runs very deep within fifty feet of there, but

300 feet high, that inclose the city on three sides, resemble those that encompass Valparaiso, but these heights, with their natural sanitation and drainage, are not utilized for residence purposes like those of the Chilean town. Neither ancient nor modern Castilians were much given to exercise. They evidently reflected that if they put their houses up there, and left the water front for wharves and ships, they would have to walk up the hills and down again, so they placed the town on some nice low land, conveniently near to the bay, and only three feet above it. They did not take the trouble to put in any sewerage, for were there not plenty of buzzards about? Besides, did not the elements sometimes give things a pretty fair cleaning up, between rains washing down from the hills and a good storm at sea sweeping up into the streets?

The San Juan River, running through the middle of Matanzas City, is a beautiful stream 100 feet wide at its mouth, while the Yumuri, though much narrower, is scarcely less picturesque. Several handsome stone bridges span the wide, deep San Juan, among them the notable Puente Belem, which is a sort of second edition of Pizarro's old bridge across the Rimac, at Lima, Peru. Pueblo Nuevo contains the railway depot, and one of the most beautiful avenues in all Cuba—the



ALTAR IN THE OLD MISSION AT MATANZAS.
The altar is made of solid silver, and the flowers in front of
the statue are hammered gold.

Calzada de San Estevan. For two miles it is lined with imposing villas, all with pillared porticos in front, paved, like the terraces, with mosaics of black and white marble, or blue and yellow tiles. These *casas*, many of which are envired by the most luxuriant gardens, are colored pea-green, sky-blue, rose-pink, lavender, purple, crushed strawberry, and yellow, but the colors, which elsewhere would seem to stand eternally at variance with the landscape, here tone in so perfectly with the tropic sky and foliage that you fail to notice the violent contrasts. All the houses are set flush with the pavement, but each has its beautiful garden at the sides, filled with flowers and stately palms, surrounded by tall iron railings, and stone pillars topped with urns, like many in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Beyond the second river was a swamp, but when the town grew, and it became a question as to whether it should spread up the hills or over the swamp, there was no hesitation in deciding in favor of the latter. This choice has, no doubt, helped the mortality rate a good deal, and rendered the Campo Santos incredibly populous—but it made level walking for the dons.

The so called palace at Matanzas is a very large, two-storied, flat-roofed *casa* of stone, straw, and adobe, faced with covered archways, or *portales*, fronting the Plaza d'Armas. Its ground floor, according to Spanish custom, is given up to offices, storerooms, quarters for soldiers and police, stables and kitchens, while the upper story is the official residence of the Governor of the province. A wide flight of stone steps, worn into deep hollows by the passing feet of three hundred years, leads to enormous upper rooms, each like a town hall. In the vast, echoing *salas*, with their marble floors, and long lines of crystal chandeliers, more fortunate Spanish Governors than the last incumbent have given splendid entertainments to the beauty and chivalry of Matanzas. The state dining room, where ceremonious banquets of many courses are solemnly partaken, is so big, that a telephone service between the host and his guests would be an improvement. In the great, bare sleeping apartments, the high-posted brass bedsteads, with crowns atop, brought from Barcelona generations ago, and all canopied, curtained, beribboned and beruffled in the gorgeous style of the mother country, are set exactly in the center of the expanse of marble flooring, and look like oases in desert lands. In truth, the most attractive part of this

medieval castle is outside of it—in *vistas* from its railed balconies. On one side of the *casa* you have an incomparable picture of the bay, blue as



MAIN COMMERCIAL THOROUGHFARE OF MATANZAS.

This is the principal street of the city, and since the restoration of peace it is constantly thronged with a prosperous and busy population.

the skies above it, reaching out to the ocean. Another side overlooks the neighboring hills, in which the insurgent camp-fires in war times could nightly be seen, and the historic old Montserrat Church, perched on a near-by spur. Those green heights enclose the world-famed Yumuri Valley—"Vale of Paradise"—an emerald gorge with a river winding through, dotted with stately palms and now ruined villas. Directly in front is the Plaza d'Armas, surrounded by the several departments of the colonial government, and the finest shops, cafés and club houses of an aristocratic and once prosperous people. The

plaza is laid out in the usual fashion of Spanish-America—walks, lined with flowers and shrubbery, radiating, like the spokes in a wheel, from a central point, which, in this case, is a fine statue of Ferdinand XII. The musty cathedral, whose corner stone was laid more than three centuries ago, is imposing by reason of massiveness and rude architectural beauty. Its two towers, one much taller than the other, are furnished with chimes, which are warranted to "murder sleep" more effectually than Macbeth's conscience.

The custom house, erected near the beginning of the present century, is long and low, with overhanging roof of red tiles and pillared inner corridors, and before the war, enjoyed the comfortable revenue of \$2,000,000 a year. Matanzas rejoices in the possession of a splendid new theater, which is locally claimed to be the finest in the West Indies, not even excepting Havana's "Theater of a Hundred Doors." There are several handsomely appointed houses and casinos, too, for in Cuban cities, as in Paris, London, and Madrid, club life flourishes, at the expense of domestic institutions.

One of the principal points of interest about Matanzas is the picturesque ruin of San Severino Castle. The way to this historical landmark leads along what is known as the Bay Road, through the San Carlos *Paseo*—the latter laid out with graveled walks and rows of trees, a stone parapet on the water side, and tall iron gates at either end. In Matanzas' golden day, this used to be a fashionable drive, thronged every evening with the beauty and aristocracy of the vicinage, attended by cavaliers on horseback. To and fro they went, from gate

to gate, again and again, until at eight o'clock the music of the *retrata* sounded in the Plaza d'Armas, when the brilliant pageant dissolved as if by magic. Beyond the *Paseo*, an excellent road extends two miles further out to the forts on Punta Gorda. On the hills nearest the bay are the barracks of Santa Isabella, the military hospital, and those dreadful sheds in which the dying reconcentrados were huddled. Happily, those sheds are empty now. The wretches are dead, every one. Men, women and children, octogenarians and babies in arms, thousands of them, have starved to death, and furnished food for "Weyler's chickens."



A WEALTHY SUGAR-PLANTER'S DAUGHTER RESIDING AT MATANZAS.

This cultured and refined young lady graciously posed for our artist in her father's garden, surrounded by tropical plants and flowers and a coffee tree loaded with scarlet berries in the background. But she modestly declined to permit her name to be used in connection with the picture. She and her ancestors are of the purest Castilian blood, representing that element in Spanish chivalry, of which the thoroughbred Dons are so sensitive and proud, and which gave to their country its chief historical glory.

The view from the summit of the ridge, above San Severino Castle, is something to live in the memory. More than thirty miles of undulating shore line are included in the prospect—the long bay, in its amphitheater of hills, looking like a majestic river, and the ocean highway dotted with sails; on one side of the ridge the plain, with the river running through, and the old city creeping up the hillsides; on the other, the lovely valley of the Yumuri, with its countless palms and burned cane fields, enveloped in a veil of mist. Like Rasselas' "Happy

Valley," it is so hemmed in by high precipices, that it seems cut off from the rest of the world, and ought to be the abiding place of pastoral content.

Matanzas is justly celebrated for the comeliness and amiability of its fair inhabitants, and is the home of many of the island's most famous beauties. In former times, the city boasted a population of 60,000 people, largely made up of descendants of titled grandees from Old Castile, yet its sudden decline to its present 40,000 souls, was due to the fact that thousands of its best citizens went to join the insurgent army when the recent rebellion against Spanish misrule was inaugurated. It was in this province that the war started in February, 1895, and the first skirmish took place near the Ignacia sugar mill, where the rebel chief, Antonio Lopez de Colona, was in hiding, with a

handful of men. There is a romance connected with Colona which will bear repeating. His sweetheart, Senorita Ampara Obra, the daughter of a good family, ran away from home, and joined him at the sugar mill the day before he was captured. The party were taken to Matanzas City, and shut up in old San Severino fortress—the same which our guns demolished on the 27th of April, 1898—the lovers at opposite ends of it. The girl was soon released, and sent to her parents, who promptly locked her up, and Colona remained several weeks in the lowest dungeon of San Severino. Love laughs at locksmiths in Cuba, as elsewhere. After a while the hero was transferred to Morro Castle, in Havana. Miss Obra succeeded in eluding the vigilance of her *dueñas*, purloined a horse, and galloped to the capital

"between two days." She gained admittance to the castle, was married to Colona by the prison chaplain, and remained with him in durance vile, until they both escaped, and joined the insurgents, and ever after, until the end of the war, the dauntless little woman followed her husband's fortunes, in camp and field, nursing the wounded, riding a horse like a man, and armed with machete and revolver, which she could use on occasion.

Matanzas furnished more men to the insurgent army than any other city, and throughout the four years' struggle it was the scene of many battles. In all previous revolts it figured as prominently, and in its Plaza d'Armas, hundreds of patriots have been shot. The blackest page in the history of Cuba can never be accurately written,



SCENE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MATANZAS PROVINCE.

This photograph represents the scenery of some of the favorite strongholds of the insurgents during the late war. To the right will be observed a typical mountain bridge, which could be either adjusted or destroyed at a few moments' notice.



MATANZAS AND THE MOUTH OF THE YUMURI

A glimpse of the famous Yumuri Valley is seen through the rift in the range of hills in the background. The range to the left is Montserrat, where oranges, said to be the finest in the world, are grown.

for no record was kept of the thousands of brave men, who, suspected of having a hand in some conspiracy to overthrow the government, were publicly executed, or privately murdered, or left to die by inches in some noisome dungeon in Spain's effort to maintain her hold upon the island.

In 1896, Matanzas was a thriving city of 54,000 inhabitants; at the end of the struggle, Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" would have been lively in comparison. At the beginning of the war, upward of 15,000 citizens fled, to save their families from the vengeance of the mother country. When Weyler issued his famous "reconcentrado" order, more than 23,000 men, women, and children, driven from their country homes, were herded in these streets, penniless and helpless. The result can be imagined, when food became so scarce that rice, the

born in Matanzas. So were the Guiteras brothers, José M. Galvez, Alberto Ortey, and many other prominent revolutionists; also, Gabriel Concepcion de la Valdez, the mulatto poet, and one of the noblest men Cuba has produced. He was accused of complicity with the last insurrection, and condemned to be shot in the central plaza of Matanzas by soldiers of the line. The first volley failed to touch a vital spot. The brave man, bleeding from many wounds, still stood erect and undaunted, and, pointing to his heart, said, in a clear, calm voice, "Aim here." Another volley—and another victim was added to the long list of Cuban martyrs.

Two railway lines connect Matanzas with Havana, one of them running via Jaruco and Cardenas, the other coming from the south-east, through Villa Clara, Sagua la Grande, and Cienfuegos, intersect-



A SQUAD OF AMERICAN CAVALRYMEN ON THE IMPERIAL ROAD BETWEEN MATANZAS AND FORT SAN SEVERINO.

Cuban staff of life, sold for 75 cents per pound, and meat was not to be had at any price. The 23,000 died—to a man, a woman, and a child. The feeble, who died quickly, were to be envied—not the stronger, who lingered in the pangs of slow starvation. In this little city, upwards of 10,000 deaths occurred within two months from one general cause—hunger. How unspeakably horrible it was, no pen can adequately portray. Everywhere the wretched creatures wandered forlornly, stretching bony hands in vain for bread. Others crouched on the curbstones, too far gone to beg, except with their eyes, whose piteous expression will forever haunt the beholder, while hundreds of others, having given up the weary struggle, lay dying or dead in the streets. But while all this appalling persecution was being enacted at the hands of the Spaniards, the patriot sons of Matanzas, in the field, were striving to their uttermost to avenge the cruelties inflicted upon their helpless ones at home.

The Vice-President of the embryo Republic, Señor Mendez de Capote, and the Secretary of State, Moreno de la Torre, were both

ing a rich sugar district, and bringing a large amount of freight to the coast for shipment. Both lines are American built, drawn by American engines, equipped with American cars, and, in a majority of cases, run by American engineers. Undoubtedly, the future prosperity of Matanzas will be greatly enhanced with the consummation of the various plans now under consideration, relative to the extension of its railroads, and the improvement of its transportation facilities generally.

WITH THE "GUARDIA CIVIL," IN MATANZAS.

An officer in the Spanish army, who served during the Cuban war battling for nearly three years against the insurgents, and then for a few months with the United States forces, is now a resident of this country. Owing to wounds received during the bombardment of the fortifications at Matanzas, he became incapacitated for military service, and, after the surrender of Santiago, was retired from the army. This officer was, until quite recently, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the



THE DEVASTATING OF MATANZAS PROVINCE.

This photograph, taken during the late war, vividly illustrates one of the many scenes of desolation enacted during that period. The horsemen on the shore of the rivulet are Spanish scouts, and the smokes in the background is arising from one of the Cuban estates, to which they have just applied the torch.

Guardia Civil, and he has written, for this work, the following unique and interesting account of his experiences while in the Spanish service in Cuba:

The *Guardia Civil*, or civil guard, is the "crack" force of Spain's army. It is composed of eight corps of 750 men each, and the privates must be exceptionally fine specimens of physical manhood. They must also know how to read and write, as it sometimes becomes the duty of the private to examine the records kept by the local authorities in out-of-the-way country districts, and especially in Spanish colonies. The general duty of the civil guard is to see that all orders emanating from the military and civil governors of the province in which they should happen to be stationed are duly executed; to be acquainted, as nearly as possible, with everybody's mode of livelihood, and also to know the topography of the country, especially as to roads and means of communication.

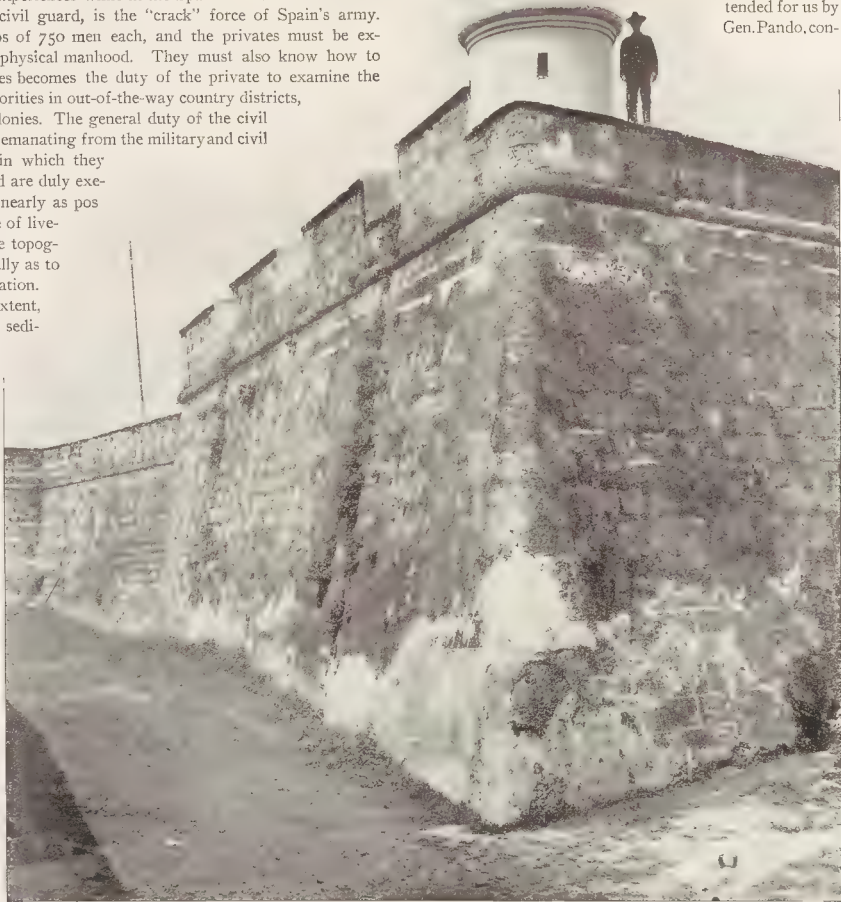
Thus they are, to a certain extent, held responsible, should a sedition or revolution break out without their having reported such to the military governor. In time of war, their post is always in front, and they are always called upon to lead strange bodies of troops through the country. The pay of the privates is \$1 per day, out of which they feed themselves and their mounts. The uniform is gray, with red facings and silver chevrons; they wear a soft, gray, round hat, looped up on the right side, and carry a sabre, revolver, and Mauser carbine. The six corps serving in Cuba during the revolution and our war with the United States of America, lost 1,460 killed, and 3,082 wounded beyond possibility of rendering further service. This from a total strength of 4,500 men. They are principally recruited from

the non-commissioned officers of the regular army.

I became a sub-lieutenant, or "Alferez," of the *Guardia Civil*, on graduating, in 1880, from the "Colegio Real Militar," the Spanish West Point. I was ordered into the field against the Cuban insurgents, with the 2d Corps, on September 2, 1895, holding at that time the rank of Captain. On the 6th of February, 1898, I was Major of the 2d Corps, and we were ordered to the town of "Ceiba-Mocha," some twenty five miles from the most beautiful city of Cuba, Matanzas, capital city of the province of the same name.

"Ceiba-Mocha" and its neighborhood was a refuge and center of operations for the insurgents on account of its position among the mountains, and its difficulty of approach. We were attacked several times by the prominent Cuban leader, José Maria Rodriguez, who rendezvoused around "Ceiba" with some 4,000 insurgents. He once played us the following ruse: An order to our Colonel had been sent by Gen. Augustin Pando, with a mounted orderly of the staff, who was captured by Rodriguez. He informed himself of the dispatches, and commanding the orderly to divest himself of his uniform, he dressed one of his own aides in the same.

Then, taking the dispatches intended for us by Gen. Pando, con-



PORTION OF WALL AND WATCH TOWER OF FORT SAN SEVERINO, MATANZAS.

Beneath the grim walls and immediately under the tower is located the "shark hole," where the bodies of victims of Spanish cruelty were thrown each night as food for the ravenous sharks that infested the place.

cerning which he had some previous information, Rodriguez added that we should, at midnight of March 6, 1898, march dismounted to a spot called "El Paso Del Degollado," and incorporate with Col. Arispe, of the 1st Corps, *Guardia Civil*, and operate in conjunction with him. The fellow arrived at our camp headquarters about 9 p. m. of the night in question, and was brought to me at regimental headquarters. I, in turn, took him to the Colonel, who, after informing himself of the dispatches, gave orders for immediate preparation for the midnight sally. The "orderly" said that he was desirous of taking advantage of the escort to return to headquarters, and was given permission to accompany us, as far as he went, on his way.

Meanwhile, the insurgent Gen. Rodriguez had not been idle, but had prepared a very nasty trap for us to fall into, and which was only evaded, to some extent, by the rather too premature flight of Rodriguez's emissary.

We set out at precisely 11:30, calculating that we should arrive at the "Paso" at 2 a. m., as ordered. The bogus courier was riding with

get into square formations, and keep the ambuscaders back with our bayonets. It was a veritable *sauve-qui-peut*, with an occasional shot, point-blank, at some Cuban "machetero," right on top of us. Of the 630 men of our corps who went with us that night, we had seventeen killed, and fifty four wounded, including the Lieutenant-Colonel and nine officers.

Such was the life of a civil guard. It would be a very exceptional thing to move any body of the regular army at midnight on such short notice, but we could have no excuse, as we were supposed to be always ready.

In the beginning of April, 1898, we had another brush with the same insurgent officer, in which he did not come off quite so favorably. At this time, Gomez was west of our position, and was endeavoring to go east, as the American fleet and forces seemed inclined to avoid Havana, and he was anxious to get where he might co-operate. We had particular orders to keep the main army corps acquainted with his movements. Now, on account of the peculiar disposition of Gen.



INTERIOR OF FORT SAN SEVERINO

The two low doors on the right, near the pyramids of cannon barrels, open into the death cells, whence no prisoner ever emerged alive. The "shark hole" is immediately beyond the cells. For garrote and various instruments of torture used in extracting information or confessions from political prisoners, were also fastened within the walls of this grim fortress.

the "vanguardia," though we were all dismounted. At about 1 a. m., we were stopped several times by inexplicable noises, and began to feel not a little fidgety and suspicious, so much so, that the orderly was partly closed in by our men, and more than one gun was bearing on him. Suddenly there was a crack of a rifle, followed by a volley that riddled our ranks. Among the first to fall was the orderly's horse, and, as he then drew his revolver and opened on us, he speedily paid the penalty of his treachery. The engagement was hot, but short. The night was, fortunately, dark, and we finally saw a ravine some hundred yards away, in which we took shelter. But the recollection of the passage from our line of march to that ravine is, to my memory, one of the most vivid of the many tight places in which I found myself during the three years' campaign. We could not rally; there was no room to

Gomez, and also that of this particular part of the Island of Cuba, this was a very difficult task. It kept us marching and counter-marching, and constantly in contact with different bodies of insurgents, who were all flocking east. Their line of march was right through our position. I was out with some 300 men, having conveyed some money to one of our detachments in the neighborhood, when, on arriving at the point where we had to cross the railroad running from Havana to Matanzas, we sighted troops coming east. We got into position, and discovered that Gen. Laque was advancing with the intention to intercept Gomez at El Pamar, about four leagues distant, and we were ordered to lead the "vanguardia." We arrived about 4 p. m., and, after having dined from a horse, killed because he had become too lame to travel, we disposed ourselves to take a little rest, booted and spurred, and without

unsaddling, having simply loosened the girths. At about 9 p. m., we were informed by some prisoners, hurriedly brought in, that Gomez had sent word ahead that he would arrive at Central San Lazaro about 1 a. m. Now, this Central San Lazaro is a sugar plantation belonging to a Scotch-American family, the McCulloughs, owners, also, of Central Soledad, on the border line of Matanzas and Santa Clara. This family had always been suspected by our government of rendering aid and succor to the insurgents, but we had never taken them *infraganti delictus*, as we did this night.

We arrived at the Central a little before midnight, and Gen. Luque, in person, interviewed Mr. John McCullough, who, of course, knew nothing of the proposed visit of Gomez, although we surprised them roasting two bullocks in the patio. These, he informed us, were for a feast they were to have on the following day. However, he was ordered to confine himself to his room, in company with a couple of the civil guard, which was also disposed through the house, and Gen. Luque returned to invest the approaches with 1,500 cavalry he had, and 300 of our men. A few minutes before 1 a. m., the "vanguardia" of Gomez arrived, but, before entering the house, were alarmed by the whinnying of strange horses. At this, they rushed by me, and into the house, to ask the McCulloughs for information. Here they were nicely trapped, after four of Gen. Rodriguez's officers had been killed, one of these being his nephew. At the first shots from the interior of the house, Gen. Luque moved on the insurgent force, now within range, and, taken by surprise, they were soon defeated. We had but two men killed, and next day we interred twenty-eight of the insurgents.

On the 2d day of April, 1898, we were ordered into the City of Matanzas. Alas! what desolation, in comparison with the gay and



PRIMITIVE METHOD OF HULLING COFFEE BERRIES.

luxurious appearance of the place in time of peace! Instead of daintily bedecked señoritas, going either to church or to promenade on the beautiful sea front, we saw nothing but houses with closed windows and shutters, and crowds of dirty, ragged and famished women and children, begging for bread, even from us. The place looked as if it were stricken with a deadly plague. Notwithstanding this, we, in compliance with military regulations, marched to our barracks on the Esplanada, with martial music and disinterested mien.

We remained here but a few days, and, on April 15th, were ordered to take quarters in the Castle of San Severino, on the eastern side of the entrance to Matanzas harbor, for the soldiers of the artillery were working day and night at throwing up earthworks in the sand batteries of the Punta, and it became necessary that we should perform guard duty for them, in order to relieve their fatigue. Thenceforth,



A DETACHMENT OF SPANISH "GUARDIA CIVIL" IN THE FIELD.

These are the troops, some of whose operations in Matanzas Province are described, by a former Spanish officer, in this number. The photograph shows their general appearance, accoutrements, arms, etc.

we were constantly on duty, and, as usual, very badly fed. A glass of milk cost 50c., and 25c. for an egg. Meat was \$4 and \$5 a pound. Bread could hardly be bought. The men's rations consisted of a little boiled rice, or beans, with sometimes a very little dried meat or fish. Yet with two rivers full of fish, within a mile of us, and living not a stone's throw from the sea, fresh fish was very scarce. There was no one to catch it. No officer had the authority to permit any of his command to go fishing, and so we starved in sight of plenty. And whom could we blame? We used to blame our particular constellation.

For several days we could see large American warships passing and repassing the Punta, and on the evening of April 27, 1898, if I remember rightly, there were several in sight. About 10 a. m., the Governor's port launch steamed by us, and out to sea. We were informed that the Governor had sent to ask the American commander if

artillery, of which, however, comparatively few were modern, as most of the improved guns had been transported to Havana, and on to some of our gunboats, an attack upon Matanzas not having been deemed probable. We heartily wished some of the guns were back, and the gunners with them, as the *Guardia Civil* knows much more about the management of a horse than that of a piece of antiquated artillery. We also wondered whether the marksmanship of the "gringos" would be sufficiently good to hit us. An 8 inch shell from the vessel in the center of the line, which, I believe, was the "New York," fell at our feet within a yard of the fort, causing the massive walls, fully eight feet in thickness, to shake perceptibly. This was the signal for the fierce bombardment which ensued. Every shot fired seemed to fall within the fortification. Before we knew well what had happened, we could see nothing to seaward but a dense, impenetrable cloud of smoke, while we,



THE CATHEDRAL AT MATANZAS.

The foundation of this ancient edifice was laid in 1693. It is one of the most antique and interesting churches to be seen in the entire island.

he intended to bombard the city, so that he might have time to get the non-combatants out of danger. These non-combatants were famished and terror-stricken women and children. The American officer informed him that it was not his intention to fire on the city, but on the fortifications of the Punta, situated three miles distant from the city.

During the interval between the going out of the launch and the firing of the first shell by the American fleet, a group of officers, of which I was one, were occupying themselves, according to Spanish military custom, with reviewing the history of San Severino Castle, upon whose walls we stood, and which was now being threatened with ruin. The castle was built by the Franciscan friars in the sixteenth century, and used by them as a monastery for nearly 200 years. During the reign of Fernando VII. it was confiscated and fortified. Since that time it has been gradually transformed into the noble pile it was until the 27th day of April, 1898. Its batteries contained sixty-nine pieces of

with our smokeless powder, were a conspicuous mark, as plain to be seen as the sun at noonday, for a bright object can be seen from behind a cloud of smoke, while, on the contrary, you can not see a ship that is wrapped completely in the smoke of continued artillery fire. This is a positive fact. I do not say it as an excuse for our utterly bad gunnery, for, be it remembered, we, in San Severino, were cavalry, not artillery men, but this is the true explanation of our bad work throughout the whole war. We saw nothing to fire at but a cloud of smoke, from moving warships that carried their smoke back as they moved, and at this we fired with as much coolness and desire for effect as could well inspire the hearts of soldiers eager for victory. Of course, we fired high, because we figured that such shots, if too elevated for the hull, might hit some of the rigging batteries of a succession of vessels, whereas a shot under water, unless right home, would be utterly lost. The concussion from the first shot had scarcely subsided ere we became aware that our



CORNER OF ANIMA STREET, MATANZAS, AT FOOT OF YUMURI VALLEY.

land batteries, on the other side of the Punta, were also in extreme danger.

The American marksmanship was so perfect that every shell seemed to fall directly upon a gun. The firing was very rapid. In twenty minutes the interior of San Severino was in ruins, and the garrison was being formed in the "patio" to take shelter under the sea wall and use their Mausers, as the American ships were quite close; one especially, a monitor (the "Puritan"), came within 100 yards of the castle escarpments. As the 12th Battalion de Astunas had about completed its formation, a shell fell right into their midst, killing outright thirty-two men, and wounding seventy. I looked

at my watch, and was calculating how long we should last, when another shell burst about twelve feet to my right and rear. Simultaneously I experienced a sensation as if a baseball had struck me on the head. I put my hands up to see if I were struck, and although I could find no blood, I felt dazed, and could not think connectedly. I tried to convince myself that what I was feeling must be the effect of the vibration, and again placed my hand to my head; this time I felt the warm blood, but no pain. I then began to probe with my finger, the point of which inserted itself into a hole in the back of my head. I turned round to answer the call of one of my officers, and, while speaking to him, fell unconscious. When

I revived, a few hours after, I was in the military hospital in the city, and was informed by the



CUBAN INDEPENDENT POOR HOSPITAL, MATANZAS.

After the American occupation this building was used by the Twelfth Signal Corps and the Tenth U. S. Infantry.

surgeons that a piece of shell had lodged under the base of my skull, and that a delicate operation would be performed as soon as possible. Our Surgeon General, a particular friend of my family, was, at that time, attending the sick bed of our Captain-General at Havana, and I telegraphed for him. Day after day passed and still he came not, till the surgeons became alarmed, and told me that if I would not submit to the operation at once, I should die, as a cerebro-meningitis was threatened, which, considering my condition, would assuredly prove fatal. I awaited, however, eleven days for the arrival of my friend, who found me on the operating table, with the surgeon close by, chloroform in hand, as I had insisted upon seeing my friend before permitting its administration. The operation lasted twenty-eight minutes, and was quite successful.

Notwithstanding the severe shock my system sustained, as a result of this trying ordeal, within six weeks from the time I received my

"When the 'New York' came almost off the point, two miles distant, a long yellow streak showed the location of fresh earthworks, and around and on this ridge, a number of men were moving like busy ants, while beyond, black patches with waving fringes on the edges were plainly more troops. The 'New York' swung slowly round until her port broadside was almost parallel with the shore, and her after-turret guns were bearing on the fort across the harbor mouth. The 'Puritan' and 'Cincinnati' were ranging up alongside, the monitor having followed close in the wake of the 'New York,' and was edging up, eager for a share in whatever trouble was brewing.

"At 12:57 o'clock the bugle on the flagship called the crew to general quarters. Every man on board knew that no chasing of prizes was the game in hand. The decks in an instant were swarming with men running to their stations, amid confusion to the unpractised eye, but in reality the intraction of a wonderfully complicated and smooth-



IN THE SUBURBS OF MATANZAS

Old Spanish Government buildings, occupied as barracks for U. S. soldiers since the close of the war.

wound, I was again returned to duty with my command, meanwhile having been advanced to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. I remained in the field until the final surrender of the Spanish army at Santiago, after which, on account of my weakened condition, resulting from my wounds and continued privations, I was permanently retired from the *Guardia Civil*, and the military service of Spain, and have since made my home among the people who fought my countrymen in the war for Cuban independence.

THE AMERICAN ACCOUNT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF MATANZAS.

The following account of the bombardment of the forts at Matanzas was written by an American correspondent, who was on board the "New York" at the time. It is especially interesting, by way of comparison with the Spanish Colonel's narrative:

running mechanism. The crews were at the guns, engineers had divied below in their steel-walled pen, marines were in the fighting tops, surgeons in the sick bay, men in magazines and at ammunition hoists, almost before the summoning bugle had ceased.

"Admiral Sampson stood on the left forward bridge, with Captain Chadwick and his staff of officers, the most exposed place in the ship. In the moment of waiting, Captain Chadwick came down to the superstructure, and said to Naval Cadet Boone: 'Fire the eight-inch waist gun at the earthworks just abreast; the range is 4,000 yards.' Boone turned to his gun captain, Frank Meyer, and ordered him to sight the big rifle.

"Cadet Boone is one of the youngest 'water babies' in the service, having only graduated from the Annapolis Academy on the first of the month. He understands his business, and is a hero among the jack-tars of Uncle Sam's warships.

"Aim was carefully taken, for this was to be the first shot against Spain in Cuba. Boone pressed the electrical firing key, and 250 pounds of steel started for the shore with a jar and shock and shrill war song, like the buzzing of a million angry bees. It seemed a full minute before a cloud of sand burst to the left of the earthworks, like the eruption of a geyser. The shot was excellent for a first trial, and the barefooted jackies, with sleeves rolled up, watching behind their smoking waist gun, yelled joyously as another shell was shoved into the breech. The forward turret was swung around so that a pair of eight-inch guns were pointed full on shore. From this turret was fired the second shot, and to the right of the target the soil belched up like a great puff of smoke.

"It was now the turn of the turret containing the eight-inch rifles, and from this place the third shot found range, and the shell landed directly upon the earthworks, as well as could be judged. The Spanish soldiers had vanished from the ramparts, but the gun crews had not fled, and went on manfully loading and firing their modern rifles, which had recently been mounted.

"As soon as the 'New York' opened fire, the captains of the 'Puritan' and 'Cincinnati' signaled for permission also to engage, and, in a code of fluttering flags, the reply was sent back: 'All right; go ahead.'

The left twelve-inch gun of the monitor, in the forward turret, slowly cocked skyward, and 750 pounds of steel rushed toward the stone fort on the eastern shore of the harbor, to which the 'Puritan' gave her exclusive attention.



QUAINT OLD FRANCISCAN CHURCH IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS OF WESTERN CUBA.

The 'New York' was between the monitor on the east and the 'Cincinnati' to the west. The 'Cincinnati' swung handsomely round to bring her port batteries into play, and thundered forth her terrific broadsides with five five-inch guns, and one six-inch gun on the forecastle.

"The flagship was now hot at work. Her port battery of six four-inch rifles on the gun deck was sending a shower of shells, and all these guns were being rapidly served. It was impossible to keep count or track of the shots in this uproar from three ships, firing on an average of nearly twenty shots per minute. The monitor was more

deliberate than the others, using her four-inch battery with her big guns forward. But on the two cruisers, the noise was like the explosion of a pack of giant crackers a thousandfold magnified.

The only pause was to allow the billowing white smoke to drift away, and the



FORT IGUEY, MATANZAS

This massive structure, together with its outer works of stone, was one of the strongest fortifications on the outskirts of Matanzas during the war. Several bloody encounters between the Cuban patriots and the Spaniards took place here.

gunners again to see the shore targets. Brown prismatic powder was used, which caused much smoke, but it was quickly dispersed by the fresh breeze that was blowing at the time.

"The 'Cincinnati' was occupied with the west shore works only, but the 'New York' pounded at both sides of the bay impartially. The return fire from shore was very slow. The eastern fort mounted four breech loading eight inch rifles, which were loaded and fired intermittently, but very few shells fell less than a quarter to a mile short. The turret guns from the 'Puritan' and 'New York' got a good range on this structure, and several big shells seemed to land on the target. But it was one gun behind the western earthworks which made its presence unmistakably known, and its crew was not driven away. There was nothing to shoot at from seaward except a sand bank, in which many shells buried themselves without exploding. Other shells

slowly ahead. She had swung round stern to the shore before this, and her after-turret guns and starboard waist gun, all eight-inch guns, had sent several shells at the eastern shore. Thus ended the bombardment of the batteries, with the exception of one final shot. As the ships slowly swung out to sea, a Spanish soldier rose up from behind an embankment and fired a gun at the 'Puritan.' It was his last shot. The long gun in the forward turret of the little monitor was brought to bear on the Spanish battery, the electric firing key was touched, a huge column of flame and hot white smoke shot out in a straight line, and, before the crash of the explosion had time to reach the shore, a shell had struck the Spanish battery, and lifted the gun and the earthworks into the air, like the blowing up of a volcano. It was the finest shot of the battle, and hearty cheers, and shouts of 'Take that for the 'Maine!'' greeted its destructive results.



RAILROAD STATION AT MATANZAS

Showing train with first, second and third-class coaches. The conductor is in the act of ringing the station bell, which is the signal for the departure of the train. The bell is also rung a few minutes before the arrival of trains

whistled directly over the 'New York' with vicious enthusiasm, one of them so near the smoke-stack that it splashed into the sea only 100 yards to the starboard.

"As the flagship was stationary, the range, once found, might have been effectively followed up, but the guns were silent after these good shots were made, including a very close shave for the 'Cincinnati' from a shell, which dropped just astern. The 'Cincinnati' did some remarkably pretty practice, both first and last, from her port broadside, and, the range once found, plumped shells on shore in and around the earthworks in a wholesale fashion. On the other ships many square hits were made, and the damage done could plainly be seen through the glasses. Bricks and masonry flew in the air from the square stone forts until the dropping fire slackened into silence.

"No attempt was made to follow up the movement by closing in near the town. After accomplishing the ends desired, Admiral Sampson gave the signal to cease firing at 1:07, and the flagship moved

"'Are you satisfied?' was asked of Admiral Sampson.
"'Yes; I expected to be,' was the laconic reply."

DOMESTIC LIFE IN MATANZAS.

Nearing Matanzas, after traversing the fifty odd miles involved in the more or less tedious journey thither from Havana, the prospect undergoes a marked improvement. Decent houses, with tiled roofs and tinted walls, are more frequent, roads that look tolerably good wind off among plantations, and the palm-bark huts of the *paísanos*—the hapless country people whom Weyler "concentrated" almost to their extinction—again show signs of occupation. Some of the farmers are scratching up the earth with rude plows made of the crooked branches of trees, precisely like the implements that have been used in Egypt since Moses' day. Indeed, the whole landscape reminds one of Syria



THE BEGINNING OF A NEW PLANTATION IN THE WOODS

and the Nile region, the dust being that of Egyptian deserts, and the thermometer hovering in the neighborhood of 90 degrees all the mid-winter day. Occasional groups of splendid palms are seen, tossing their green plumes against a cloudless sky. The song of the thrush and the to McGuire is in the air, and here and there are evidences of cane-planting and garden-making. But the Valley of Matanzas—the incomparable Yumuri of the aborigines—is no longer the beauty spot

of the world. To-day it is more like a graveyard of wrecked fortunes and ruined homes. Each melancholy mound which marks what was once a habitation or a sugar mill, is thickly overgrown with blossoming creepers—so quickly does Mother Nature hide her wounds in these regions of eternal summer. You are struck by the sickly, undersized, half-starved appearance of the cattle, like the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream—though verdure of certain kinds is so rank and beautiful; for no rich green sward grows in the tropics, and hay is never made.

Approaching Matanzas City—hot, hungry, weary, and so be powdered with "the sacred dust of martyr soil" that your dearest friend would hardly recognize you—a sudden whiff of cool air, blown straight from the Mexican Gulf, revives you like a draught of wine, and, presently, you see the broad, blue harbor of Matanzas glistening like a polished mirror under the afternoon sun. Around the commodious railway station you find cabs, hacks, and volantes galore, and Jehus who have lately picked up enough English to assail your ears with cries of:

"Here Señor! Coom wis me al Hotel del Herro Carril! Bes' house el Ciervo de Oro (the Golden Stag)! Casa la Lonon! Hotel Endors! El Lion de Espana!" and all the rest of them.

Whatever the old City of Matanzas de San Severino may lack, it is certainly not hotels, so far as the number of them is concerned. Their quality is quite a different matter. It really makes little difference



PORTICO OF A MATANZAS COFFEE HOUSE

The native Cubans are very fond of coffee, and will drink half a dozen cups at a sitting. The French custom of placing tables on the sidewalks in front of the cafés, prevails in many of the Cuban cities.

which one you choose. You may as well shut your eyes and go blindly with the first cabman, for, in any case, you will be sure to wish you had tried another. On this third visit to Matanzas, I am so fortunate as to be domiciled in a private house, which gives me a fine opportunity for scraping acquaintance with Cuban family life. The main features are the same from Mexico to the tip of the southern continent; but there are variations in the matter of food. As in all parts of Spanish-America, *desayuno* (of bread, with coffee and chocolate) is brought to your bedside early in the morning. Breakfast proper, served in ceremonious courses between the hours of 11 and 2, is really the prominent meal of the day. In Cuba it invariably begins with eggs, in one form or another; either *huevas, pasadas por agua caliente* (literally, eggs passed through hot water), or *huevas fritas* (fried eggs), or *en tortilla en omelet*. Even French cooks are outdone by the Cubans in multitudinous varieties of omelets. They are compounded with chopped

is the land crabs (*camerones*), found in all parts of the island, and superior to the hard and soft shells of the Potomac.

Next to the fish comes *sesos* (sheep's brains), fried in oil or fricasseed, and a much more appetizing dish than it appears on paper; or calves' liver, boiled or stewed; or a kid's head, baked entire; or gillet stew; or hash of anything under the sun. Very appropriately, hashes are called *peccadillos*, "small sins," and at least one or two are served with every meal. A hash of rabbits and tomatoes, for instance; or of pig's feet and cheese; or of chicken and rice, is not at all objectionable, if you only know of what your "small sins" consist. Having thus disposed of preliminaries, you now come to the substantial part of the breakfast. First and foremost is the ubiquitous "bif steak" (Cuban for beef steak), which there is no dodging if you are American, for the nation is believed to be addicted to it as a toper to his cups; but you fail to recognize it a *la Cabana* without explanation, being a chunk



A CORNER OF THE PLAZA DE ARMAS, CUBA.

Many gruesome memories are connected with this spot, for it was here that the public executions during the Spanish régime generally took place. Since the advent of the new era the Plaza has become a favorite resort for idlers, who are attracted by its comforts as well as its former reputation. The antique urn on the pedestal to the right, and the long row of settees extending into the background, are carved out of solid stone, and have stood in their present position for centuries.

ham, kidneys, or meat of any kind: with tomatoes, rice, peas, peppers, potatoes, and fruit; with lemon, cinnamon, sugar, wine, mushrooms, fish, oil, what not; and they are always delicious. Rice is invariably served with eggs, and, about ninety times in one hundred, tomatoes and red peppers are stewed with rice.

The second course is fish, of which there are as many brands and ways of cooking as there are "many men of many minds." I never saw badly-cooked fish in Cuba, and at the poorest table the fried fish is sure to be a regular *chef d'oeuvre*, done in olive oil, of a beautiful golden brown, and without a suspicion of grease about it, served with sliced lemon. For boiled fish there are delicate sauces, the best of which are compounded with tomato or *picante* (with pepper like liquid fire), or *salsa tomator*. A Cuban *entrée*, which finds favor with most Americans,

cut from any part of the beef creature between horns and tail, sizzled in fat to the toughness of leather. There are mutton chops, also; sausages, which the Cubans greatly affect, and sometimes veal or pork. With the meats, *papas fritas* (fried potatoes) are served, and bananas, fried in grease. Then comes the *ensalada* (salad), which is sure to be excellent enough to make up for other deficiencies, whether of lentils and tomatoes, or crisp, pungent cresses fresh from some running stream, or a strange compound of fish, flesh or fowl, with fruits, seeds, nuts and vegetables. Then the *pasta de guayaba con queso* (guava jelly with cheese) is in order; and afterwards, fresh fruits of various sorts, followed by coffee. The latter is strong, black and bitter, which you are expected to take with sugar, but no milk, and maybe with a dash of cognac. All this time a bottle of Bordeaux claret, or the thin,

sour wine of Catalina, has stood at your elbow, and you might as well ask for the moon as a glass of water, which, as a table beverage, is not thought of in Spanish America. Butter, as we know it in the North, is not a *cosa de Cuba*. There is a yellowish-looking, strong-smelling compound, brought from Denmark in tin cans and labeled American butter, which resembles wagon-grease, and sells at \$1 a pound—when it can find a patron.

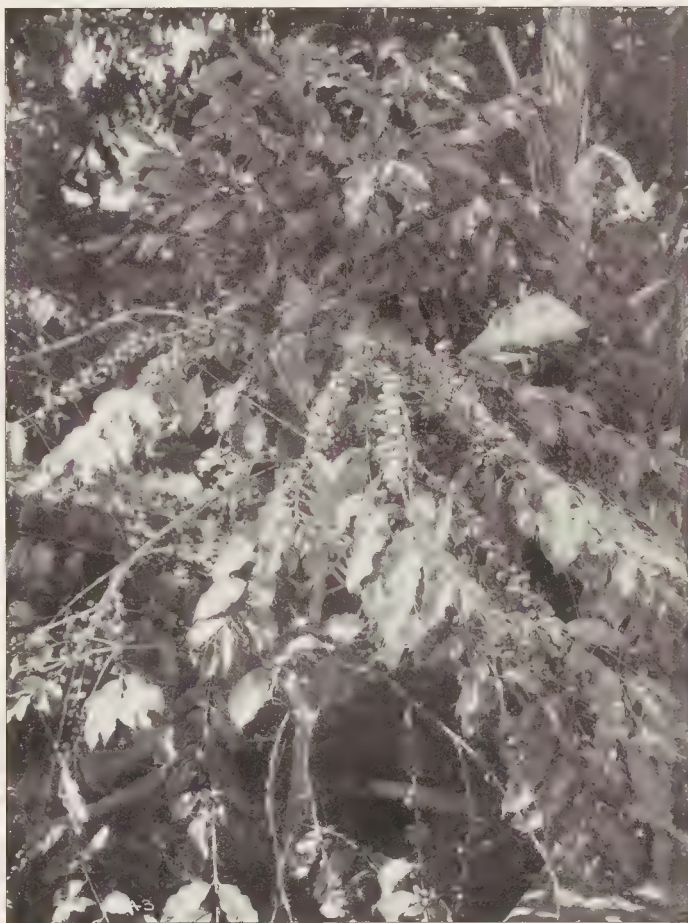
Dinner is a duplication of breakfast, with the addition of broth, and, maybe, game or poultry. The *caldo* (broth or soup), is made thick with onions, carrots and seeds; or, maybe, is a worm like mass of vermicelli wriggling amid garlic, or the favorite *caldo de pan*—a bread soup which closely resembles a poul-tice.

Be it understood, however, that we are not going to misuse the hospitality of our kind entertainers by unseemly prying or invidious comparisons. We will note only those things which lie so near the surface that he who runs may read them, remembering that every country under the sun has some peculiar customs of its own. While the ways of our Cuban neighbors appear strange to us from the angle of vision to which we were educated, our ways may seem equally queer from their point of view; and, perhaps, a judicious mingling of both might be of mutual benefit.



COROZO PALMS

This species of small palm grows in clusters, and has a broad leaf, somewhat resembling the calla lily.



A SPECIMEN OF CUBAN COFFEE

Photographed in a gentleman's garden in the suburbs of Matanzas.

One frequently hears in Cuba a Spanish proverb, which runs:

Musica miel, y la ventana,
No es buena por la mañana.

meaning, in effect, that music, honey, and gazing out of the windows are pleasures which should not be indulged in the early part of the day.

Disregarding the old saw, let us take a look from my casement this sunny mid winter morning, while the thermometer is already climbing high in the eighties. The window itself, forever guiltless of glass, is no small curiosity. Deep as the house walls (about four feet) and wide as the double doors of a Missouri barn, iron-barred outside, and shuttered within, it affords the cosiest kind of a work "den," with plenty of room for my easy chair, table, typewriter, camera, and big bowl of roses.

The inner view is of the typical Cuban sleeping apartment—floor of square marble tiles, cold as tombstones to the undressed feet; spindle-legged washstand, and claw-footed corner tables, and brass bedstead, with a folded quilt on its bare springs in lieu of a mattress; yellow satin hangings, crimson damask counterpane, and long, lean pillows, hard as paving stones. Its enormous double door, extending from floor to ceiling, and faced with a second door, breast high, of lattice work, opens upon the marble-paved, vine wreathed corridor which surrounds the patio.

The outlook from the window into a quaint, old garden is a never-ending delight. There are rows upon rows of banana trees, arching their green umbrellas above flowers and shrubs of countless variety, a labyrinth of pansy-bordered walks, outlined by rose vines on trellises of Japanese cane; occasional clumps of cabbages or other homely vegetables flourish here and there among strange cacti and rarest blooms; tobacco plants scattered thickly in every direction, and over all the royal palms flaunt their magnificent plumes against



THE PLAZA DE ARMAS AT CIENFUEGOS, PROVINCE OF SANTA CLARA

This park is considered to be one of the most beautiful and romantic spots in the world. The state's palms, scattered gracefully about, the antique statues and the white fountains of the massive buildings surrounding it, all combine to invest it with an artistic grandeur that defies all praise at description.

the azure sky. Set in a bed are a towering group of these monarchs of tropical vegetation, with smooth, round trunks like colossal columns chiseled by art. The widowed mistress of the casa says she planted them there with her own hand when she came here on her wedding day, more than forty years ago. Then they were knee-high baby palms, and now they tower fully eighty feet above the house top. Madame tells me that during the darkest days of the war, when the once wealthy were threatened with starvation, she eked out a living, not only for herself and several old-time servants who could not be discharged because they had no place to go, but also for several reconcentrado families whom she sheltered, from the proceeds of the tobacco plants scattered about the flower garden. Though the tax on tobacco was so high under the Spanish *régime* that it ruined the plantations, there was never any tax on the little that could be grown in gardens. So her



FRUIT STAND AT MATANZAS

Showing an infinite variety of fruits produced in this rich country, so favored by nature in soil and climate.

surreptitious plants were "clear gain," and brought in from \$800 to \$1,000 a year. It happened that among her reconcentrados was an expert cigarette-maker, and he dried the tobacco leaves, made them up on shares and disposed of them as madame could not have done.

An artificial river, rushing with continual murmur through the garden, not only furnishes necessary irrigation, but runs the great fountain in the patio and supplies the bath in the middle of the garden. This bath is characteristically Cuban and quaint enough to demand a paragraph. Built in fanciful, circular shape, like a Moorish temple, with latticed windows on all sides toppled with stained glass and extending from floor to ceiling, it is screened from



IMPERIAL OR MILITARY ROAD FROM MATANZAS TO FORT SAN SEBASTIAN.

This road is 300 feet in width, and six miles in length, and affords a delightful drive along the seashore from the city to the fort.

public view by rose-trellises and clumps of tall bananas. A flight of marble steps leads up to the elevated marble floor. At one side of the round space is a deep tank of clear, cold water, into which the bathèr descends by another flight of marble stairs. There is a shower bath and all modern accessories—except hot water, which in Cuba is never used for the bath; and the water can be changed at will, the refuse being distributed over the garden.

CÁRDENAS.

The city of Cárdenas, situated thirty miles distant from Matanzas, is perhaps the one striking example of modern progressiveness to be found in all the island of Cuba. Founded but seventy years ago—a truly recent birth for a Cuban city—it to-day possesses a population of 21,-

and distilleries. Cárdenas also derives much importance from its traffic in asphalt, vast deposits of which abound at the bottom of its immense harbor. The supply of this valuable mineral is practically inexhaustible, for the reason that the great submarine mines are constantly being replenished. This is brought about through the action of the aforesaid subterranean streams, several of which, after passing through extensive fields of petroleum, finally empty into the bay, thus carrying the mineral thither. So far as is known, in Cárdenas Bay there are four distinct deposits of asphalt. An authentic report on these important and profitable asphalt mines states as follows:

No. 1 is in the western part of the bay, and furnishes a very fine grade of practically pure asphalt, used in the manufacture of varnish. A very fine quality of varnish is said to be made by simply dissolving this particular asphalt in turpentine. Large quantities have been



A BUSINESS STREET IN MATANZAS

This photograph was taken in the early part of the summer of 1890, before there had been any opportunity for a revival of business after the war. The lethargy and decay so manifest in the picture have since been replaced by the bustling activity of a commercially prosperous city.

000 souls and many of the most substantial and creditable buildings on the island. The city is built on the shores of an extensive bay, twelve miles in length by eighteen in breadth. Unfortunately, however, shoreward this body of water is so shallow that vessels of more than average draught are compelled to anchor upwards of a mile from land. For the accommodation of traffic, however, there are some twenty piers from 300 to 1,000 feet in length extending into comparatively deep water. The city is equipped with a substantially built aqueduct, whence an excellent water supply is conducted from a subterranean river about a mile distant from the city, the abounding of such streams being one of the peculiarities of this particular province.

In addition to its superior water system Cárdenas is far in the lead of other cities of its size in Cuba, and numbers among other enterprises extensive soap and cotton manufactories and several large breweries

taken from this mine for more than twenty years. There is a hole or shaft in the bottom of the harbor, extending to a depth of about eighty feet below the surface of the water, into the bottom of which the asphalt filters. Recently, some difficulty has been experienced in securing the product, owing to the caving in of the sides of the shaft. The methods followed for securing the material are somewhat crude. A long iron bar with a pointed end is raised by a winch on board a lighter and allowed to fall, so as to detach portions of the asphalt, which is about as friable as cannel coal, and of much the same structure; the gloss, however, is very brilliant. After a sufficient quantity has been detached, a common scoop net is sent down, and filled by a diver without a diving suit. The average quantity obtained is from one to two and a half tons. The price for this grade, delivered in New York, ranges from \$80 to \$125 per ton of 2,240 pounds. The other



A GLIMPSE OF MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY IN MATANZAS PROVINCE

three mines are of a lower grade; the product being used chiefly for paving purposes, and occasionally for roofing materials.

No. 2 is northeast of Cayo Cupey. No work has been done there since the hurricane of 1888, which caused the shaft to be filled up with silt. Previous to that time, cargoes were taken from the deposit. Nos. 3 and 4 contain asphalt of the same grade as No. 2, and adapted for the same purposes.

No. 3 is situated at the mouth of the River La Palma, about twenty miles from Cárdenas. It is in the same condition as No. 2.

No. 4 is situated near Diana Key, fifteen miles from the city, and is the largest of all. It is called the "Constancia Mine," and is owned by persons residing in Cárdenas. It has been under operation for more than twenty years. Probably 20,000 tons have been taken from it, and it appears to be practically inexhaustible. Vessels of from 150 to 200 tons have been moored over the deposit, and have been loaded by the joint labor of their own crews and the

crew of the lighter usually engaged in this work. The depth of the water is about twelve feet. As there are several shallow wells, the facilities for procuring the asphalt are abundant. The deposit is enclosed within a circumference of about 150 feet, and the asphalt seems to be continually renewed in every part of this space. In 1882 an American vessel took on board, in the manner just described, over 300 tons in the space of three weeks.

The bed of the bay seems never to have been thoroughly examined, to discover whether there are other sources of asphalt supply similar to those already found.

THE WINSLOW TRAGEDY.

On May 11, 1898, the harbor of Cárdenas was the scene of one of the most heart-rending war tragedies known to history, representing, as it did, the unequal contest between the little United States torpedo boat, "Winslow," on one side, and the Spanish auxiliary cruiser, "Antonio Lopez," and two small gunboats, supported by shore batteries and several hundred Spanish riflemen, on the other. Cárdenas Bay, in which the encounter took place, is a picturesque harbor, seventy miles from Havana. It is broad and shallow, with two jutting fangs of land close at the mouth, and a picket line of four coral keys outside, and its

surface is studded with other emerald-crowned keys, through which the tortuous channel, scarcely two fathoms deep, winds and twists its way to where the city of Cárdenas lies



MONUMENT TO FERDINAND II. OF SPAIN.

This monument was erected by Spanish subjects of Matanzas in 1877. After the occupation by our troops it was scaled over with plaster by order of the Government, preparatory to its delivery to the Spanish authorities.

nestled under the angle of sloping hills, fully seven miles from the entrance.

The Spaniards, since the blockade was inaugurated, had gradually withdrawn, abandoning their lighthouse, at the entrance to the bay, and destroying all the buoys and other aids to navigation as they went. Two sloops, whose naked spars emerged from the water, were sunk in the main channel, to prevent the entrance of invading ships, but the Spaniards left enough space between the obstructions to allow the passage of friendly vessels, if such could get through the blockade, provided they were guided from the signal station in operation on Diana Cay. Until May 11th, it was supposed, also, that mines had been planted. When Captain Todd, of the "Wilmington," and Commander Maury, of the "Machias," decided to run into the harbor, on the Wednesday in question, it was with the intention of destroying the signal station, and rounding up the three little gunboats which had chased the "Winslow" to the mouth of the harbor on the preceding Sunday. The American ships went in, with the "Winslow" in the van, the "Hudson" next, followed by the "Wilmington," and

first three that carried away the steam steering gear of the "Winslow," the explosion of the shell severely wounding the quartermaster in the head, and, later, while the injured man was engaged in operating the after handgear, it, too, was shot away.

The "Winslow," at the very outset of the engagement, which lasted over an hour, was, therefore, all but helpless, at the mercy of the gunboats and shore batteries. But the intrepid commander, severely wounded in the leg though he was from a piece of shell that exploded in the forward conning tower, gamely stopped the flow of blood by means of a tourniquet tightened with a loaded 1-pound shell, and remained pluckily at his post, directing the fire of the "Winslow's" 1-pounders, and maneuvering his little craft as best he could by means of her screw propellers. With the fire from the gunboats, the guns mounted in warehouses, and the fusillade of Mauser rifles, the air was as full of lead as a shot tower. The "Wilmington," steaming

back and forth across the line of fire, over a radius of 1,000 yards, was smashing 4-pound shells into the warehouses, and dropping them over the moles behind which were the gunboats. As her broadsides



TEATRO LA CARIDAD, CÁRDENAS.

During the war this famous building was the refuge of the best Spanish families of Cárdenas. It was partially destroyed by fire in May, 1898.

the "Machias" bringing up the rear. The "Machias," however, which draws thirteen feet, soon found the water too shallow, and gave it up. The "Wilmington," which draws but a fraction over nine feet, steamed to within 1,800 yards of the water front of the city, when her keel scraped, and she could go no further. The "Winslow," followed closely by the "Hudson," was then 500 yards ahead of the "Wilmington."

The three Spanish gunboats, which had been sighted moving about among the keys when the ships entered the harbor, considering discretion the better part of valor, had retired, and when the "Wilmington" grounded, were huddled, like storm-driven sheep, to the shelter of the wharves and moles which line the water front.

Captain Todd signalled the "Winslow" to proceed until within less than 1,000 yards of the gunboats, and some of the "Wilmington's" officers say the distance was less than 800 yards. It was then that the first shot was fired, whether from one of the Spanish warships, or from a gun mounted in one of the warehouses on the shore, reports conflict. It may have been the first shot; it certainly was among the

swung, she let go starboard, and then port. Her machine-guns in her tops were useless at the distance. The little "Hudson," with her 6-pounders, stood loyally by the "Winslow" throughout the action, but the Spanish fire was almost entirely concentrated on the "Winslow."

A perfect death hail fell upon her. The projectiles from the Spanish guns went through her several times, putting both her forward boilers and engine out of commission. Fortunately it was the aft boiler and engine which were being used. The accuracy of the Spanish gunners, in this case, is accounted for by the fact that buoys, in concentric circles, had been located in the upper bay to give them an exact range. When their guns were trained on the "Wilmington," they either over-shot or their shells fell short.

Fragments of bursting shells, however, were, time and again, showered upon the decks of the "Hudson" and "Wilmington," but not a man was touched aboard either ship, nor a piece of rigging carried away. Two dents were found on the "Wilmington" near the port bow after the action, but Capt. Todd thinks they were made by shells

bursting in shore. He says he fired over 100 shots before the guns were silenced.

The shore guns used smokeless powder, and their location could only be judged by the flashes. As the fire of the "Wilmington" was directed at them, and at the gunboats lying in the shelter of the moles, many of her shells plowed their way through the lower part of the city, which was all ablaze when the action ceased, and the "Hudson" towed out the crippled torpedo boat.

The fire spread through the city, and for half the night the lurid glare of burning buildings dyed the heavens a blood red. Far out at sea, the crimson glow must have been seen by the "Hudson," as she sorrowfully bore the dead and wounded back to Key West. Considering the fact that a perfect storm of shot and shell was being poured in upon the "Winslow," the officers of the "Wilmington" consider her escape from complete destruction little short of miraculous. Had any of her torpedoes exploded or had the shot which penetrated her forward boiler passed through the one in use, she would have been blown to atoms.

It was one of the last shots that killed Ensign Bagley. The firing from shore had almost ceased. He had gone up to the forward coming tower, where his wounded commander lay, still gallantly directing the action of his torn and riddled vessel, and had congratulated him. "I am glad we are well out of it," said he, "but I am awfully sorry you were hit." He then moved aft to the 1-pounder,



A TROPICAL GARDEN NEAR CÁRDENAS

In this garden tobacco, bananas, pineapples, coffee, royal palms, coconuts and other tropical products grow in luxuriant profusion.

where a group of oilers, seamen, and the negro mess attendant stood, arriving on the spot just as the fatal shell exploded in their midst. The gunboat "Wilmington," whose 4-inch shells at last silenced the guns of the enemy, and allowed the torn, blood-smeared, and powder-begrimed torpedo boat to be hauled off by the little converted revenue cutter, "Hudson," was lying majestically inside the lower bay, in command of the situation. At the upper end of the harbor, the partly burned city of Cárdenas, set on fire by the "Wilmington's" shells, still smoldered, while within a cable's length lay the ruins of the signal station upon Diana Cay, destroyed after the battle by marines from the "Machias." Words can not express the praise which Capt. Todd and the officers of the "Wilmington" bestowed upon Lieut. Bernadou for the gallant manner in which he handled and fought the "Winslow" as she lay a cripple, exposed to the pitiless fire which was concentrated upon her; nor their keen regret for the death of Ensign Bagley and the men who fell at his side.



RAILWAY DEPOT AT CÁRDENAS.

This is probably the handsomest and most modern structure in the West Indies, the style of architecture being the French renaissance

THE CURSE OF THE LOPEZ.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter VII.

"A H, SENOR! you must judge us not by our ill success in battle. Remember, we fought bravely to the last." It was three weeks since the perilous run of the Spanish cruiser, "Antonio Lopez," past the blazing guns of the

He took the tobacco in silence, indolently drooping his eyelids in the characteristic Spanish way during the process of fashioning his cigarette. But, as he presently applied a light thereto, he raised his eyes and regarded me absently through the drifting smoke wreaths.

"Yosemite" and "St. Paul," and her subsequent annihilation by the rapid fire batteries of the "New Orleans." I was leaning against a battered gun carriage on the devastated fore-castle of the ill-starred vessel as she lay, half submerged, on the reefs off San Juan, while before me, by the charred stump of her fore mast, stood one of her former *cañoneros*, or gunners.

We had met here, on this languorous autumn afternoon, entirely by chance, each of us having availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the existing protocol to visit the wreck in quest of souvenirs. By reason of my conventional Porto Rican garb, coupled with a disinclination to enlighten him as to my true identity, this nautical scion of Seville had mistaken me for one of his worsted compatriots. For an hour I had listened to his unique discourse on the virtues of the Spanish navy, in the course of which I took occasion, now and again, to interpose a skeptical, and, to him, evidently disloyal, criticism. It was one of the latter that had called forth the mild protest with which this narrative opens, and to which I replied:

"True, you were brave. But can not the Americans say as much?—and they were victorious. Tell me, *amigo mio*, what think you of the enemy—were they not brave, also?"

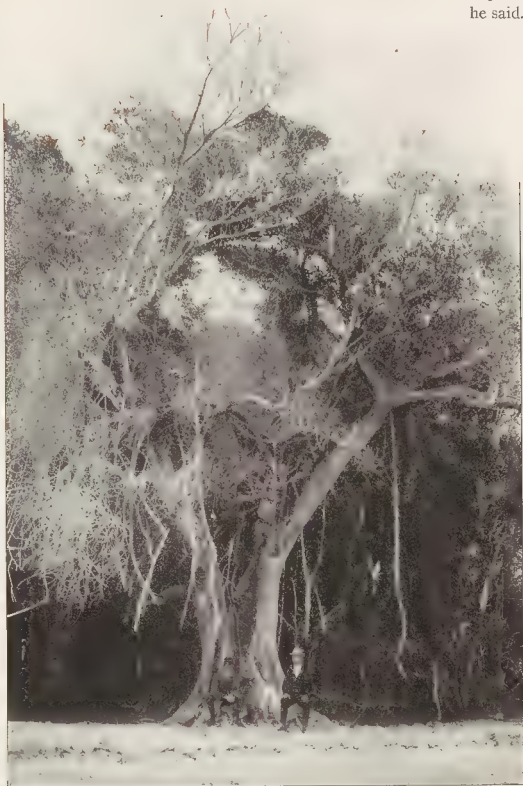
He shrugged his shoulders. "They are your friends," he returned, evasively.

"So be it," I solemnly answered. "I would own all brave men as my friends. Come now, *patrono*," I added, more congenially, extending my tobacco pouch by way of a peace offering, "you have said much in Spain's honor. Can you not bethink yourself of a single instance of American bravery?"



THE CURSE OF THE LOPEZ

"Because," I replied slowly, "I was Captain of a gun's crew in the maintop of the 'New Orleans.'"



HISTORICAL CEIBA TREE NEAR CÁRDENAS

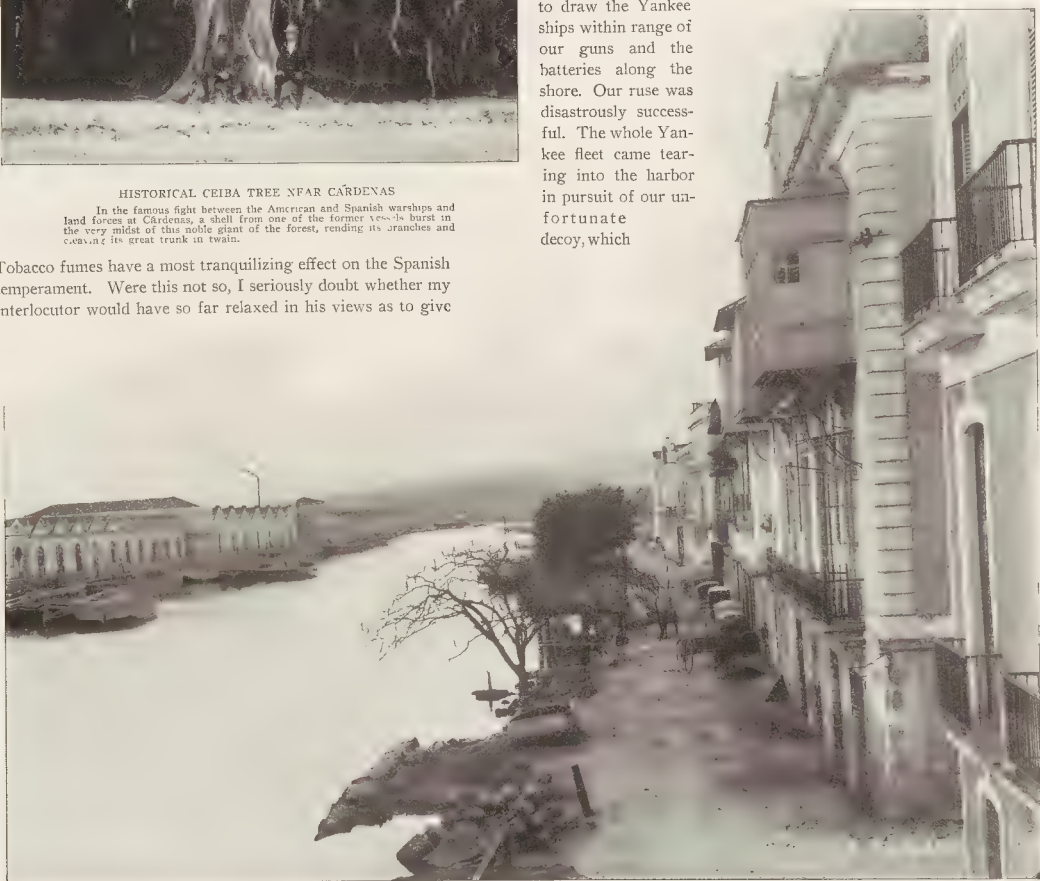
In the famous fight between the American and Spanish warships and land forces at Cárdenas, a shell from one of the former vessels burst in the very midst of this noble giant of the forest, rending its branches and causing its great trunk to twain.

Tobacco fumes have a most tranquilizing effect on the Spanish temperament. Were this not so, I seriously doubt whether my interlocutor would have so far relaxed in his views as to give

expression to the following magnanimous sentiment: "Señor, you are right," he said. "The Yankees are a brave people. The most valiant act I have ever seen was performed by a Yankee sailor. It was at Cárdenas. You remember Cárdenas—the first disastrous battle? I was there, señor, on this very ship, and was captain of that 10 inch gun you are leaning against. There was another of these guns aft on the poop before the fight with the 'New Orleans,' but it went to the bottom when the stern of the vessel was knocked to pieces by a shell from the Yankee cruiser. Ah, *Dios, a mío, señor!* that was a fearful day—"

"But the San Juan business came afterward," I interposed. "Tell me about that Cárdenas affair."

"Ah, yes, señor!" replied the gunner, thumping his forehead by way of pulling himself together. "The Cárdenas affair, to be sure. You see, señor," he added apologetically, "there is so much around about us here to remind me of the last fight, it confuses all my other thoughts. But to resume: At the commencement of the war, the 'Lopez,' together with a small gunboat, was stationed before the town of Cárdenas, which lies at the head of a large bay on the north coast of Matanzas. A short distance to seaward cruised a squadron of American war vessels, four in number. During the first week following their appearance off the harbor bar, they confined themselves to blockading the port within, but finally, seeming to weary of that monotonous duty, the smaller vessels took to venturing inside the heads. On such occasions we would, of course, take after them, whereupon they would slowly edge out to sea, keeping just out of range until they had decoyed us to within reach of the heavy guns of the larger vessels. It was not until after the 'Lopez' had her bowsprit shot away in the course of one of these sallies that we grew more wary. Then we decided to reverse this arrangement, and sent our little gunboat outside to draw the Yankee ships within range of our guns and the batteries along the shore. Our ruse was disastrously successful. The whole Yankee fleet came tearing into the harbor in pursuit of our unfortunate decoy, which



SCENE ON WATER FRONT AT CÁRDENAS.

It was in the small inlet shown in the photograph that the Spanish cruiser "Antonio Lopez" lay when she fired the fatal shot into the American torpedo boat "Winslow," killing Ensign Bagley and five of the "Winslow's" crew.

they overhauled and sunk before she had fairly cleared the heads. Moreover, they did not stop at this, but kept straight on, as if to attack the town.

"Strange as it may seem, the smallest of their vessels was in the lead. She was a mere launch in appearance, not over a hundred feet long, but her speed was like the wind, and she was heading straight for the 'Lopez.' It was a grand sight, señor, the temerity of this pigmy sea-warrior. On she sped, heedless of the fact that she was approaching the line of range buoys anchored within a thousand meters of the shore, for the guidance of our *cañoneros*. As I stood here on the forecable, and trained my gun on the little craft, she seemed more like a skiff than a war vessel. One of the shore batteries was first

to open fire. The shot passed close under the vessel's bow, and caused her to swerve a few points in her course. This brought her bow around sufficiently to present a much larger target than before. I took careful aim at her water-line just forward of the beam, and fired. She was so near that I felt confident the shot would take effect. Nor was I mistaken. But instead of blowing her out of the water as I had calculated upon doing, the shell crashed into her pilot house, completely demolishing it. How the helmsman could have escaped instant death will always be a mystery to me, but, nevertheless, such was the case, for while my crew was reloading the gun I looked through my binocular and observed a sailor—a mere lad he appeared to be—struggle to his feet from among the wreckage. He was plainly wounded, for his first act was to take off his neckerchief and bind it about his head. Then he stooped to examine his steering gear. I immediately knew this had been ruined, for, after a momentary inspection, the helmsman arose and hastened toward the stern of the vessel. I followed him with my glasses, and just as he arrived amidships our after-gun was fired, the shell bursting in the midst of a group of men he was in the act of passing. As the smoke cleared away, only two of the number remained on their feet. One of these, an officer, was staggering from the spot with his hands raised to his head. Suddenly he fell forward on his face at the foot of the signal mast, his arms clutching helplessly at the slender spar. We afterward learned that he had been killed almost instantly—the first American officer to die in the war.

"The one survivor of all who had been in the vicinity where the fatal shot had struck was the helmsman. I knew him by the black neckerchief about his head. He was still making his way aft, but so

slowly and painfully that I knew he had not escaped that second shot unscathed. I had guessed his destination—it was the hand-steering apparatus at the stern of the vessel. He staggered up to the wheel, and, grasping the spokes, threw it hard-over. At that instant a voice above me on the bridge thundered:

"*Caramba!* What's the matter with that forward gun? Bear a hand there—and aim at the wheel astern."

"I obeyed instantly, and drew a careful bead on the steering gear. Then, with a prayer to the Virgin for the soul of the helmsman, I pulled the lanyard.

"Señor, it was only by a miracle that I ever made such a shot. The shell swept the wheel clean from the deck, but the saints preserved



A PRETTY CÁRDENAS SENORITA AND HER BATTLE-SCARRED BROTHER

The young Cuban leaning against the barred casement of his sister's apartment was formerly a Lieutenant in the patriot army, and lost his arm in one of the battles in the outskirts of his native town.

the steersman. The next instant he struggled to his feet, and, laying hold of the relieving tackles, all that remained of the steering apparatus, with his left hand—why his left? Ah, señor, to be sure, I omitted to explain that his right arm had been torn away with the wheel—as I was saying, he caught up the relieving tackles and strove to regain control of the helpless craft. Meanwhile another of the Yankee ships was coming to the assistance of the disabled vessel, and I directed my next shot at her.

"Why don't you finish up that helmsman?" roared the Captain



SUGAR MILL IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CÁRDENAS.

This was formerly one of the largest sugar refineries in this section, but by reason of its having been partially destroyed by the Insurgents it is not at present in active operation.

from the bridge. He was exasperated at the brave Yankee's effort to save his vessel. Again I took aim—this time so carefully and deliberately that my shot flew a full fathom wide of the little craft.

"Señor, that shot cost me my reputation as a marksman. But I would rather it were so than have the blood of that gallant sailor on my soul.

"They say everything is fair in war. Evidently the captain of the after-gun thought so, for, when the smoke from his next shot lifted, the helmsman had vanished, not until his task was finished, however, for by this time the rescuing vessel had fastened on to the battered little craft and was towing her out of danger.

"And then, señor, a strange thing came to pass. Until now the

'Lopez' had not been struck, but just before the Yankee ships passed out of range they



GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOR AT CÁRDENAS

During the engagement between the American and Spanish forces on the 11th of May, 1898, several shells took effect among the docks shown in the foreground, badly demolishing the structures.

planted two shells into us. One of them demolished the bridge whereon the Captain stood, hurling him to his death; the other swept away the after-gun's crew to a man.

"From this on everything seemed to go wrong with the 'Lopez.' It was fully a month before the necessary materials could be secured for replacing her bridge and bowsprit, and another month before the repairs had been completed. Then we received orders to leave Cárdenas and sail for San Juan. The instructions may sound simple enough, señor, but their execution involved a world of difficulties, including the running of two blockades and the constant danger of falling in with some of the Yankee warships that were continually scouring the surrounding seas. Furthermore, we were to transport with us an entire regiment of artillery to re-enforce the Spanish army in Porto Rico. The first half of the undertaking was successful, for we managed to run the Cárdenas blockade and put to sea without detection. It was on board our own vessel that we experienced the first serious trouble. While approaching our destination a mutiny suddenly broke out among the artillerymen. Half their number declared themselves as being tired of the war, and demanded to be

around us. And now a more serious difficulty confronted us, for directly in our course, and just out of range of the San Juan forts, cruised another Yankee warship on blockade duty.

"In order to gain the protection of the guns of Morro it would be necessary to take chances on a dash past the intervening vessel. It was a desperate undertaking, señor, but there was no other alternative, and, crowding on the last ounce of steam, we bore straight ahead, as if to engage the Yankee. Meanwhile the first vessel had continued to gain, until she was now hard off our port quarter, which position enabled her to use her broadside guns as well as her forward battery, with the result that several of her shots took effect in our upper works.

"Our object in making directly for the other vessel had been to cause her to draw off to one side, thus giving us more leeway. But our calculations failed; the vessel never retreated an inch. On the contrary, as we came within range, she swung around, broadside to, and opened fire on us. To give her a wide berth would have been impossible, for less than 3,000 meters of space intervened between the shore and where she



EL GARCÍA CATHEDRAL. CÁRDENAS.

This is a singularly beautiful and interesting structure, its architecture differing widely from the general order of churches in Cuba. In the foreground will be seen one of the insular police, who were recently prohibited from carrying revolvers, as they proved themselves too hasty in using such weapons.

taken back to Cuba and put ashore. The other half of the regiment, however, remained loyal, and, backed by the crew of the 'Lopez,' took immediate steps toward quelling the revolt. A mutiny on board a crowded ship is a terrible thing, señor. And more so when men of the same blood raise their hands against one another in strife.

"Ah, it was sickening! A thousand men, naked to the waist, drenching the deck with each others' blood—and in so shameful a cause! Then, at the very height of the *mêlée*, came the lookout's ominous cry, 'A Yankee ship astern!' At this intelligence the mutineers sullenly abandoned the strife. It was worse than folly to longer wage the struggle against their countrymen, with their mutual adversary bearing down upon the vessel. Against the distant sky line, dead ahead, the coast of Porto Rico was now fairly discernible, and both factions on the 'Lopez' united their efforts in the endeavor to reach the island in advance of the pursuing vessel.

"It soon transpired, however, that the Yankee ship was steadily overhauling us, and by the time we had sighted the headlands of San Juan the shots from her bow-chaser were ploughing up the water all

lay, which rendered our prospects of getting past her more slender than ever. But we determined to stake everything on an attempt to get through, and, hugging close in to the shore, began our race with death. Ah, señor! it was a reckless undertaking, and heaven only knows how we ever survived the storm of shot and shell those two Yankee warships rained about us. But we plunged blindly on through it all without sustaining any damage more serious than the loss of our forward smokestack and our main topmast. Then, just as the forts of San Juan got the range of the pursuing vessels and forced them to abandon the chase, the 'Lopez' came to grief. Our navigator, in seeking to avoid the American broadsides, had forgotten the sunken keys off the entrance to San Juan harbor, with the result that our ship was suddenly impaled on the reef. It was hard luck, señor, after what we had just passed through, but, for all that, we felt safe enough now, for the ship was on an even keel and under cover of the guns of Morro. In the very midst of our congratulations on our narrow escape, however, a cloud of smoke appeared above the horizon, and a few moments later a third cruiser hove in sight."



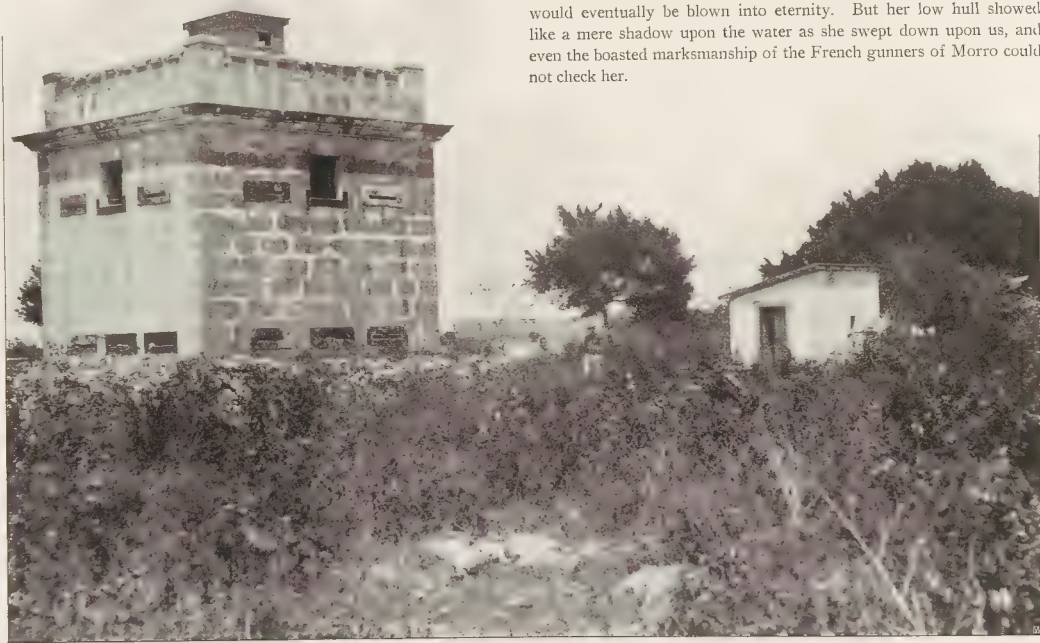
WATER WORKS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF CÁRDENAS.

Adjacent to this institution is a large sugar plantation, which was totally destroyed by the Insurgents during the war, but it is now undergoing extensive repairs.

"Ah! the 'New Orleans'!" I interjected, catching the spirit of his narrative.

"Yes, yes! to be sure it was the 'New Orleans'!" rejoined the Spaniard, "though we knew it not at the time. As she approached we could see her signaling to

the other ships that lay just out of range, though, of course, the messages conveyed by the strings of colored flags that fluttered from her signal yard were foreign to us. We expected every moment to see her alter her course and join the other American ships, but, instead, she kept straight ahead, coming directly toward us, totally ignoring the fire of the forts ashore, which opened up on her immediately she came within range. We likewise added our 10-inch battery to the repulse, and, with the shot striking all about her, it seemed a certainty that she would eventually be blown into eternity. But her low hull showed like a mere shadow upon the water as she swept down upon us, and even the boasted marksmanship of the French gunners of Morro could not check her.



FAMOUS BLOCKHOUSE IN THE SUBURBS OF CÁRDENAS

This formidable defense was repeatedly stormed by the patriot forces, and finally captured just prior to the close of the war.

"But the Yankee ship reserved her fire until she had drawn to within scarce a thousand meters of us. Then she suddenly veered to port, and, with her starboard battery, smote the 'Lopez.' Why do I say 'smote?' Because, señor, I know not how else to explain it. Ah! *Dios a mío!* but it was fearful, the havoc she wrought in the course of that brief fight. No wonder they call her *El Tábano Negro*—the Black Hornet! Her guns worked as if by lightning—only a crew of demons could handle a battery as hers was served that day. Within fifteen minutes the shells from her larger guns had torn away the stern of the 'Lopez' and set fire to her forward section. And then the distracting roll of her top batteries! Ah, señor! human endurance could not withstand the relentless death torrent they poured down upon our decks. There was no help for it. Our men abandoned the guns and sprang into the sea in their efforts to escape the fierce ordeal! Five minutes more, señor, and the Yankee ship had finished her work—left the

CUBAN LIFE AFTER THE WAR.

Whatever the future may have in store for Cuba, we may rest assured that the inhabitants of that island who survived the war, and the greater horror and destruction of reconcentration, will never cease to feel a lively sense of gratitude toward the people of the United States. "Of one thing you may be sure," said General Gomez, soon after the departure of the Spanish armies, "all Cubans acknowledge their deep debt of gratitude to the Americans. Go where you will in this island, and you will find the Cuban and American flags floating together." This spirit was manifested by the people universally. They trusted the Americans because they knew by experience that we would be faithful to our pledges.

The Red Cross Society commenced its beneficent work in the island before the declaration of war, but was compelled to suspend



SCENE IN THE MARKET AT CÁRDENAS

The workmen, the waffle vendor, and the policemen all assume attitudes of intense interest as our photographer arranges his camera, thus affording a perfectly natural pose for a characteristic view

'Lopez' a flaming wreck on the rocks, while she, herself, swept out to sea unscathed."

"And the crew of the 'Lopez'?" I asked. "How fared they?"

"Our crew," he replied, "for the most part were good swimmers, and those who were not killed at the guns escaped to the shore. But with the artillerymen it was different. A full hundred of their number perished with the vessel and in the breakers. It was they who suffered most from the top batteries of the Yankee cruiser. Ah, señor! but I would give something to know just how fast those guns were actually fired!"

"A hundred and fifty rounds to the minute, *patrono*," I volunteered.

"Ah, but how may you, a landsman, know that?" he demanded skeptically.

"Because," I replied, slowly, "I was captain of a gun's crew in the main-top of the 'New Orleans.'"

operations soon after that event occurred. Immediately following the signing of the peace protocol the work was resumed, and many pathetic incidents are related in that connection. Miss Clara Barton, the President of the American branch of the Society, was indefatigable in her efforts to bring relief to the stricken people. She devoted her life and energies to their welfare. Wherever work was to be done or sympathy or help needed, there she was to be found. The natives seemed to regard her as an angel sent from heaven to comfort them. The island was filled with orphans, as a result of the infamous reconcentration measures of Weyler. These wretched little human waifs needed sympathy, as well as food and clothing, and both came to them through the ministrations of Miss Barton and her devoted band of assistants. A kind-hearted lady who participated in this benevolent work thus describes some of their experiences:

"It was the children especially whom the Red Cross came to rescue, and many helpless waifs were found without a living relative.

In several cases two or three little children were huddled together in an abandoned building, subsisting on wild boniates or whatever scraps they could pick up, like prowling dogs. There were young girls absolutely without protection, and almost without clothes, sleeping on the ground at night and unable to wash their few filthy rags, having nothing else to put on. One woman past thirty years of age, crippled with rheumatism so that she could not walk, but got about in a half sitting posture, as some babies creep, had nothing to cover her mature nakedness but part



A WOODLAND VILLAGE IN MATANZAS PROVINCE

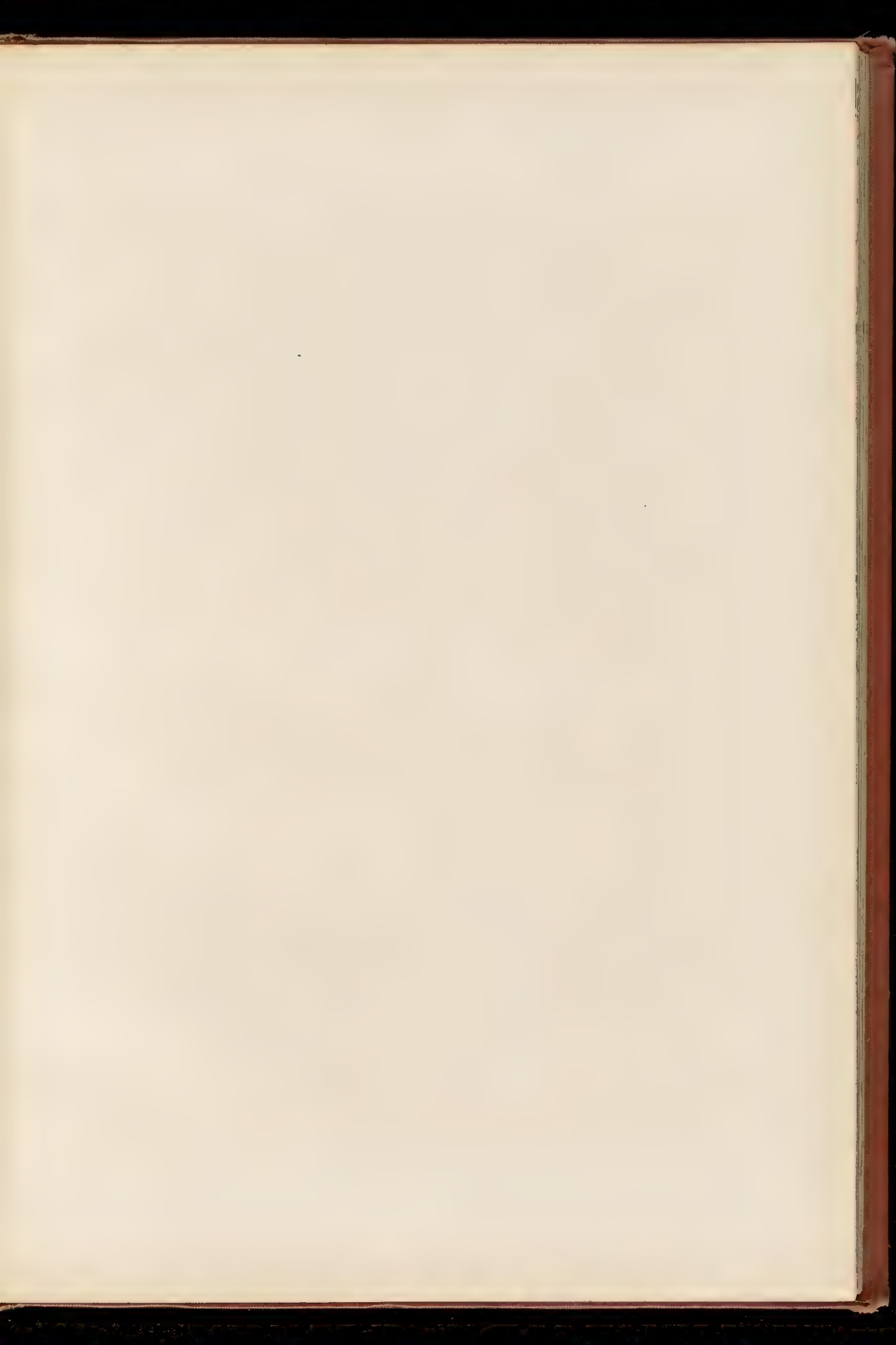


A CASTILIAN BELLE OF CÁRDENAS

Cárdenas, like Matanzas, is celebrated for its beautiful types of womanhood, none of whom are more queenly than the one whose portrait we are permitted to reproduce here.

of an old shawl. All these were speedily collected by the Red Cross members and given the first square meal they can remember. A house was at once set apart by the Mayor for use as an orphanage, and he gave up a part of his own house to the ladies of the Red Cross. Cots, bedding, whole bolts of calico and unbleached muslin, and a few ready-made garments were immediately provided. The first thing was to give each orphan a thorough bathing and attend scientifically to their most pressing necessities. All their vermin-infested rags were burned, and they were put to bed until garments could be had. The poor creatures were so weak from famine, and so utterly exhausted from hardships borne, that simply to lie still, sure of shelter, safety and food, left nothing to desire in all this weary world. The ladies of the villages tendered their services, brought their sewing machines, and worked with a will. As each well-washed child emerged from its chrysalis of filthy rags, and appeared in decent raiment, with nourishing food in its long-famished stomach, the transformation was so marvelous that if our good friends of the North could see it they would never relax their efforts in behalf of Red Cross supplies until the good work is carried to the remotest corner of the island."

The same writer relates the following incidents in connection with Miss Bar-





WINTER IN GUJA.
(NEAR HAWAII)

ton's visit to the town of Guines, in the central part of Havana province:

"As everywhere, the town turned out *en masse* to meet us, and escorted Miss Barton to her temporary abode with all the honors accorded to Gomez or any other conquering hero. Before the war Guines had a population of 20,000; now less than half that number. The most interesting orphanage I have seen is here, founded by Dr. Jamie Gorriga, a bachelor of means, whose father and grandfather were also physicians in the place. Having been too prominently identified with the cause of *Cuba libre*, Dr. Jamie retired to the United States to escape imprisonment, shortly before the blockade. Returning to his native city a few months ago, he found a great many destitute children in the streets, and among the wretched reconcentrados were some of the sons and daughters of his former well-to-do neigh-

demanded, and eating from tin dishes with their fingers, having neither knives, forks nor spoons. But they were infinitely better off than before, having at least food, shelter and protection.

"As soon as help from the Red Cross came, a larger and better building on the outskirts of the city was secured, where the children could have pure air and plenty of room. An adjoining field, lying along the river, was added, fenced and provided with tents for laundry purposes. The children used this field as a playground, and bathed in the clear stream. New clothes were provided all around, new sheets and pillowcases, and the storehouse well stocked with simple food. It was lovely to see the waifs, big and little, in their clean, new home, in spotless garments, and faces shining with happiness—the girls sweeping, cooking, sewing, like veritable little house mothers. The few boys in the institution were too small to work. There were



A STREET CORNER IN CARDENAS

If a foreign photographer with his camera and outfit should appear in the streets of an American city of 25,000 inhabitants, he would attract a much larger crowd than the one that is seen in this photograph. This picture, however, was taken immediately after the close of the war with Spain, when a large proportion of the male population was still absent, and the surveillance practiced by the Spanish authorities had taught the people to curb their curiosity.

bors. So troubled was his generous heart at the sight that sleep deserted his pillow, and, having no family of his own, he determined to adopt them all. Securing a house, he gathered into it a hundred homeless waifs and devoted the remnant of his fortune to sustaining them. Some were too reduced by starvation to be recuperated, and soon the number was reduced to seventy-odd. He also established a hospital for sick women, and started it with eighty patients. In the last-named institution some help was received from the government in the way of rations, but not nearly enough to feed them all. So the good man struggled on alone as best he could, but very much in need of women's care, especially for the children. The ancient buildings he had taken remained uncleared, the children unwashed and unclothed, without the energetic treatment their diseases and sores

several babies among the eighty children, and the oldest under thirteen. A teacher came every day to instruct them in the mysteries of reading and writing. There was no need of severe discipline in this 'House Beautiful,' for all the children loved Mr. Gorriga, their savior and benefactor, so well that his slightest wish was their law."

Like all Southern races, the Cubans are exceedingly demonstrative in their expression of the emotions, especially gratitude. The following incident, which occurred during Miss Barton's visit, is an illustration of the fact:

"At the edge of San Antonio we boarded a queer little square box of a car, and were drawn by three mules tandem over an exceedingly narrow-gauge track to the nearest railway station. The route lay over a wild, rough country of straw-thatched huts and stately



ENTRANCE TO THE CITY PARK VI, CIENFUEGOS.

at Luchas and Lugo, at the park entrance were erected by order of Isabelle II, of Spain, during her troubled reign, and dedicated by her to the City of Cienfuegos. They are a monument among the most important of the city, and are greatly prized by the people.

palms, but few signs of cultivation. Here and there a little tobacco is growing and an occasional patch of boniatas; but for the most part the sweet, warm breeze stirs only warm grass growing in bunches, and tomiquinas and meadow larks pipe in the sunshine above a land of desolation. One stirring event befell us. Gen. Celestino Hernandez, alcalde of the adjacent village of San José, and the great man of the vicinage, had been waiting two days with his troop of cavalry to give Miss Barton what is known as 'the Cuban welcome.' As our little car bumped along the open country, suddenly a thousand mounted soldiers appeared, charging down upon us with wild shouts, and waving machetes. For an instant it recalled the days of war and thrilled the stoutest heart with terror. Coming nearer, the cavalry separated into two long lines, surrounding our car, and, with doffed hats and presented arms, stood like statues while Gen. Hernandez and Miss Barton exchanged courtesies. Then the welkin rang with the Cuban 'Hymno Nacional,' sung by a thousand men, followed by 'The Star Spangled Banner' from our little band, as, escorted by the regiment, we proceeded to the station."

Such incidents go far to prove the truth of the trite expression that "all the world's akin," especially when brought together by ministrations of kindness and the promptings of unselfish love. The results of a single week of this beneficent work of the Red Cross Society is thus described by Mrs. Fannie B. Ward, who was a member of the party that accompanied Miss Barton:

"From Guines we made our way by rail to the interior town of Madruga, stopping at many stations *en route*, and were everywhere hailed with demonstrations of joy. Miss Barton's good work of the previous year was gratefully remembered, and the people welcomed her as an angel from heaven. Word had flown before that she was coming, and wherever the train stopped crowds were waiting. Men, women and children invaded the cars, and often, with streaming tears, poured their tales of woe into her sympathizing ears. The other day, at a desolate junction, where only two straw-thatched huts gave signs of human habitation, a whole family fell upon and embraced her—or, rather, the remnant of what was once a numerous household. Miss Barton was acquainted with this family before the blockade, when the head of it counted thirty seven sons, daughters and grandchildren. Now only sixteen remain in the land of the living, the rest having died of 'the misery' induced by hunger; and how the rest manage to sustain life, only He who feeds the raven knows. With tears rolling down his face, the old man related how he had buried his loved ones, one by one, along the railroad track, where he had some slight employment as a switchman.

"But there are lights as well as shadows in the picture. Incidents are common like that of the Yankee lineman, who, with smutty face, and coil of wire over his shoulder, rushed through the moving train to grasp Miss Barton's hand, and tell her, with overflowing eyes, that twice she had saved his life—first in a field hospital of our civil war, thirty years ago, and again at Santiago; and of the Cuban telegraph operator who dared not send a private Red Cross message over the railway wire, but managed somehow to dispatch it from an inland station, declaring that he 'would walk forty miles any day to serve Clara Barton.' Whenever we change cars—and that happens very



"PATIO" OR COURT OF THE RESIDENCE OF A WEALTHY CUBAN LADY

The young lady who appears in the picture is the daughter of a Spanish gentleman who was regarded as the wealthiest citizen of Havana. He lost his life with Spain in the war for freedom, and was killed in a battle near his home city. His wife dying soon afterward, the daughter was left an orphan and a vast estate.

frequently on these roads, which were originally constructed to accommodate the sugar planters—it is speedily whispered through the train that the Red Cross President is on board; and then young and old, natives and foreigners, press to greet the plainly dressed and retiring little old woman, who is the heart and soul of this great work. Fruits and flowers from unknown donors find their way to her seat, and every step of the journey is a continuous ovation.

"At Madruga Station an enormous crowd was waiting, headed, as usual, by the alcalde, the judge and other dignitaries of the town. Then, after the inevitable handshaking and speechmaking, escorted

by the entire population, we visited the 'points of interest,' including the pitiful apology for an orphanage, with its hundred wretched waifs, and the pleasant *casa* which the good citizens had set apart for our residence while in the city. At dark the procession rounded up at the hotel door, where dinner awaited our weary party; but the much-needed meal had to wait yet longer, while these kindly, verbose people relieved themselves of more congratulatory speeches. Then, after another seance of handshaking, like unto a Washington Presidential reception, the better part of the throng dispersed to their homes—all but the rabble, black and white, several hundred strong, numerically, and of incomputable strength olfactorily, who, having no homes and nowhere in particular to go, constituted themselves our perpetual guard of honor. With all their rags and infirmities they swarmed the hotel doors and windows, watching every movement with curious eyes. They followed us, later, to headquarters, and camped round about, and continued to stick closer than the typical brother till the very last minute of our stay.

"Quaint old Madruga reminds one of Santiago, its architecture being of the same antique pattern, brought from Spain at an early day, and its narrow streets rambling, haphazard, up hill and down. Its low *casas* were



PAPAYA TREES, A CURIOUS SPECIES OF THE PALM.



A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE IN MATANZAS PROVINCE.

Showing the two diverse kinds of habitations constructed by the native Cubans, one consisting of poles covered with thatch, the other of concrete or adobe, roofed over with tiles.

once painted in all the colors of the rainbow, sky blues and rose pinks predominating, but now mostly mellowed by time to indistinguishable tints. Its central plaza is queerly elevated, whether on a natural or artificial hill, or because the adjacent streets have been cut down, I do not know. At any rate, the flower-filled space in the center of the town, inclosed within a bright blue wall, and environed by the most pretentious edifices of church and state, is reached by four flights of blue-painted steps, which call to mind the Navajo pueblo in Arizona, where the Indians climb up seven ladders and down seven ladders whenever they wish to take a stroll in the plaza. Being beyond the usual route of Cuban travel, the outer world has heard little of Madruga, notwithstanding its extraordinary charms of quaint-

ness, genial climate, its giant ceiba trees and Indian-laurel groves, and its fine mineral springs, which the people of the region believe to be a sovereign remedy for all bodily ills. The springs are turned into baths, inclosed within a cluster of rather handsome wooden houses, built after the fashion of an American summer resort hotel, and these furnish about all the paying business there is in the war-desolated, but promising little city.

"The existing orphanage, which the impoverished citizens have supported as well as they could, being found in hopelessly unsanitary condition, we decided to abandon it al-



COFFEE AND BANANAS

This picture affords an excellent idea of the luxuriance and beauty of a tropical garden or plantation. At all seasons of the year, either when the trees and plants are in bloom, or when the ripe fruit hangs on the branches, the scene is entrancing.

together. A larger house in the outskirts, with considerable land adjoining, was secured, fitted up with fresh cots and bedding, and a generous store of simple food supplies laid in. And then the children—thoroughly cleaned from top to toe, for perhaps the first time in their lives, and dressed in new clothes—were installed therein, under the care of a competent matron and two assistants. The ground was plowed, garden seeds planted, and in twenty-four hours we felt that our work in Madruga was well completed—at least for the present."

The work in each town was usually a duplicate of that described at Madruga. The children were first bathed, clothed and fed, and, having been made comfortable, in a neat, well regulated home, with certainty of care, protection and enough to eat, they were put to such light work as their tender years rendered them capable of doing. Books, slates and pencils were provided, classes were organized, and all were given at least the rudiments of education. Meanwhile the older girls did most of the work of the house, cooking, scrubbing, sewing, etc., thus fitting them for usefulness when, by and by, they went into the world to maintain themselves; and the boys attended to the gardening. "Already," writes Mrs. Ward, "the first crops are growing. In a few months they will be eating their own potatoes and vegetables, and in two years' time each institution ought to be almost self-supporting."

All over Cuba this beneficent work extended, until within a period of only a few weeks more than fifteen thousand famishing and helpless children were provided with food and comfortable homes, and placed in positions that rendered them practically independent for the future. With reference to this great work of charity, it may be said that Cuba is ours by right of conquest, the conquest of the heart, which is the noblest and best of all. To which we venture to add that, in this most magnanimous of conquests, the flower of American womanhood is in this instance the conqueror.

per year. The cause of this lethargy in the lumber interests is attributed principally to lack of transportation facilities, but these would have been supplied if other and more serious obstacles had not been in the way. The real difficulty existed in the general indifference of the Spanish Government, and the jealous greed of its representatives. Now that these have been removed, there ought soon to be manifested a large degree of enterprise and a vast and profitable develop-



A CARDENAS GARDEN AND ITS MISTRESS.

The portraits of Spanish ladies presented in connection with their home surroundings are intended to represent the prevailing characteristics and manners of that interesting race. This lady is of noble descent, but she was an earnest friend of the patriot cause during the struggle for freedom.

CUBAN FORESTS AND TIMBER INTERESTS.

It is a curious fact that in an approximate total of twenty eight millions of acres on the island of Cuba, it is estimated that from thirteen to eighteen millions are still virgin forest. These forests are rich in valuable woods—richer, doubtless, than any gold mines yet discovered, and certainly involving less outlay and risk in the production of their almost limitless wealth; and yet they have attracted comparatively little attention from capitalists and enterprising investors. It is asserted, in fact, that the total exports of lumber and timber from the island have never been much above \$220,000 to \$230,000

ment in this important industry. At the present time, while the timber products of a large proportion of the woodlands of Cuba are worth hundreds of dollars per acre, such lands, when not immediately accessible to transportation lines, can be purchased at the ridiculously low price of one dollar per acre; while the best woodland tracts, with facilities equal to any on the island, are held at prices seemingly out of all proportion to their actual value. In fact, it is claimed that the average price of these rich woodlands, with a timber value almost incalculable, and a soil adapted to all the tropical productions, is only \$1.50 per acre. Such rates, however, cannot prevail for any great length of time, and opportunities for the investment of capital, either in small or large



A FIELD OF GROWING CANE. SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

sums, are now unsurpassed. One difficulty, however, that has to be carefully guarded against is the uncertainty of titles; but this is being gradually removed under the wise supervision of the new government, and, with ordinarily intelligent care, investors can fully protect themselves with regard to titles, as well as surveys.

Mahogany is, of course, one of the most valuable of all the timbers found on the island. It exists in nearly every section, but grows in the form of detached trees in the midst of other forests. The common variety is worth from \$110 to \$150 per thousand feet, while the figured or birdseye quality is worth almost fabulous prices, ranging from \$400 to \$600, and even



A CUBAN NURSERY

The young plants, either of tobacco or other products, are protected from the sun by a thatchwork of palm leaves.



A MAHOGANY CUTTERS' CAMP.

as high as \$1,200 per thousand feet. An instance is given in which three logs, each fifteen feet long and thirty eight inches square, cut from a single tree, sold for \$15,000; and other instances are recorded where similar logs realized over \$5,000 each. The most valuable lumber is cut from the gnarled and twisted roots, and hitherto these have been almost entirely neglected by the men engaged in that trade. It is estimated there are millions of dollars lying dormant in the mahogany stumpage of Cuba, all of which is easily accessible to transportation, and now, while its value is unappreciated, it could be purchased for a mere song. In fact, in many instances the landowners would cheerfully give these valuable stumps, almost worth their weight in gold, to anyone who would take them out of the way, just as our Western farmers did some years ago with the black walnut stumps that encumbered their fields and hindered their plowing.

Cuban mahogany is the most valuable known in the world's markets, and its pro-

duction will add many millions to the wealth of the island. The system of cutting the trees and preparing the logs for market is thus described by Hon. Robert P. Porter, late Special Commissioner to Cuba:

"Mahogany cutting in Cuba is done in the most primitive fashion, and under numerous difficulties, and thus far it has been carried on in only the easily accessible places, leaving millions of feet yet standing in the dense forests of the interior. To begin with, the mahogany tree does not grow in groups, but takes its stand alone, a very monarch of the forest. Here it is found by the hunter, who sights its peculiar foliage from his lookout in some tall tree. Noting all the landmarks, he climbs down and cuts a path through the jungle to his prize, 'blazing the way' for his companions. The trees are often large, sometimes thirty feet in circumference, and when they are very wide at the roots the cutters build rude platforms of poles or saplings, called 'barbecues,' around them,

and from these platforms the tree is cut from ten to fifteen feet up the trunk. Thus are wasted several hundred curly roots. A day's work for a man is to cut down two trees of from eight to ten feet in circumference; two men will cut three larger trees, and when a giant of a quarter of a hundred feet around is found, four men take the entire day, which is very short in the dense jungle, to lay it low. Great care is taken in felling the tree not to have it split or break and destroy its value. When the tree is down, all of it that is available for market is squared. It is hauled either to the nearest stream, or to a railroad station, as may be. Three hundred trees, averaging 2,000 feet each, are a fair season's work for an ordinary camp. Notwithstanding the poor methods of getting out mahogany timber, the shipments to the United States alone, since 1885, have been 235,000 logs, aggregating 35,700,000 feet, valued at upwards of \$5,000,000."

Though the growth of mahogany is very rapid, the wood is hard, heavy, and close-grained, of a dark, rich, brownish-red color. Low, moist land produces the largest trees, but those that grow on elevated, rocky soil, while smaller in size, are harder in texture and more beautifully veined, these qualities adding greatly to the value of the lumber. On this account it is a difficult matter for dealers to estimate the real value of the timber in the logs, except where there are knots or roots to indicate the curling grain within. Alkalies are sometimes applied to the lighter colored wood in order to deepen the shade, but the natural color is greatly preferred, and this is preserved and made permanent by the use of a transparent varnish, which brings out the veins in fresh beauty and leaves the natural tints unchanged. Only the finer kinds of furniture are made of solid mahogany, on account of the great cost of the lumber. The body of the manufactured

more than fifty genera. The most prominent of these in Cuba is the royal palm, a stately tree that grows everywhere in the island. Its varied uses are thus described by a distinguished writer:

"Its roots are said to have medicinal virtues. The stem of its leaves, or *yagua*, often six feet in length, is like a thin board, and can be used as a dinner plate by cutting it into shape; it may be folded like stiff paper when wet, and is bent into a *catana*, or basin, or a pot, in which food may be boiled, and there is sufficient salt in the wood to make the food palatable; it serves also as a basket for carrying farm products; it is said a dozen *catanas* will produce a pound of salt. The seed of the royal palm furnishes an excellent 'mast' for fattening hogs. Good weather-boarding is made from its trunk, and the lumber may also be made into plain furniture; its leaves form the roofs of houses; fine canes are made from the hard outside shell, which may be polished like metal; the bud of the tuft is a vegetable food, much like cauliflower in taste, and is eaten raw and cooked;



JOVELLANOS, MATANZAS PROVINCE

This place is a prominent railroad center, immediately south of Cárdenas, and lies on the line of travel between the eastern and western sections of the island, it suffered greatly during the war for liberty. Several important engagements between the Spanish and patriot forces took place in this vicinity.

articles is usually made of cheaper lumber, and covered with a thin veneering of mahogany; but the natives in South America, as well as those whom Columbus found on the islands, employed this wood in the construction of their canoes and many domestic utensils. Mahogany was first used by Europeans in 1595, when Sir Walter Raleigh repaired some of his ships with it. But it was not employed in cabinet work until about 1720, when a few planks from the West Indies were presented to Dr. Gibbons, of London. A workman named Wollaston, employed to make some articles from these boards, discovered the rare qualities of the wood, and it was soon in high repute, and will, no doubt, always retain its rank as one of the most beautiful and valuable timbers of the earth's production.

For its general usefulness to mankind, the palm doubtless stands at the head of all the trees of tropical production. The various species of the palm family number nearly one thousand, distributed through

and hats, baskets, and even cloth, may be made from its leaves and fibre. What further uses may be found for it future Yankee ingenuity will develop."

The palms rank in usefulness next to the grasses, there being scarcely a species that cannot be utilized in some manner. The wood serves to build houses, and the leaves to thatch them, as will be observed in many of our illustrations. Nearly all the varieties yield useful fibres, which enter into textile fabrics and the manufacture of paper; mats, baskets, and numerous utensils are made from the leaves; besides their various edible fruits, they yield food in the form of starch, sugar, and oil, while their undeveloped and tender leaves and the germinating buds are greatly prized as vegetables. Several varieties produce alcoholic drinks by the fermentation of their sap and the juice of the fruit; while an infinite variety of useful articles, from bags, baskets and hats, to umbrellas and door mats, are manufactured

from various portions of the tree. The manufacture of palm wine and sugar are interesting processes. When the flower spike makes its appearance, the operator ascends the tree by the aid of a vine or rope passed loosely around his own body and that of the tree, as shown in several of the photographs; he ties the spathe securely, so that it cannot expand, and beats the base of the spike with a short stick; this beating, which is supposed to determine a flow of sap toward the wounded part, is repeated for several successive mornings; a thin slice is removed from the end of the spathe; about the eighth day the sap begins to flow, and is caught in a jar; the daily flow is two pints or more, and continues for four or five months, the jar being emptied every morning, and a thin slice being at the same time removed from the end of the spathe. This juice readily ferments, and is then palm wine or toddy, which is drunk in that state or distilled to separate the spirit, known as arrack; if allowed to pass into acetous fermentation, toddy is converted into vinegar. When sugar is to be made from the juice, it is collected several times a day, and the receiving jars are cleansed with lime to prevent fermentation; it is boiled down and treated in the same manner as cane juice.

A writer of the seventeenth century, whose interesting productions we have quoted on several previous occasions, thus describes the date and wine palms and their various uses:

"The date trees, which here are seen to cover the whole extent of very spacious plains, are exceedingly tall in their proportion, which, notwithstanding, does not offend, but rather delight the view. Their height is observed to be from 150 to 200 feet, being wholly destitute of branches to the very tops. Here it is there grows a certain pleasant white substance, not unlike that of white cabbage, whence the branches and leaves sprout, and in which also the seed, or dates, are contained. Every month one of these branches falls to the ground, and at the same time another sprouts out. But the seed ripens only once in the year. The dates are



A NEW ERA IN CUBA

This photograph represents an incident of romance and progress. A young soldier from the States fell in love with a pretty Cuban girl of Santa Clara Province, and the picture tells the remainder of the story.



A TYPICAL PLANTER OF THE NEW SCHOOL

Taken in the midst of his coffee and orange trees, and enveloped in the perfume of opening buds and tropical flowers.

food extremely coveted by the hedgehogs. The white substance growing at the top of the tree is used by the Spaniards after the same manner for common sustenance as cabbage in Europe, they cutting it into slices, and boiling it in their *ollas*, or stews, with all sorts of meat. The leaves of this sort of date tree are seven or eight feet in length and three or four in breadth, being very fit to cover houses with, for they defend from rain equally with the best tiles, though never so rudely huddled together. They make use of them also to wrap up smoked flesh with, and to make a certain sort of buckets wherewith to carry water, though no longer durable than the space of six, seven or eight days. The cabbages of these trees, for so we may call them, are of a greenish colour on the outside, though inwardly very white, whence may be separated a sort of rind, which is very like parchment, being fit to write upon, as we do upon paper. The bodies of these trees are of an huge bulk or thickness, which two men can hardly compass with their arms. And yet they cannot properly be termed woody, but only three or four inches deep in thickness, all the rest of the internal part being very soft, insomuch that, paring off those three or four inches of woody substance, the remaining part of the body may be sliced like new cheese. They wound them three or four foot above the root, and, making an incision or broach in the body, thence gently distils a sort of liquor, which in a short time, by fermentation, becomes as strong as the richest wine, and which easily inebriates if not used with moderation.

"The wine-palm is so called from the abundance of wine which is gathered from it. This palm grows in high and rocky mountains, not exceeding in tallness the height of forty or fifty foot, but yet of an extraordinary shape or form. For from the root to the half of its proportion it is only three or four inches thick. But upwards, something above the two thirds of its height, it is as big and as thick as an ordinary bucket or milk-pail. Within, it is full of a certain matter, very like the tender stalk of a white cabbage, which is very juicy of a liquor that is much pleasing to the palate. This liquor, after fermentation and settling of the grounds, reduces itself into a very good and clear wine, which is purchased with no great industry. For, having wounded the tree with an ordinary hatchet,

they make a square incision or orifice in it, through which they bruise the said matter until it be capable of being squeezed out, or expressed with the hands, they needing no other instrument than this. With the leaves they make certain vessels, not only to settle and purify the aforementioned liquor, but also to drink in. It bears its fruit like other palms, but of a very small shape, being not unlike cherries. The taste hereof is very good, but of dangerous consequence to the throat, where it causes huge and extreme pains, that produce malignant quinsies in them that eat it."

One of the most remarkable species of the palm is known by the local name of *papaya*. The tree is of medium height, and bears a fruit as large as a common melon. This fruit grows in clusters immediately under the crown of leaves at the top of the tree. It has a pawpaw. The stones are as large as a hen's egg, and both these and grayish ashy color, and in taste resembles both the apricot and the fruit are greatly relished by hogs, who quickly grow fat upon them. In fact, the fruit of this remarkable tree is hardly used for any other purpose than that of feeding swine. The tree is not abundant in the islands, and the illustration in this number is all the more interesting on account of its rarity.

The sago palm is another interesting species found in Cuba, and also widely distributed over the tropical regions of the earth. The process of manufacturing sago will be observed in some of our photographs of the Philippine and Hawaiian Islands, as well as in Cuba and Porto Rico. There

freed of all extraneous matter it is dried, and is then called sago meal. The coconut palm is more widely known than any other species. It is, perhaps, also the most useful of this benevolent family. Eastern nations, who were fed by it before the beginning of history, have a saying to the effect that its good attributes would fill a large book. It is exclusively a native of the tropics, and will not flourish away from the seashore. It loves the salt air, and the breath of the briny water. If planted too far north, or distant from its beloved ocean, it will, in the former instance, cease to bear fruit, and in the latter it is dwarfed and languishes. The tree attains a height of sixty to one hundred feet, with a diameter of only one or two feet, rising, like a slender, cylindrical shaft, usually somewhat inclined on account of the force of the winds that prevail near the sea. The trunk is clean and smooth, without a branch until it reaches the top, where it is crowned by numerous feather like leaves, from eighteen to twenty feet long. The flowers appear on the axils of the leaves in small, three-parted clusters, of a beautiful milk-white color, which, how-



RAILWAY STATION AND QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, CÁRDENAS

The arch of victory in the foreground was erected by the patriot citizens on the occasion of a celebration on the 15th of August, 1898, in honor of Cuban liberation.

are two species of the sago palm, both crowned with large pinnate leaves and a one-seeded fruit an inch and a half in diameter, covered with shining, reversed scales. The trees attain their full growth in about fifteen years, flower, produce their fruit (which is about three years in coming to perfection), and then die.

To obtain the sago, the trees are felled as soon as they show signs of flowering. It is often stated that the starch is obtained from the pith of the trees, but palms have no true pith, and the starch, accumulated to nourish the fruit, is found to be deposited all through the tissues of the trunk, except in the hard rind; when allowed to bear fruit, the trunk finally becomes a nearly hollow shell. The trunk is cut into convenient lengths, which are split in halves, and the interior soft portion is scraped out and pounded in successive waters until all the starch is separated; the water in which the starch is suspended is allowed to stand until this settles, and the fibrous matter, which floats, is poured off with the water. The sediment is repeatedly washed, and when

ever, soon turns to yellow. In favorable positions these clusters are produced every six weeks during the rainy season, and each one ripens from five to fifteen nuts. Thus each tree has a continuous succession of fruit, and may ripen from eighty to one hundred nuts per year. In planting the nut, the three spots or openings on one end are placed uppermost; from one of these the stem rises, and its growth soon splits the nut. Often the nut does not begin to germinate for six months or a year after planting, while on other occasions it is seen sprouting while lying on the ground, with the husks still green. Its growth is very slow for the first two or three years, and not until it is six or seven years old does it begin to bear, continuing until seventy years, or even longer. After the tree ceases to bear, the wood becomes very hard, and, from its peculiar fiber, is called "porcupine wood." It is used for posts and rafters to houses, while the immature trunks, which have a spongy center, easily removed, are substituted for iron or lead as water pipes. The flowers and rootlets are astringent, and are chewed by the natives



A WATERFALL IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

for their medicinal quality. The leaves are usually twelve or fifteen in number, and five or six are formed each year, the old ones dropping off and forming the scars that ornament the trunk. The new leaf is enclosed in a tough, fibrous sheath, and used in place of cloth as a covering for the body. While young, the leaves are tender and sweet, and are cooked and eaten as cabbage. They also serve as writing paper, the characters being drawn on the surface with a sharp-pointed instrument. Their usefulness is almost unlimited. They serve as fans, fences, thatch, bedding, fish nets, sieves, and hats; in fact, there is hardly anything about the homes or domestic affairs of the natives that is not indebted to the coconut palm and its fruit for the principal features of its composition and utility. Neat combs are made of the

smaller ribs, while any part of the tree furnishes a good torch, and washerwomen obtain potash by burning the wood. The sap, or toddy, while fresh, is delicious to the taste, and acts as a gentle aperient. Fermentation takes place in a few hours, and is then the liquor known as palm wine. While the nut is green it contains from one to two pints of a rich clear liquid, always cool when first gathered from the tree, and is much appreciated by the inhabitants. The shell is lined with a soft gelatinous mass, which is either eaten alone or flavored with juices. Coconut oil is one of the most valuable products of the tree. It is made from the albumen of the ripe nuts, and the best quality is employed for cooking purposes, or to anoint the body, a most grateful process in a hot climate, while the inferior is used in lamps and for illuminating purposes.

Another valuable wood, that grows abundantly in the island, is Cuban cedar, familiar to every one in the form of cigar boxes. The average value of the lumber is about \$70 per thousand feet, and during the single year of 1885 more than 700,000 logs were exported, containing over 70,000,000 feet of lumber. Since then the trade has almost entirely ceased, on account of the disturbed conditions prevailing in the island. Another tree, the "sabina cimarrona," closely resembles cedar, but is more solid and easily worked, and therefore more valuable.

It is said that there are forty varieties of hardwoods in the Cuban forests, of which *lignum vitæ* is the hardest. It grows abundantly in many localities, is worth from \$25 to \$50 per ton, according to quality, and but little of it has been exported.

Cuban ebony grows all over the island, and is noted for its superior quality and jet black color. The trees reach a height of from sixteen to twenty feet, with a diameter of about one foot.

Another hardwood tree, celebrated for its usefulness, is the majagua. It grows to a height of forty to fifty feet, with spreading branches, and bearing a dull, red flower. Its fibrous bark is very strong, and is extensively used for the manufacture of ropes, which are equal to those composed of the best Manila hemp. Its timber is one of the finest hardwoods on the island.

The granadillo, a small tree, growing only in the richest soil, to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, produces an exceedingly hard timber of a very beautiful color, and is used extensively for manufacturing canoes, ornamental trinkets, and other articles.

The baria tree produces a timber harder than the best American live oak, and is noted for its durability. This tree bears a fragrant flower, and is distinguished for its imposing appearance.

The cottonwood, called ceiba tree in Cuba, grows everywhere, and, like its family in the United States, reaches an enormous size.



A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

There is some wonderfully fine scenery among the mountains of Central Cuba, as evidenced by the illustrations on this page. The best coffee also grows in the valleys and on the sloping sides of the mountains. A mule train loaded with coffee was crossing the rustic bridge at the moment our artist secured the view.

One of the most peculiar growths (for it can scarcely be called a tree) in Cuba, is the jaguey, or *ficus indica*. It begins as a parasite, gradually sending down from the branches of some larger tree, preferably the cottonwood, a series of fine threads, which take root in the soil, and, after growing to a considerable size, send out side shoots that encircle the great tree and cling to and encumber it until they finally absorb its sap and destroy its life. The parasite growth continues, the fibres or strands moulding themselves together until they become strong enough to stand alone, eventually producing a tree of the most remarkable appearance. The timber is ornamental in color and grain, and is used for manufacturing walking sticks and various small articles. The tree bears a peculiar fruit, which matures during the month of May, and at this period its branches are infested at night with swarms of bats, which gather there to eat the fruit, of which they are very fond. This fact, together with the general appearance and character of the tree, gives it an uncanny reputation. An incision in the bark gives out a peculiar resin, used for medicinal purposes and in the manufacture of bird lime.

The caiguaran is another of the peculiar timber products of Cuba. It is not abundant, but is extensively used as posts and foundations for buildings, on account of its durable qualities, which, especially underground, are said to be superior to iron or steel.

The mangrove lines all the shores

nates while still on the tree, and is practically a plant and ready for immediate growth when it drops to the ground. The tangled mass of stems and roots retain the soil and debris that may be brought down by floods from the land, and thus upon the land side of the grove solid ground is soon formed. As previously stated, a large part of the city of Havana is built on the site of a former mangrove swamp; but, as may be inferred, such localities are highly malarious on account of their large collection of decaying vegetable matter. The wood of the mangrove is hard, tough and durable in water, and is largely employed for boat building, to which use it is specially adapted on account of the natural curves of the branches and the numerous knees. The bark contains a large amount of tannin, and is used in the preparation of leather, and by dyers, who obtain from it various slate-colored and brown tints. The fruit is egg-shaped, sweet and edible, and is greatly



STATION AT LINOMAR, ON THE RAILROAD BETWEEN MATANZAS AND CÁRDENAS

Showing an average crowd of Cubans at a country railway station. It will be observed that the good-looking young man on the extreme right carries his luncheon with him in the form of a small bunch of ripe bananas.

of the island, as well as the adjacent keys. It is a remarkable tree, and serves a good purpose in increasing the dimensions of the land, as described below. It grows in swampy localities, directly on the seashore, where it forms impenetrable thickets. The manner of its growth is like that of the banyan tree, though smaller; the stem and its branches produce long, slender roots, which finally reach the ground and become fixed, the tree being elevated upon them and having the appearance of growing with its roots out of the ground. The mangrove not only prevents the encroachments of the sea upon the land, but performs an aggressive part in wresting land from the sea. After the young tree has formed a stem and head of branches, it then, by means of its aerial roots, rapidly spreads and occupies more territory, constantly advancing seaward, while the fruit drops beyond the parent tree, and new plants take root further from dry land. The fruit germi-

prized by the natives, who also produce a light wine from its fermented juice. Accounts of oysters growing on trees are literally true with reference to the mangrove. Submerged portions of its branch-like roots are often studded with these and other mollusks, and when the tide recedes oysters may be literally gathered from trees.

Rosewood exists in various parts of the island, and, like mahogany, is used for making the finer varieties of furniture. But it is not so generally applied as mahogany, and is, consequently, less valuable.

Logwood and other similar dyewoods are plentiful. Logwood was taken to Europe for dyeing material soon after the discovery of America, and became very popular, although in the time of Elizabeth its introduction into England was violently opposed, on the ground that it was detrimental to health. A law was enacted prohibiting its

use, but it was repealed in 1661, and the demand for the wood as a dyeing material then became permanent and rapidly increased. At that time it was obtainable only in the Spanish possessions, and the Spaniards, recognizing its value, jealously guarded their treasure. In order to meet the growing demand, a company of New Englanders made a settlement in Yucatan, and sent thence large quantities in the form of logs to England and the English colonies in America. In 1715 the tree was introduced into Jamaica, where it was propagated by means of the seed and cultivated in plantations. From these it spread all over the island, and to other islands of the West Indies, where it had not previously grown. In former times the wood was prepared for use by cutting the logs into chips, by means of machinery made for that purpose; but the practice now is to grind the wood to powder, in which state the dyes are more readily obtained than from chips.



A GIANT PALM.

Our artist discovered this giant palm in a forest near Matanzas. It was so tall that his camera would not take in its entire proportions, but he secured enough to show its remarkable symmetry and beauty.

One of the greatest future industries of Cuba, and, in fact, of all the West Indies, will undoubtedly be the production of rubber. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the rubber tree will grow to perfection in the islands; but this industry, like everything else except the breeding of revolutions, was permitted to languish under Spanish dominion. Now, with the advent of peace, and an assurance to the people that their investments will be protected by the government, we may naturally anticipate a vast enterprise in the production of rubber. The rubber tree will flourish in nearly every section of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Isle of Pines, and the thirteen hundred and odd lesser islands and keys that have come under our influence as a result of the Spanish war; and as the uses to which rubber is applied are being constantly and rapidly increased, it is not probable that the market will be over supplied. In its natural state the rubber tree grows either alone or in groups of two or three. It is large and umbrageous, and may



CASCADE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

be distinguished from other trees at a distance of several miles by the picturesque appearance of its dense and lofty dome. One of these trees is mentioned whose trunk measured 74 feet in circumference, while its spreading branches covered an area of 610 feet, and it towered to a height of 100 feet. It is estimated that there are 43,000 similar trees in their natural state in a single district in Brazil, covering an area of thirty miles in length by eight in width. But the rubber forests of Brazil have been overworked, and in many instances exhausted, facts that add greatly to the value of cultivated plantations of this valuable product. Companies engaged in this business in Mexico estimate that the trees will begin to produce rubber profitably within five or six years from the time they are planted, after which, with proper cultivation, their value will increase each year for a century or more. They flourish best on the slopes of mountains, rising from the valleys to an elevation of 22,000 feet. The mountain ranges in the central portions of Cuba and Puerto Rico afford almost unlimited and very desirable locations for rubber orchards. The value of such a plantation cannot be estimated, but it is certainly equal to that of any other product that can be grown in that latitude, with a practical certainty of a constant increase.



A BANANA PLANTATION NEAR CÁRDENAS.



PICTURESQUE BRIDGE OVER BELASCO CREEK.

The Imperial Road leading into Santa Clara passes over this bridge. The scene is one of remarkable beauty, and the picture is a fine example of excellence in the photographic art.

SANTA CLARA.

THE HOME OF THE SUGAR-CANE.

Chapter VIII.

SANTA CLARA, the third largest province in Cuba, is one of the richest sections in the island. Its total area is 8,878 square miles, 5,477 of which are under cultivation. Of the latter, 232 plantations are devoted exclusively to the growing of sugar-cane, 317 to the cultivation of tobacco, 46 to coffee, and 4,852 to general farming. Along both its northern and southern coasts, as well as to a great extent in the interior, are some of the largest sugar plantations of Cuba, where the industry has been more scientifically conducted on a larger scale than anywhere else on the island. In addition to this, there are some 1,250 cattle ranches scattered throughout the province. Indeed, notwithstanding the magnificent showing of exports made by its seaports, Santa Clara is generally considered a grazing province. Unquestionably its plains are among the richest grazing lands in the world, and cattle, as a consequence, thrive particularly well in that vicinity. But the fertile plains that have so long been devoted to such purposes are rapidly being reclaimed by the enterprising sugar planters. Accrediting Santa Clara as the center of the cane-growing industry of Cuba, we will take this occasion for a brief review of the sugar resources as they exist throughout the island.

Of Cuba's 28,000,000 acres, about 2,000,000 are devoted to the raising of her sugar-cane, which, in amount, is little less than half of the entire cane-sugar product of the world. Historians differ as to when the cultivation of sugar began in Cuba, but in 1523 Philip I., King of Spain, allowed a loan of 4,000 *pesetas* to each person who would undertake to establish a sugar plantation; and, although it appears that the people of San Domingo began cane farming about this

time, it is not positively known that the industry had secured much of a hold in Cuba until sixty years later. Indeed, some writers assert that the first cane farm was established in Cuba in 1595. In any event, three hundred years—or, to be exact, two hundred and ninety-nine years—later, that is, in 1894, the year before the last rebellion, during which the sugar industry was almost wiped out, 1,054,214 tons of sugar were produced, the greatest quantity ever raised in any one year in the island.

Although it made so early a start in the history of American agriculture, the sugar industry in Cuba languished for two hundred years, the annual output during that time being only about 28,000 tons. A quarter of a century later it reached 75,000 tons; the middle of the nineteenth century saw it at 250,000 tons, and in 1894 it passed the million mark, with an impetus that would have sent it on the first quarter in the second million by the end of the century, if the wretched mismanagement and criminal culpability of Spain had not brought on the rebellion.

With millions of acres of the richest and best cane land on the globe, yet untouched by the plow, with a climate unsurpassed for the growth and development of sugar-cane, and with a prestige for Cuban sugar second to none in the markets of the world, the future of Cuba's sugar presents a possibility of wealth surpassing the richness of the gold and silver which came to Columbus in the marvellous tales of the interior of the magnificent island which he had discovered.

Recurring to the effect of the rebellion of 1895-1898 on the sugar industry, it is appalling to contemplate the dreadful decrease in a

country's chief source of wealth and income to the government, as well as to the individual. In 1894 the output was 1,054,214 tons, and the following year, under the first touch of war and its alarms, the crop dropped off 50,000 tons, though it remained still above the million. This was the second year in Cuban sugar history that the million mark was passed. In 1896 the war was raging all over the island, and, with the Spaniards on one side, taking men and cattle, and the Insurgents on the other, burning cane and buildings and impressing stock, the sugar planter was utterly obliterated in some sections, and so badly crippled in others that the output reached only 225,221 tons, the lowest figure known in fifty years. Nor was this astounding decrease a matter of gradual accomplishment, permitting the country, the business, and the people to accommodate themselves to the changed conditions, but it happened almost in a night, and an income from sugar of \$80,000,000 a year dwindled on the instant to \$16,000,000, a loss of \$64,000,000 at once, as the result of Spanish mismanagement.

As a cane-producing country, Nature has made Cuba superior to any competitor which may appear; but all sugar does not come from cane, and since 1840, when the first record of beet sugar appeared, with 50,000 tons for the year's output for the world, as against 1,100,000 tons of cane sugar, about 200,000 tons of which was raised in Cuba, the sugar growers of the island have had their only dangerous rival. Beginning with the small production of 50,000 tons in 1840, principally grown in France, the beet sugar production increased rapidly in Europe, reaching 200,000 tons in 1850; 400,000 tons in 1860; 900,000 tons in 1870; 1,860,000 tons in 1880; and in 1894 going to 3,841,000 tons. Cane sugar, in the meantime, only increased from 1,100,000 to 2,960,000 metric tons. Cuba, in 1895, produced only 100,000 tons less than the world's entire output of all kinds of sugar in 1840. The total output of beet and cane sugars in 1893-1894 was 6,801,000 tons. The United States, in 1894, produced 272,838 tons of cane sugar, 20,219 tons of beet sugar, 394 tons of sorghum sugar, and 3,408 tons of maple sugar.

With the growth of sugar production in Cuba have come newer and better methods; and, whereas in 1825 the largest plantations rarely exceeded 1,500 acres in extent, producing only 350 tons per year, with a total value of land, buildings, machinery, stock, and slaves, of, say, \$500,000, with aggregate revenue of, say, \$60,000, and expenses of \$30,000, leaving a profit of \$30,000—in these later times there are plantations of 25,000 acres, representing an investment of \$2,000,000, with an annual revenue of \$1,000,000, expenses, say, of \$800,000, leaving a profit of \$200,000 per year. Contrasting the earlier figures



CASCADE AND POOL IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL CUBA.

with these later estimates, a profit of ten per cent is shown in 1894, as against six per cent in 1825.

In 1840, it is estimated there were 1,710 sugar plantations in Cuba; while in 1894 there were 1,100. Sugar farms are upland soils: the cane requires to be planted only once in seven years, and no fertilizers are required. Many of the planters in later years were very enterprising, and the machinery they use is the best in the world. The outfitting of one central, or grinding plant, with a capacity of 1,000 tons a day, costs \$500,000. Houses and stores for the accommodation of the employees are provided; there are locomotives and cars for the



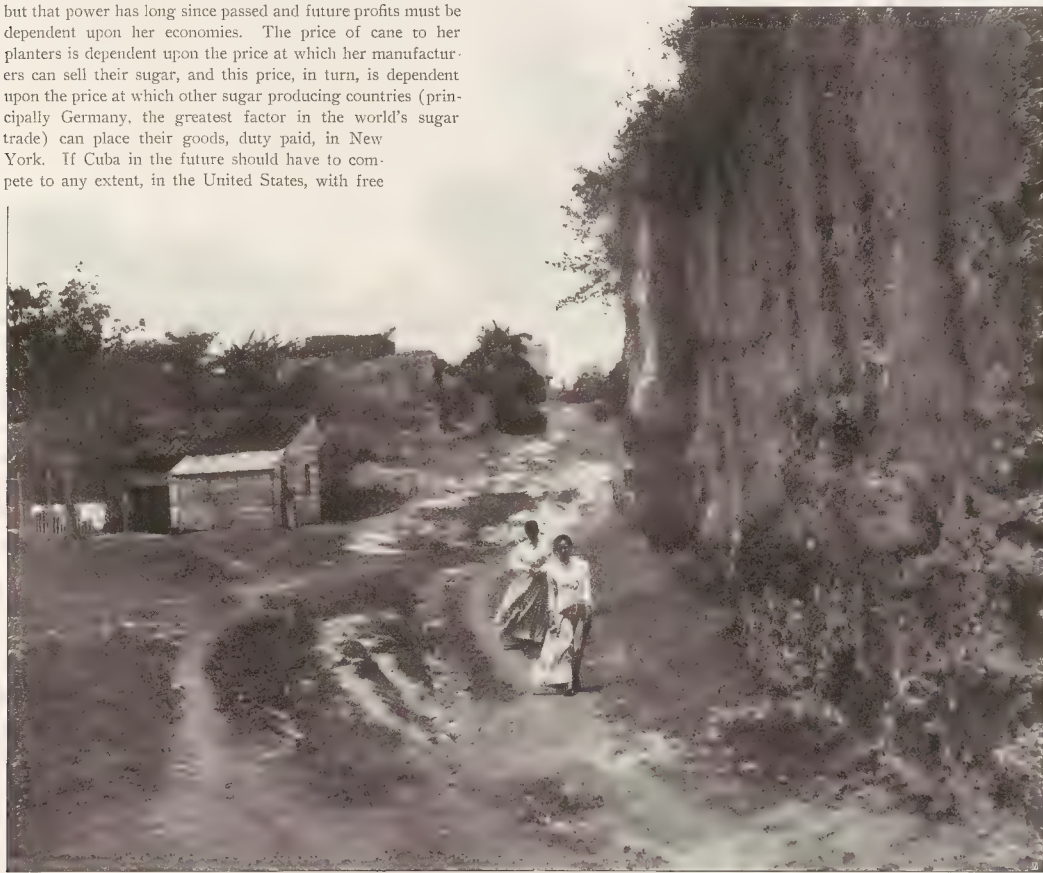
A UNIQUE RAILWAY STATION BETWEEN CÁRDENAS AND SANTA CLARA.

miles of railway for bringing the cane to the mill from all parts of the plantations; as many as 2,000 laborers are employed; 1,000 cattle for work and beef are to be found on the place; and the *colonia* is conducted upon the most economic, advantageous, and improved lines. This is a model *colonia*; but all Cuban *colonias* are not models.

The supply of labor and rates of wages in the future are now most serious questions to the sugar producer in Cuba, and present the greatest obstacle to reducing cost. For supplies of cane the manufacturer must depend either upon his own resources or upon large planters. Factories to be operated at a profit should be kept running day and night, and cane, owing to its nature, must be ground immediately it is cut. The grinding season in Cuba is limited to about one hundred and twenty working days, and small farmers, while they can generally find a market for their cane, cannot be depended upon for a constant regular supply. Had Cuba the power to dictate her own prices, she could maintain sufficient margin to overcome local difficulties, but that power has long since passed and future profits must be dependent upon her economies. The price of cane to her planters is dependent upon the price at which her manufacturers can sell their sugar, and this price, in turn, is dependent upon the price at which other sugar producing countries (principally Germany, the greatest factor in the world's sugar trade) can place their goods, duty paid, in New York. If Cuba in the future should have to compete to any extent, in the United States, with free

Northern markets with early berries are well worthy of consideration. These higher altitudes are also well adapted to coffee-growing, yet the few plantations in existence, at present, do not produce sufficient for local consumption. What has been said of coffee holds good as regards cocoa. Timber, consisting of the best hard woods, is very abundant in certain localities.

Like the other provinces, Santa Clara has serious need of better transportation facilities, both locally to the seaboard at various points, and by extension of the general railway system of the island, from where it now terminates at the city of Santa Clara, to the most easterly extremity of Cuba. The lack of public railroads has, to a certain extent, in a local way, been obviated by the private railroads of plantation owners; yet by no means has a comprehensive general railway system been constructed. The system of wagon roads is, apparently, much worse than the railway system, and no extensive



A COUNTRY ROAD IN SANTA CLARA PROVINCE

This road has been in existence more than a century, until by long use it has worn a natural grade down through the clayey soil, which stands like a wall on the side. Instances like this are common in the vicinity of Natchez, Miss., where the clay is of a similar consistency.

sugar from other countries, while a duty was exacted upon Cuban sugars, her case would seem to be helpless. Happily, however, we have reason to predict that a more favorable legislation will be enacted in the interest of the island.

Of its other agricultural products and possibilities, the tobacco industry already possesses considerable importance, and, while the quality of the leaf is not so much appreciated as that raised on the western end of the island, it is much larger, and is especially in demand in certain markets of Europe. Fruit cultivation has not been seriously undertaken for export; yet all varieties of tropical fruits flourish here, and, consequently, there is practically no limit to the extent to which this industry may be developed. In addition to tropical fruits, some of those of the temperate zone flourish on the higher elevations of the interior, and the possibilities of supplying

calzadas exist, except such as extend out for a few miles only from the larger towns. In this respect, the province is much worse off than the others lying west of it. It has suffered seriously from the want of banking facilities; perhaps more so than any of the other provinces, and, consequently, the development of all the industries, excepting those in the hands of wealthy foreigners, has been retarded.

The mineral resources of the province are considerable, but of late years have received little attention; much less, in fact, than in the province of Santiago. The early Spanish settlers were confident that gold existed in paying quantities, and it is said that they did, for a time, secure a fair quantity of it by the method now known as placer mining. So far as it is found now, the gold generally exists in a sand of granitic quality, and the principal early placers were in the vicinity of what is now Sagua la Grande, along the river of that name, and



A COCOA PLANTATION, SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

These are the trees that produce the chocolate of commerce, a time honored industry that promises much greater returns in the future throughout all of the islands.

the River Agabama. A little later, similar placers were located along the streams running into the bay of Jagua (Cienfuegos), and Humboldt states that, at the time of his visit early in the century, gold was still being washed up from the sands of the rivers Damuji and Caonao, two of such streams, while it is known that similar placer mining was

followed along other streams of the province in localities not now possible to locate with exactness. In 1827, silver, combined with copper, was discovered in a section known as Manicaragua, south of the city of Santa Clara, and it is said to have yielded about seventy-five ounces to the ton of ore, the product of copper therefrom, however, is not ascertainable. This industry does not seem to have ever been extensively prosecuted, nor, in later years, does there seem to have been any prospecting done for other similar deposits; but, according to the statements of experienced mining engineers who have been through the mountains, there are undoubtedly strong indications of silver and copper there, while there can be no question as to the plentiful existence of iron ore, probably in truer veins than that of the well-known deposits of Santiago de Cuba. In the vicinity of Trinidad, in the southeastern corner of the province, marble of good quality is plentiful, as is also building slate, some of which makes a superior quality of writing slate. Manganese is supposed to exist in the same locality. Asphalt and



NEAR ESPERANZA, CUBA

This is one of the most characteristic groups of Cuban people that our artist succeeded in obtaining. A very singular circumstance occurred in the development of this plate. Standing in the grass near the rock at the side of the road, and towering over the crowd until their heads and shoulders reached the small buildings in the background, were the faint, but perfectly proportioned outlines of two Cuban soldiers, with their arms and accoutrements. Some of the lines are still visible in the half-tone plate. Where these soldiers came from is an unexplained mystery, for they were not there when the picture was taken.

similar bituminous products exist in this region, and are said to be plentiful elsewhere in the province. Talc and amianthus exist near Trinidad, as well as in the wide belt extending to the north. There are rumors of the presence of coal in various parts of the province, but it is questionable if these are more than solidified bodies of bitumen. Petroleum undoubtedly exists in several localities. Quicksilver, at one time, was found in the low, open country near Remedios.

Before concluding these general remarks, perhaps some reference should be made to apiculture. In this, as in other provinces in the island, much honey and wax have been produced, with little, if any, attention being given to them in a scientific way. Were there no sugar plantations it could, of course, be appreciated that in a country where there is perpetual blossom, bees must flourish, and their profits be large. When we supplement this with the statement that the bees all feed about the sugar mills, some idea can be gathered of the possibilities of increasing the industry were the slightest attention given

also said that the locality is free from drought, and other troubles, which occasionally interfere with large crops in the western districts.

Elsewhere in the province, tobacco is also raised, principally in the vicinity of Quemado de Guines, Calabazar, Emercujada, and Santo Domingo. That raised in the neighborhood of the first two places is not of the best quality, while that of the last two is coarser and of a heavier grade.

The city of Santa Clara, more popularly known among the natives as "Villa Clara," is the capital of the province, in addition to which it holds rank as the second largest inland town of Cuba. It is located 200 miles east of Havana, almost in the center of its own province, about thirty miles from the northern coast and forty miles from the southern. Its population is estimated at about 20,000. The city was founded as early as 1689, and possesses all the characteristics of the earlier built Cuban cities, except narrow streets. It has always been noted for its comparative wealth and the exceptional beauty of its



A BANANA PLANTATION NEAR ESPERANZA, SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

Bananas grow to perfection in this part of Cuba, and no other crop is more profitable. Returns are realized within about nine months from the time of planting, and it is estimated that with proper attention the crop will yield from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per acre. Very little expense is required in the cultivation.

to its scientific development. There is but one drawback to the sugar mills in connection with honey production, and that is the tendency of the bees to become inebriated, for they prefer the by-product of rum to the sugar itself, and actually become so frequently intoxicated that they lose their natural habits of industry.

Situated in the southern central portion of this province is the rich valley of Manicaragua, noted for its fertility, as well as for its mineral wealth. Its total extent is nearly 60,000 acres, and it is claimed by authorities on the subject, to quote their own words, that "it produces tobacco possessed of all the qualities of aroma, combustibility, elasticity, and fineness of texture equal to that of Vuelta Abajo tobacco." It is only of late years, however, that it has attracted much attention, and only about 3,000 acres have been cultivated. The river Arimao runs through the district, and it is well watered thereby. The soil is said to be almost identical with that of Pinar del Rio, and it is

women. The general character of the population is good, and the city has great possibilities for an inland town. The location of the city is naturally very healthy, but the usual neglect of sanitary measures makes malarial fever and dysentery frequent. There is, however, an almost entire absence of yellow fever. Both air and soil are dry, and the peculiar clearness of the Cuban atmosphere is especially noticeable in this locality. It is situated at a considerable elevation above the sea level, and is substantially built and well laid out, with comparatively broad streets, some of which are improved, but there has been little attempt at macadamizing some of the adjoining country roads. There is one good theater in the city, and also one of the best appointed hotels on the island.

In 1827, silver was discovered in this locality in comparatively paying quantities. Certain specimens of the ore yielded about \$200 per ton, but, so far as is known, the mining of silver here has not

proved a commercial success. The mountains close by contain iron deposits, but these have been but slightly prospected, and have not been worked to any extent. Gold is found in small quantities; plumbago is plentiful; copper exists to an extent as yet unknown; while asphaltum and kindred bituminous

in the locality. Less than a mile and a half from the city is a gasoline mine, so-called, which would indicate the presence of natural gas.



LEPERS' HOSPITAL NEAR SANTA CLARA.

All of the figures that appear in the photograph are lepers, each being more or less affected with this loathsome disease. Mr. Townsend, the artist, had an exciting experience at this place, which is fully described in the text.

products will eventually prove a great source of commercial revenue. Annual shipments of asphalt have already reached 10,000 tons. While not stated by the authorities, it is believed that there is such an affinity between bitumen and petroleum in Cuba, that the latter must also exist

Of the various plagues with which the natives of this portion of Cuba have long been more or less afflicted the most dreaded is leprosy. Happily, however, this dire affliction has been kept under control, and is at the present time rapidly on the decrease.

The following peculiar adventure was experienced by our artist while at work in the



PEONS GATHERING SUGAR CANE ON A LARGE PLANTATION IN SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

A very fine quality of cane grows in this locality, the stalks being unusually large and juicy. This view also represents the scene of the capture of the noted bandits under the leadership of Lorenzo Metamor.

neighborhood of Santa Clara. He had visited an ancient cemetery lying about two miles out of the city, and while returning along the Imperial Road stopped at a place he took to be a banana plantation. As he was desirous of securing a picture on this subject, he adjusted his camera and proceeded to make an exposure. While thus engaged a dozen or so of natives approached the spot and paused to witness the proceeding. The fact that several of them wore bandages about their arms and legs did not impress him particularly at the time, and, being always on the lookout for native types, he at once took hold of the members of the crowd and began posing them in a group. He had just finished getting them in position when his attention was attracted by the excited cries of his man, who had gone on ahead, but who was now running back down the road at the top of his speed. The artist paused for a moment until his retainer had got near enough to make himself understood, when he informed him that the group of natives he had just been hustling into place were lepers. It

and face in diluted carbolic acid. From the druggist he learned that the manager of the leper farm had lived with the patients upward of eighteen years without having contracted the disease. The druggist also informed him that it had been the habit of the leading Spanish military officer of Santa Clara to visit the hospital once a week, even taking dinner in the same building occupied by the patients. He moreover found that there were eleven cases of leprosy at the hospital at the time of his visit, and afterwards, when he had developed his plates, he found he had taken every last one of them, including three Chinamen, whose conditions were worse than any that had ever been previously known on the island.

The general railway system of the island terminates at Santa Clara, giving it a connection with all the important central and western cities, while local railroad systems give it a connection with the more important seaports of the province on both the northern and southern coasts.



RAILROAD TRAIN AND STATION AT ESPERANZA, CUBA.

This is the junction of roads from Santa Clara and San Domingo to Cienfuegos and Sagua la Grande. In fact, it is the junction of the main north and south and east and west lines of the island, and is destined to be an important place.

appeared that this man of his, who was a Tampa negro, and could read Spanish as well as talk the language, had come across a sign about a quarter of a mile from the gate, warning strangers that the place was a leper farm, and to keep at a safe distance. Well, to say the artist was scared would be putting it mildly. But, having gone so far, he was determined not to stop until he had secured the picture, which done, he hailed a passing volante, and bribed the postilion to drive him at the top of his speed to the nearest drug shop. Upon arriving at one of these establishments he hastened to explain his case to the apothecary in charge. As he proceeded with his woeful narrative the druggist appeared very much amused, and when he got a chance to put a word in assured the artist that he was in no danger whatsoever unless he had a cut or sore on his hand. However, to be on the safe side, he threw all his clothes away, and washed his hands

CIENFUEGOS.

Cienfuegos, a comparatively modern commercial city, is located on the east side of the beautiful bay of Jagua, which indents the central portion of the southern coast of Cuba. The bay, which is completely landlocked, is about eleven miles long; the entrance is through a narrow, but deep, channel nearly three miles long. The town is about five miles distant from the inner end of the entrance. Surrounded by beautiful hills, with mountains lying beyond in the distance, the bay presents a scene long to be remembered by the tourist. Las Casas called it "the most magnificent port in the world." Nearly every other descriptive writer has said that "it could float the navies of the world," and Captain Mahan, our great strategic naval writer, sings its praises, and designates it as perhaps the foremost harbor, from



MAIN STREET BRIDGE IN THE CITY OF SANTA CLARA.

a strategic standpoint, on the Caribbean Sea. The average depth of water is excellent throughout nearly the entire bay, but it shoals gradually at certain points toward the shore. The larger vessels generally anchor at from one-eighth to one-half mile distant from the water front of the city, along which are nearly twenty-five piers, extending out about 300 feet each, at the ends of which vessels drawing not over twelve to fourteen feet can safely tie up. A practice is followed of

commencing the loading of good sized steamers at these wharves, and then, as they subside to the limit of draught, to have them hauled out a few hundred feet, in order to complete the task with lighters.

Cienfuegos, the literal meaning of which is a hundred fires, was originally founded in 1819; but, being shortly afterward destroyed by a hurricane, it was rebuilt in 1825, since which it has flourished, and is now the most important commercial city of the southern coast, and



THE RIO SAGUA, SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

Scene on one of the famous "lost rivers" of central Cuba. A phenomenal characteristic of these curious streams is the singular manner in which they disappear at intervals in their courses only to reappear at some distant point, thus continuing onward, above and below ground, until they finally reach the sea.



THE NGON REST IN THE SUGARCANE FIELD.

Work on the sugar plantations is hard and uninteresting. It is everywhere with the first of the wet, and can now not be done. The more landowners is given in the field, as shown in the photograph. The machine of large boats, used in cutting the cane, is the reason that proved so deadly in the hands of the Cuban sailors, driving their boats with Spain.



PEASANTS' CEMETERY, SANTA CLARA.

the fourth or fifth in all Cuba. The city front projects outward into the bay, and this part is only three or four feet above water level; a gradual ascent begins, however, from this portion, and the rear of the city is at an elevation at least seventy feet higher.

Better material conditions could not be imagined for an effective sewerage system, but none

exists. The streets are the widest of any city in Cuba, none being less than forty feet. Some attempt has been made at macadamizing them, but in wet weather they are exceedingly muddy and filthy.

The commencement of a water-works system has been made, and the water tower, standing at an elevation of over 100 feet above the harbor level, is one of the striking features of the landscape; but at last accounts the company had not



CEMETERY AND TOMBS OF THE WEALTHY, SANTA CLARA.

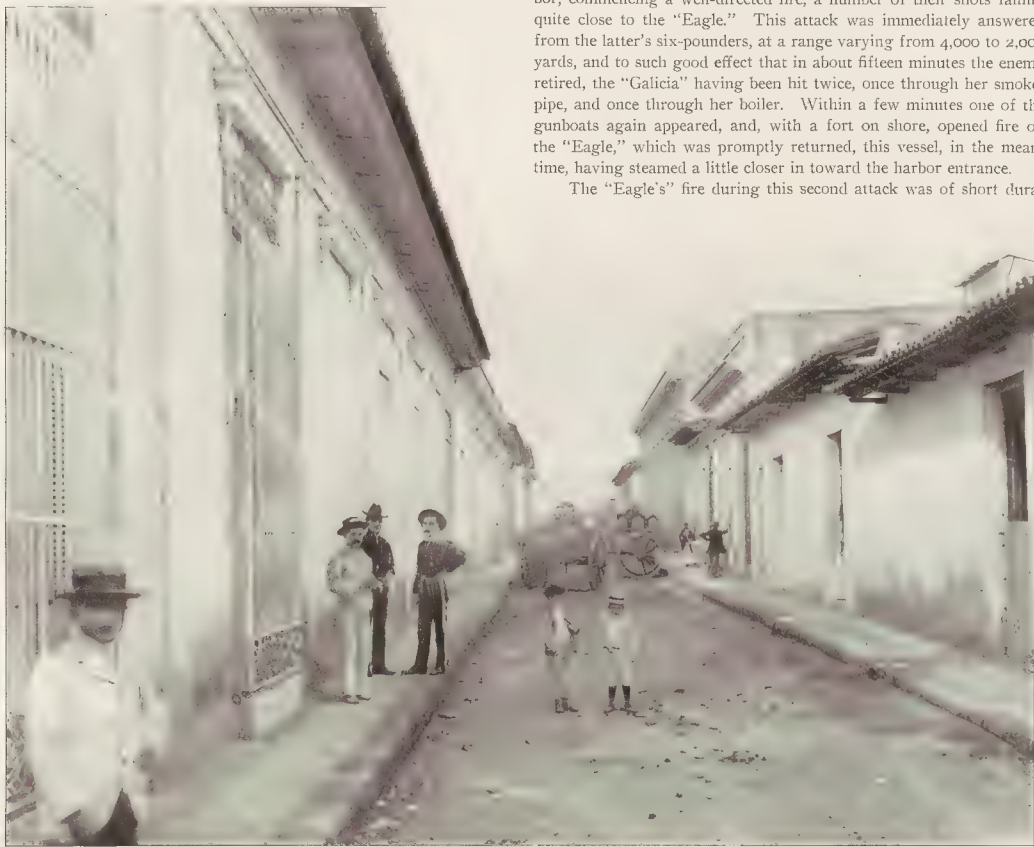
begun to furnish water, and the sole source of supply was from underground cisterns, the owners of which derive a handsome revenue from selling water to their less fortunate neighbors. There are gas works, and there is an electric light plant. The built-up portion of the city covers about 150 acres, and it has a population of 27,000, while there are about 41,000 in the township. While it is a rich city, as evidenced by signs of prosperity in all directions, and by some fine buildings, the most notable of which is the famous Terry Theater, the major portion of the buildings are cheap one-story wooden structures, the floors of which rest almost, it not quite, on the earth. As more than one third of the city's extent was originally a mangrove swamp, it is not to be wondered at that it is considered unhealthy, and a breeding spot for yellow fever, which is never entirely absent. Adjacent to the Terry Theater is one of the largest and finest public plazas in all Cuba, ornamented with many statues, some of which

tically the only serious labor trouble which ever occurred in Cuba happened here in 1891, it being a strike of the longshoremen. It was promptly suppressed by the authorities, who deported all the strikers as criminals to the Isle of Pines.

Particular interest attaches to Cienfuegos from the fact that at the entrance to its harbor on the 11th of May, 1898, the first naval engagement of the Spanish-American war took place. In the early morning hours of the day in question, Lieutenant Southerland, U. S. N., commanding the auxiliary war craft "Eagle," was ordered to proceed off the mouth of Cienfuegos harbor for blockade duty.

In obedience to this order a position was taken abreast of and about 1,500 yards away from the lighthouse on Colorados Point. Within a few minutes the Spanish torpedo gunboat "Galicia," accompanied by a smaller gunboat, left the harbor, and steamed out toward the "Eagle," each one, in addition to a third gunboat within the harbor, commencing a well-directed fire, a number of their shots falling quite close to the "Eagle." This attack was immediately answered from the latter's six-pounders, at a range varying from 4,000 to 2,000 yards, and to such good effect that in about fifteen minutes the enemy retired, the "Galicia" having been hit twice, once through her smoke pipe, and once through her boiler. Within a few minutes one of the gunboats again appeared, and, with a fort on shore, opened fire on the "Eagle," which was promptly returned, this vessel, in the meantime, having steamed a little closer in toward the harbor entrance.

The "Eagle's" fire during this second attack was of short dura-



STREET IN SANTA CLARA, AND HEADQUARTERS OF THE U. S. TROOPS.

are artistic. In the same locality is a fine old church. Southeast of the city rise the Southern, or San Juan Mountains, which are picturesque and greatly enhance the beauty of the surroundings. Two good-sized rivers empty into the bay north of the city, and one south of it, as do a number of lesser streams at various other points.

Owing to some peculiarity of the surroundings, it becomes exceedingly cold for the latitude during northers, and frost and hail are sometimes seen under such conditions in the neighboring mountains. The railroad facilities are good for Cuba, connections being made with the general railway system of the island, by which route the city is 190 miles from Havana. Subsequent statistics given show the general importance of the water traffic, in connection with which it should be stated that Cienfuegos is a stopping point for the regular line of south-side steamers, while there are a number of small steamers and a large number of sailing craft engaged in the coasting trade. The city has one good hotel. It may be interesting to note that prac-

tion, as the "Marblehead," which, upon the firing of the first gun, had started, full speed, to the former's assistance, arrived within a few minutes, and, with a well directed fire from her splendidly handled battery, soon silenced the enemy's fire, both ashore and afloat.

The first of these attacks on the "Eagle" brought on the first naval engagement afloat of the war, during which a small converted yacht, armed with but six guns, of inferior calibre, defeated and put to flight an enemy's force consisting of one torpedo gunboat and two small gunboats. The "Galicia" was of superior size to the "Eagle," and was armed with two 4.72-inch breech-loading rifles, four 6-pounder rapid fire guns, one machine gun, and two torpedo tubes. Information received later from nearby insurgents was to the effect that the injuries inflicted on the "Galicia" by the "Eagle's" fire were such as to require over five weeks to repair. The "Eagle," it will be remembered, is the little vessel which rendered such distinguished service in connection with the Isle of Pines blockade.



MAIN STREET AND U. S. QUARTERMASTER'S HEADQUARTERS, SANTA CLARA.

From the era of Paul Jones down to the present time, incidents of successful and audacious daring, like that just recorded of the

may come when some writer, gifted with the inspiration of genius, will explore the labyrinths of these official depositories and add new lustre to

American heroism by recording the thrilling events which they now conceal. Ample justice has been done to our famous naval command-

ers, like Perry, Hull, Decatur, Farragut, Dewey, and that modest, but brilliant hero, Schley—one of the greatest of the superb galaxy while the names of scores of others equally deserving remain unknown. There is no more inspiring subject than the heroic deeds of our subordinate naval commanders and "the men behind the guns."



OLD GOVERNORS' PALACE, SANTA CLARA.

THE TROCHA TELEGRAPH.

(LIMITED.)

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter IX.

"DURING the first few months of the late war," reminiscently observed the naval veteran, "it was my destiny to be attached to the little cruiser yacht, 'Gloucester,' quite as familiarly known in Cuban waters as 'El Topo,' the Mole.

For this rather pointed sobriquet we were indebted to our friends, the enemy, doubtless in depreciation of an inveterate trait peculiar to our audacious craft of thrusting her little proboscis into the hotbeds of their affairs on the most unexpected, and, consequently, impropitious occasions.

"The north coast of the Province of Puerto Principe presents an aspect of rambling ruggedness wholly unequaled anywhere else along the shoreline of Cuba. A most bewildering feature of this particular locality is the chain of islands which extends like a great serpentine peninsula, broken at occasional intervals by narrow, treacherous passages, from the extreme eastern boundary westward along the entire seaboard of the province.

"The extensive bayou lying within this elongated formation, is dotted with a maze of diminutive islets, thickly interspersed with sunken keys, and is naturally avoided by all save a class of navigators to whom its very perilousness has long constituted a guarantee of protection. The mainland along the inner shoreline of this great lagoon is again broken by numerous smaller coves and estuaries, the largest of which is situated just inside its most westerly confines, and reaches inland in a winding, straggling fashion for a distance of several leagues, finally merging into the vast, almost impenetrable everglade which characterizes the entire northwestern section of the province. This inlet, because of the opalescent tone of its waters, is known as the *Laguna de Leche*, or Lagoon of Milk.

"It was in the purlieus of this labyrinthian district that, in company with a fellow-electrician from the 'Gloucester,' I figured in a little adventure, which, in addition to contributing a new wrinkle to the already corrugated plane of electrical possibilities, came uncomfortably near bringing my individual war experience to a premature termination.

"A few days previous to the occurrence of the incident in question, the 'Gloucester' left the blockading fleet off Havana, and steamed away to the eastward under sealed orders. Our departure was attended by two noticeable coincidents, which, however, at the time, shed no light upon the object of our mission. One of these was the sending on board from the flag-ship of a native Cuban pilot, while the other was the sailing of the 'Scorpion,' 'Hist' and 'Suwanee,' three other small

converted cruisers, which bore off in company, to the westward. After a continuous forty eight hour run we hove to, shortly afternoon, under the seaward shore of Santa Maria Island, a small parcel of land lying at a distance of, perhaps, twenty miles directly off the intersection of the provinces of Santa Clara and Puerto Prin-



"THE TROCHA TELEGRAPH."

"I copied the message and handed it to Velasquez."

cipe. We spent the remainder of the day in vain conjecturing as to what possible incentive could have prompted the Admiral to project us away off to this remote and unpromising locality. Our suspense, however, was of short duration, for, immediately after nightfall, we again got under way, this time heading in a southeasterly direction.



GIRLS' SCHOOL AND HOME AT SAGUA LA GRANDE, SANTA CLARA PROVINCE.

That something was in the wind was evident to all hands, from the fact that the Cuban pilot stood on the bridge, peering intently at the moonlit waters ahead. For a space of three hours we steamed onward without having sighted any land since leaving Santa Maria astern of

us, when, suddenly, the lookout forward sang out, 'Breakers off the starboard bow!' The pilot, notwithstanding, kept steadily on his course, the breakers meanwhile becoming visible to all on deck, and growing more distinct with every revolution of the propeller. It seemed imperative that the pilot should soon alter his course, for now the breakers stretched in a seething, clamorous line, scarcely a cable's length ahead. Not so, however, for, beyond an occasional word of injunction to the helmsman by way of keeping the little vessel steady, he held complacently on toward the surf-lashed shore, which now loomed, grim and threatening, before us.

"What might have seemed strangest of all to the bewildered crew was the fact that our commander, who likewise stood on the bridge, vouchsafed never a word of doubt or protest, but seemingly surrendered himself to-



ANCIENT CHURCH IN SANTA CLARA.

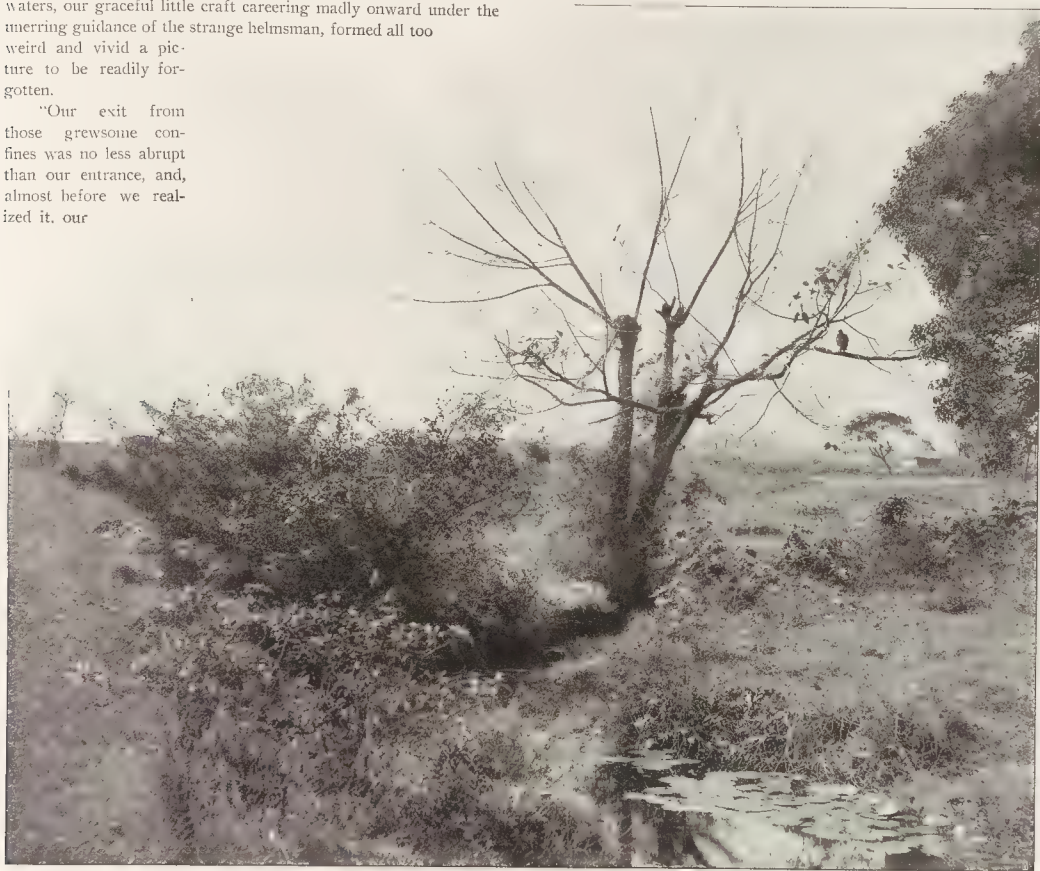
This church is of more modern construction than the one shown on page 192, but it is old and quaint enough to be an object of curiosity to all visitors. It was observed by the clock on the front of the church that it was precisely nine minutes to twelve when our artist took the picture.

gether with the vessel and all her complement, into the hands of this swarthy visaged guide of the seas. Suddenly the line of breakers, into the very midst of which we were seemingly about to be hurled, appeared to part directly ahead, reforming into ragged walls of tossing foam on either hand. When our eyes again sought the pilot on the bridge he had disappeared. But only momentarily, for an instant later we distinguished his lithe figure standing in the helmsman's place, his hands firmly grasping the spokes of the wheel. He was steering us through one of the perilous passages into the great, land-locked lagoon of Puerto Principe.

"The details of that novel circumstance will not soon be effaced from the memories of those who experienced it. The precipitate, unheralded entrance from the tropical sea into that narrow, eddying maelstrom, from which there seemed no egress; the buffeting, foam-flecked waves, advancing and receding in never-ending conflict with the scarified cliffs, and in the midst of the turbulent waters, our graceful little craft careering madly onward under the unerring guidance of the strange helmsman, formed all too weird and vivid a picture to be readily forgotten.

"Our exit from those grewsome confines was no less abrupt than our entrance, and, almost before we realized it, our

which, in addition to being of much importance, will be attended with no little danger. Hence, it will require nerve as well as proficiency in the undertaking. We have come to this locality to protect the landing of a large quantity of supplies for the Insurgent army in Puerto Principe. The expedition bringing them is expected to arrive about two days hence, by which time the three war vessels which sailed from off Havana at the same time as our own, will have reached a position on the south coast of Cuba, directly opposite where we are now lying. The island at this point is but forty-five miles in breadth, and is traversed by the famous Jucaro-Moron trocha, along which, at stated intervals, detachments of Spanish troops are stationed. The most formidable of these forces is located on the outskirts of Moron, a town of considerable size, lying half a league inland from the *Laguna de Leche*, one of the two entrances to which is situated but a short distance from where we are now anchored.



BUZZARD'S CREEK, NEAR SANTA CLARA.

A fierce battle was fought over this ground by the Spanish and patriot forces. A number of men were killed on both sides, and buried to the right of the creek, as shown in the photograph.

little vessel was gliding over the placid surface of the lagoon, heading toward a group of islands close at hand, in the midst of which, quite hidden from view of either shore, she was eventually brought to anchor.

"The remainder of the night and the ensuing forenoon passed uneventfully, but immediately after the dinner hour, another electrician and myself were summoned before the commander. In response to the order, we went aft, and were ushered into the cabin, where the commander, the executive officer, and the pilot were assembled in council. Bidding us approach his desk, the former regarded us searchingly for a moment, then delivered himself of the following inquiry:

"Are both of you men thoroughly conversant with telegraphy?"

"We replied in the affirmative.

"Then," he continued, "I have a mission for you to perform,

"The vast marshes extending along this coast render the landing of the supplies possible only at a point adjacent to Moron, and under the constant surveillance of its garrison. At the southern terminus of the trocha is the town of Jucaro, and our plan is for the three vessels on the opposite side of the island to bombard that place, which, it is hoped, will result in drawing a major portion of the trocha troops to that vicinity, and, at least, in weakening the vigilance of the guards at Moron, thus enabling us to successfully accomplish the discharge of the supplies.

"But one detail in our arrangements yet remains to be completed, which is the conveying of the information to the vessels on the other side, immediately upon the arrival of the expedition.

"This duty I have decided to entrust into your hands. I am informed that there is a telegraph wire extending along the trocha from



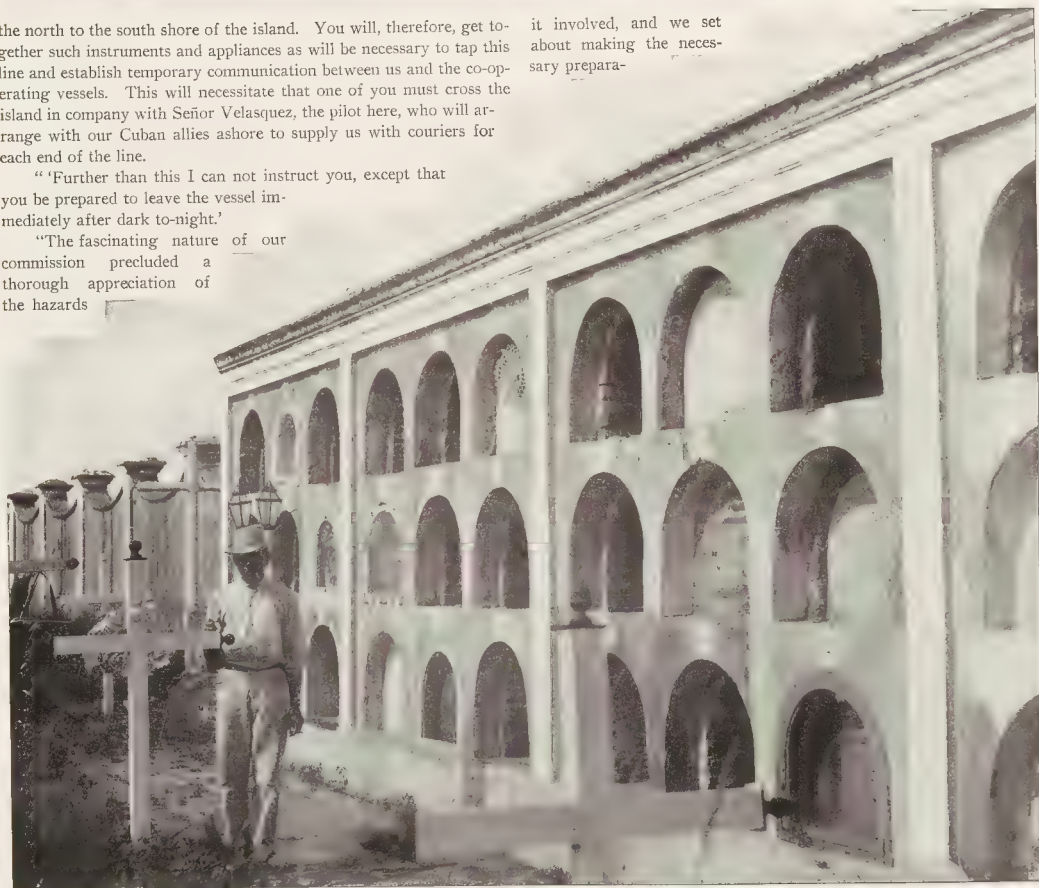
VIEW OF CIENFUEGOS, CUBA, FROM THE HARBOR.

the north to the south shore of the island. You will, therefore, get together such instruments and appliances as will be necessary to tap this line and establish temporary communication between us and the co-operating vessels. This will necessitate that one of you must cross the island in company with Señor Velasquez, the pilot here, who will arrange with our Cuban allies ashore to supply us with couriers for each end of the line.

"Further than this I can not instruct you, except that you be prepared to leave the vessel immediately after dark to-night."

"The fascinating nature of our commission precluded a thorough appreciation of the hazards

it involved, and we set about making the necessary prepara-



VAULTS IN THE PEASANTS' CEMETERY, SANTA CLARA.

These vaults are rented for about two pesos (Spanish dollars) per year. When the living relatives cease paying the rent the bodies are taken out and thrown into the common "bone pile," a feature of almost every Cuban city.

tions for our journey, with as much genuine enthusiasm as if the entire enterprise had been planned for our especial entertainment. In addition to a compact, but powerful electric battery each, a quantity of wire, and a number of telegraphic instruments, we were equipped with rifles and revolvers, together with sufficient ammunition to provide against any reasonable emergency, and supplied with cooked rations for four days. This somewhat miscellaneous outfit, equally apportioned between us, constituted a much less cumbersome load than might have been expected. At the appointed hour that night we set out from the 'Gloucester' in the ship's cutter, manned by six sturdy seamen from our crew, with Velasquez, the pilot, at the tiller. After an hour's pull across the open lagoon, we entered what appeared to be a narrow canal, extending southward into the mainland. As we proceeded, this waterway developed an exceedingly changeable aspect, widening and narrowing with a frequency which would seemingly have

"It was now past midnight, and we were informed by our guide that in the space of an hour we should arrive at one of the camps of the Insurgents. Our progress during that time, by reason of the boggy nature of the country through which our trail lay, and the numerous water holes we were obliged to circumvent, was painfully slow. At the expiration of the promised time, however, we were suddenly brought to a standstill by a peremptory, '*Alto! Que venir?*'"

"Velasquez' response being satisfactory to the challenger, we were allowed to advance, whereupon we found ourselves in the presence of a Cuban picket, who conducted us to the Insurgent camp, a short distance beyond. We remained here only long enough for our guide to arrange with the officer in command for a detail of four men to act as couriers for our party, and then pushed forward in the direction of Moron.

"The approach of dawn was just being heralded in the faint pallor of the eastern heavens when a dark, angular line, dimly discernible



THE PUBLIC BATH AT SANTA CLARA.

This small stream, running through the city of Santa Clara, is used as a public bath by the poorer classes, certain hours during the day being reserved for men, and others for women and children.

defied a familiarity with its numerous landmarks. Through many of the narrowest places the current ran with the swiftness of a mill race, sweeping us onward with astounding velocity, and frequently threatening to swamp our little barque. The sands constituting the bottom of this remarkable strait, our pilot informed us, were of an intensely shifting character, and were continually forming themselves into shoals and bars, the lapse of a few hours often being sufficient to transform some previously safe point in the stream into a swirling vortex. On the whole, considering its many adverse phases, it was not strange that this treacherous passage should have derived the name of the *Paso de Judas*. For fully two hours we threaded its perilous waters before emerging upon the opaque surface of the *Laguna de Leche*. Finally we disembarked in the environs of a dense swamp, where, in company with Velasquez, we bade farewell to the cutter's crew, and, leaving them to return to the vessel, took up our journey into the interior.

through the rank shrubbery, warned us of our proximity to the walls of the ancient Spanish *pueblo*. It being unsafe to proceed any further in that direction, we now changed our course and took up a circuitous route which led us into a tangled forest south of the town.

"As we were cautiously advancing through the thick undergrowth, our guide, who was several paces in the lead, suddenly raised his hand in warning, and came to an abrupt halt. With our hands on the levers of our rifles, and our hearts beating a violent protest to any further advance, we silently tiptoed up beside him. In reply to our whispered inquiries as to the cause of his detention, the Cuban muttered a single phrase—'The trocha.'

"We peered ahead through the gray twilight, but no sign of a barricade was visible. I had started to take a step forward when Velasquez grasped my arm, just as my foot struck a barbed wire stretched at a height of perhaps fifteen inches above the ground.



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL AT CIENFUEGOS.

Stooping over to examine the extent of the obstruction, I discovered a multitude of these wires, strung one after another beyond, and at the same height as the first we had encountered.

"So this is the trocha?" I observed to Velasquez. "And do these wires extend thus along its whole length?"

"From Moron to Jucaro, señor," he answered. "They stretch in unbroken lines across the entire breadth of the island."

"And the telegraph wires—where are they?" I inquired.

"Along the tramway, about a dozen yards beyond the trocha," was the reply.

"Of a sudden I was seized with an idea. Why attempt utilizing a telegraph line already in possession of the enemy—a scheme whose feasibility I had from the outstart regarded with the greatest possible skepticism—when here was a system of wires covering identically the



SPANISH COASTERS IN THE HARBOR OF CIENFUEGOS

same territory which might be converted to our own exclusive use? I at once divulged my project to Ashton, my electrical associate, who took to it with a readiness that was gratifying in the extreme.

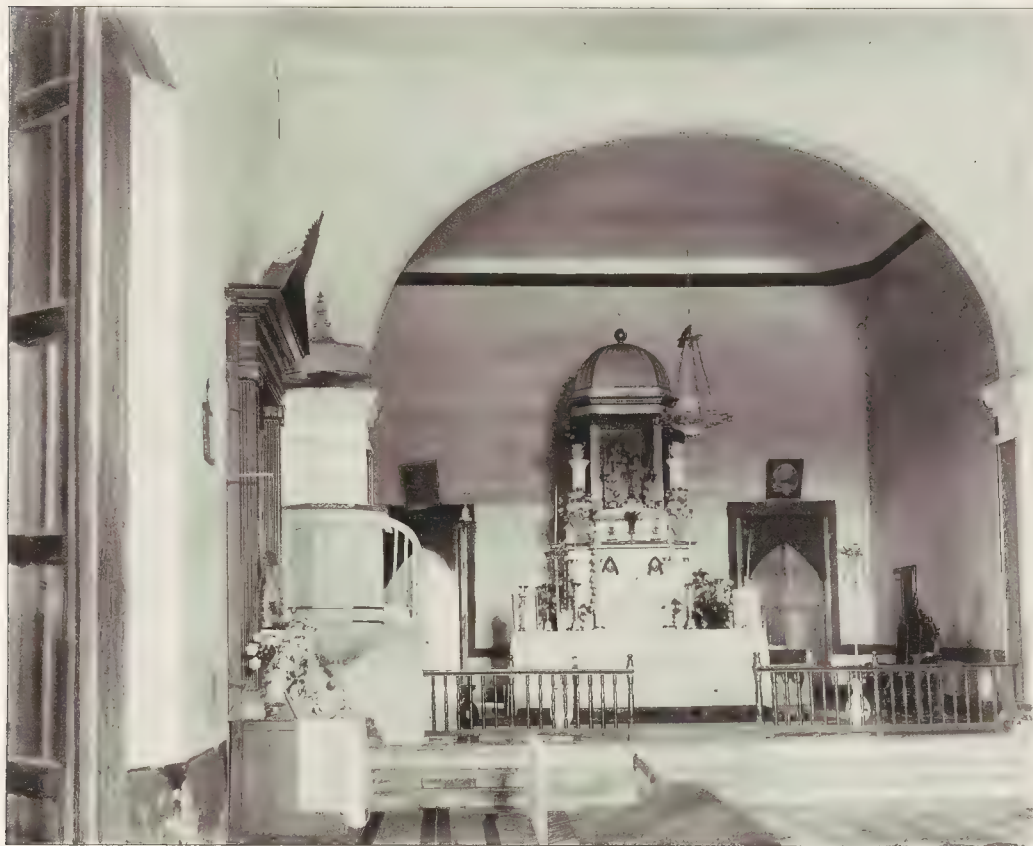
"'Only,' he ventured, speculatively, 'in the event of a failure we might as well give ourselves up to the Spaniards as to face the "old man's" displeasure.'

"'If the plan fails to work we will yet have time to hang ourselves to the Spanish telegraph poles, which,' I assured him, 'will be one and the same thing as conspiring to use their official wires.'

"So it was agreed that my plan should be put into application. We, of course, took Velasquez into the scheme, though he merely shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion in a manner which plainly said, 'You are the operators—I am the guide.'

"Before it was possible to communicate over the trocha wires, it was necessary to traverse the ones selected for their entire length, in

outside of Moron, where the former would set up his station and dispatch his couriers to the Insurgent camp for news of the arrival of the expedition. Accompanied by Velasquez and my two couriers I was to proceed south along the trocha to a position near Jucaro, from where my companions were to place me in communication with our vessels off the south coast. The all-important feature of the enterprise would, of course, be the forty odd miles of wire connecting our two districts. I found it by no means an easy task to follow up and inspect the two lines of barbed wire we had chosen, for, in addition to the many defects I naturally was obliged to remedy, it was necessary to maintain the strictest precautions against detection, especially while passing the Spanish posts, which we encountered at intervals along our way. Nevertheless, by dawn the next morning we had succeeded in traversing the dangerous route up to a point from where the town of Jucaro was plainly visible.



ALTAR OF THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

This photograph shows the altar and pulpit of the old Cathedral. The image of the Virgin over the altar is mounted on solid gold made from offerings of religious patrons.

order to establish a complete circuit. This we would be able to do only after darkness had again set in, but by immediately leaving our present position and traveling by a circuitous route, it would be possible, our guide informed us, to reach a point midway on the trocha by nightfall. Then, by working both ways, we calculated upon our ability to cover the distance, a trifle over twenty miles, in either direction, and have the line in working order by the following morning, when the expedition was due to arrive at the lagoon.

"We lost no time in setting forth on our journey, and, although we traveled all day in the blistering heat of a tropical sun, the intensity of our interest in our novel undertaking rendered us thoroughly impervious to fatigue. By nightfall we arrived at our objective point on the trocha, where we completed our final plans for the operating of our line in working order by the following morning, when the expedition of the Cubans were to trace the wires to a point at a safe distance

"Here, in the midst of a dense growth of palmetto shrubs, my companions selected a retreat into which I diverted the two wires, completing the circuit, and attaching thereto my battery, together with a transmitting and receiving instrument.

"My end of the line was now ready for business, and I eagerly awaited a message from Ashton. To my immense relief it was not long in coming, and throughout the greater portion of the morning we occupied ourselves with detailing to each other over the wires our experiences of the previous night, and speculating on our chances of further success. By noon, however, a physical reaction had set in, and we agreed to suspend operations and avail ourselves of some much-needed sleep.

"Stretching myself on a heap of palmetto boughs, with the electrical annunciator close to my ear, I was soon entirely oblivious to my surroundings. I must have slept very soundly, for I was suddenly



THE OLD CEMETERY AT SANTA CLARA

The cemetery is now used only for victims of smallpox and leprosy. The raven on the pillar is a gruesome reminder of what might be seen on the opposite side of the wall.



OLD CATHEDRAL AT SANTA CLARA.

This church is 280 years old, and is a most interesting relic of early Spanish occupation. The house of the officiating priest, which appears in the rear of the church, is of modern construction.

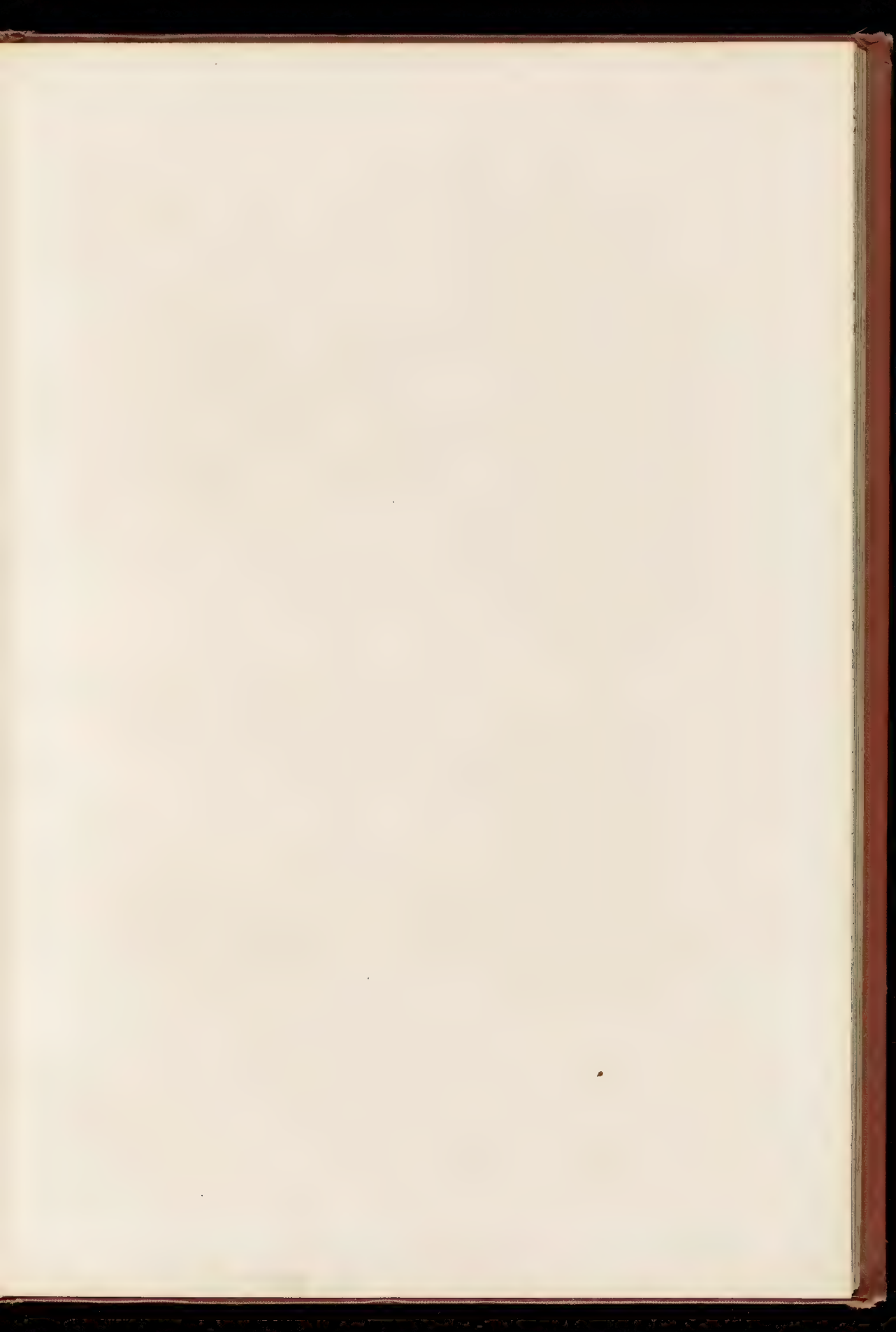
aroused by a vigorous shaking at the hands of Velasquez, who informed me that the annunciator had been ringing for several minutes without producing the least visible effect upon my senses. I hurriedly responded to the signal, and in a few moments my instrument had ticked off the following message:

"Expedition arrived. Will land to-night. Send word for ships to commence bombardment of Jucaro immediately."

"I copied the order, and delivered it into the hands of Velasquez, who forthwith set off, in company with his two countrymen, for the seashore.

"Glancing at my watch, I noted the time to be exactly 4 p. m.

Within two hours the vessels would probably be in possession of the dispatch and the bombardment would begin. Then, for the first time, I reflected that my position, directly in the rear of Jucaro and within less than two miles of the coast, was most admirably situated to catch such stray projectiles as would naturally pass over the town in the course of the impending fusillade.





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ON THE BAYAMON RIVER, PORTO RICO.

DR. ST. RICHARD T. J. PHOTOGRAPHED BY N. Y. ZOOLOGICAL PARK, INC. N. Y. C.

"But why remain throughout it all?" I began reasoning with myself; 'my mission was simply to inform the vessels when to open fire, in which case my work was already accomplished.' Precisely at this juncture I received a call from Ashton. His communication ran thus: 'Orders say, stick to our posts until expedition has landed.' I would have given a kingdom, had I possessed one, to have been where the transmitter of that message was. There was no help for it, however; I was simply in for it.

"To occupy the time I struck up a conversation with Ashton on the subject of my predicament, and if ever a receiving instrument laughed outright mine did. There was no mistaking the fact that my unsympathetic compatriot at the other end of the line regarded my predicament as a colossal joke. The hour hand of my watch had moved round to 5—to 6—to 6:30—when suddenly, from beyond Jucaro, a deep detonation smote the air. Before the rumbling echoes had ceased vibrating

ticking off a message from Ashton. I jotted the words down as they came, and when the message was completed called out to the Cuban: 'Our mission has been fulfilled—the supplies have been landed and are now in the possession of your people.'

"At this news a happy smile lit up the noble fellow's countenance, and, raising his hat, he exclaimed: '*Bien, Señor! Viva Cuba Libre!*' That devout sentence was the last he ever uttered, for, following it, came a deafening crash close at hand, and I was hurled violently to the ground. I painfully regained my feet, and in a dazed manner glanced about for Velasquez. He had utterly disappeared, and a great ragged hole on the very spot where he had lately stood revealed the awfulness of the fate that had befallen him. The wires of the trocha, together with my own, were swept into a confused, inextricable tangle, and, sick at heart, I bethought myself to personally attempt the delivery of my last message to the vessels off Jucaro. I had proceeded but a few



TERRY THEATER, CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.

This handsome structure is more than one hundred years old. It was built by a wealthy Englishman, who bestowed his own name on the structure and left it as a monument to his memory.

among the hills they were swallowed up in a mighty pandemonium of thunderous sounds, which seemed to threaten the very universe with annihilation. So intense was my excitement, caused by the stupendous din, that I totally forgot the hazardousness of my position, until of a sudden, without the slightest warning, a large tree was uprooted by a bursting shell not a dozen yards from where I stood. At this my first impulse was to get away from the locality with all speed, but I quickly remembered why I was there, and stayed by my instruments.

"All night long the bombardment continued, shot after shot passing over and falling about me, and I momentarily expected to be blown off the face of the earth. Dawn was just breaking, and the firing had slackened somewhat when Velasquez at last put in an appearance. He paused beside the trocha, a few feet distant, while my instrument was

yards in the direction of the coast, however, when I met the two couriers returning. At sight of me they were manifestly alarmed, and, pointing to my head, inquired if I had been hit. I had experienced a dizzy sensation ever since regaining my feet subsequent to the explosion, and had attributed it to the shock I had received. But now, as I put my hand to my head, I discovered that I had sustained a deep cut on the scalp, doubtless from some flying particle from the bursting shell.

"We made our way with all possible haste to an unfrequented point on the shore, where a small dory had been secreted by Velasquez. In this I was pulled alongside the '*Scorpion*,' which, with the two other vessels, was still maintaining a desultory fire on the Spanish town. Upon the delivery of the message in my possession, however, the bombardment was discontinued, and the vessels drew off shore. Meanwhile my wound had been examined by the surgeon of the '*Scorpion*,' who



SUGAR PLANTATION AND MANUFACTORY IN SANTIAGO PROVINCE

This is one of the few plantations that escaped the ravages of the war. The Spaniards, however, have not been able to see it in its original state, one of the best in the island. The plantation, one of the best in the island, is now in the hands of the Spaniards. The plantation is now in the hands of the Spaniards. The plantation is now in the hands of the Spaniards.

pronounced it of too serious a nature to admit of my attempting to recross the island, and I was consequently retained on board.

"It was a month later before an opportunity occurred to transfer me back to the 'Gloucester.' Meanwhile, on board that vessel I had been given up as lost, the Cubans, upon their return, having reported the circumstances attending the death of the brave Velasquez, in which they conveyed the impression that the injury I had sustained was of a fatal

nature. Personally I considered the exploit quite sufficiently thrilling without feeling the necessity of contributing myself to the list of fatalities, and therefore continued to recuperate as rapidly as possible.

"But from a point of preference, if obliged to choose between iniquitous alternatives, I would rather act as lineman over a string of electrical bombshells than to operate one end of another trocha telegraph."



AT THE WHARFS IN THE BAY OF CIENFUEGOS, CUBA

The smaller boats are owned by Greek fishermen, who supply most of the trade along the southern coast of Cuba. They are expert and daring sailors, as well as genial companions.

PUERTO PRINCIPE.

THE STOCKMAN'S PARADISE.

Chapter X.

IN certain respects the vast Province of Puerto Principe is the most singular of all the political divisions of Cuba. This uniqueness lies both in the particular character and the resources of that section. The province, covering an area of 12,400 square miles, is, to a great extent, an immense uninhabited wilderness, less than 674 square miles of its total expanse being utilized. Physically the country is intensely mountainous, with deep valleys and broad *mesas* or table lands lying at lofty altitudes above the sea. The valleys are filled with dense, unexplored forests of inestimable extensiveness, while the elevated plateaus are covered with exuberant growths of native feed grasses. It is this latter feature whereon Puerto Principe's chief importance depends, for these broad grass-grown expanses form the basis of what must eventually become one of the greatest stock-raising industries in the world. Here cattle thrive and multiply with as little care as they receive in certain parts of South America, and with the same

lack of attention as was formerly devoted to them on our Western plains. Of recent years, by reason of the protracted warfare throughout the island, this industry has experienced extensive reverses. Prior to the insurrection it was estimated that there were at least 800,000 head of beef cattle in the province, and annually some 50,000 head were shipped to the Havana market. There have also been some exportations of cattle to the West Indian Islands and the adjacent countries of Central and South America, while some attempts have been made to ship them to the coast cities of the United States. At the present time, however, a comparatively small percentage of the former number of cattle that ranged throughout the province remains, the greater portion having been killed to feed either the Insurgents or the Spanish troops.

The raising of cattle in Cuba is an exceedingly profitable business, particularly as no attention is paid to the fattening of beef, the animals being sold just as they are thought to be fit for market. As a conse-

quence the quality of Cuban beef is of the poorest, and must continue so until a proper system of stock raising is adopted by the ranchers. Puerto Principe is an ideal country for the stock man; it is indeed, a beautiful sight to see the grazing herds scattered over extensive plains, with here and there large clumps of palm and cocoa trees affording shade to the luxuriating animals. Formerly the fiercest animals used in the bull ring came from this district, and when so noted upon the play bills an audience was sure to be attracted by the superior sport they insured. Stock raising is bound to play a very important part in the sum total of the business interests of the island, as the following average valuations would indicate: Oxen are quoted as high as \$40 per head. Ordinary cattle \$30. Calves 12. Hogs \$8 to \$10. Sheep are comparatively cheap, being sold at from \$1 to \$3.

A popular way of curing beef is by putting it, salted, in the sun, and thus preserved it is known as *tasajo*, or jerked beef. Prepared in this way it will keep for several weeks, being used principally for home consumption. This is a favorite article of food among the masses of the population, and is found, sometimes, even upon the table of the better class, when no strangers are present. Large quantities of beef hides are annually exported from the province, while the bones are made into "bone black," of which immense quantities are required by the sugar manufacturers throughout the island.

Camels were at one time introduced into this portion of the island, in the hope that they would answer the purpose of transportation. The experiment, however, proved a failure, for, strange to say, the smallest insect, the *nigua*, that buries itself in the feet and there procreates, utterly ruined all of them.

From Puerto Principe come also some of the finest horses raised on the island. The Cuban horse is not supposed to be a native, either of the island or of these climes in fact, if we believe the accounts of early discoverers, the animal was not known upon this continent, for in every case when the natives first saw a horse they were struck dumb with astonishment, thus demonstrating their utter unfamiliarity with the quadruped. It is, therefore, suspected that the Cuban horse of to-day is simply the result of some of the Spanish stock transferred to the island, and, affected by the peculiarities of the climate in his breeding, has gradually evolved into the peculiar animal he is. Nevertheless, he is a fine animal now, with a short, stout, well built body, neat, clean limbs, fine, intelligent eyes, and a gait for long journeys under saddle not to be surpassed. These horses have sturdy necks, heavy manes, and thick tails. Seen on the plains where they are raised, and before they are handled and groomed, they present a very rough and wild appearance. The price of the Cuban horse varies, according to circumstances, from \$60 to even as high as \$1,000 for the very finest breed. Taken as a whole, the opportunities presented to the practical stock-raiser in eastern Cuba are exceedingly attractive, and will merit the careful consideration of any moderate capitalist who contemplates interesting himself in that field.

Puerto Principe is the second largest province on the island, and has the least density of population. Its inhabitants number a total of 67,789, averaging less than six per square mile of territory. It is situated next westerly from the province of Santiago de Cuba, and possesses many of the same natural characteristics and possibly as great mineral wealth. The latter, however, has never received the attention which that at Santiago de Cuba has had. The natives still frequently designate the province as Camaguey, its former title. The seat of the recent insurrectionary government was located in the vicinity of the Cubitas Hills in this province, and it has always been the center of similar outbreaks. The peculiar natural



AN INTERESTED GROUP.

Representing a wayside incident connected with our photographer's journey through Cuba.



VIEW FROM THE PLAZA IN CIENFUEGOS, CUBA.

conditions and lack of transportation facilities made it particularly favorable for the operation of guerilla warfare.

In addition to the stock raising industry, general farming is carried on to a limited extent. There are in all about 1,100 farms of various sizes located throughout the province. Few of the staple products are grown here, there being absolutely no tobacco or coffee plantations, and but five sugar estates. Though no attempt at systematic apiculture has been made, the exportation of wax and wild honey should be important industries. As bees can be busy 365 days in the year, systematic production of wax and honey should become an important departure

in this province, as in every other part of Cuba. Some attempts in a small way have been made to introduce the cultivation of hemp, and, although conditions seem very favorable, up to the present time no great commercial success has been attained; but it is believed, by those who have given most attention to the subject, that with proper management and machinery to obtain the fibre, which is said to be of remarkable length, strength and whiteness, there is no reason why it should not prove profitable. In the vicinity of Nuevitas some 1,800 acres have been planted with sisal hemp. In the vicinity of the Cubitas Hills are enormous deposits of iron ore, such as hematites, chromic iron and proto-sesquioxides. An American company was formed to work these deposits, but was prevented from carrying out its plans by the insurrection. Large deposits of gold, silver, copper, nickel and cobalt are said to exist, but their location does not seem to be well defined.

There is but one railway in the entire province, which runs from Nuevitas, on the north coast, to the city of Puerto Principe, forty-two miles in length. This has been an exceedingly profitable property, paying, annually, fifteen per cent dividends.

The city of Puerto Principe, situated near the center of the province, is the largest inland city on the island, and is the capital of the province bearing that name. The original Puerto Principe was at Nuevitas, having been founded there in 1515, but was moved in the following year to its present site, a broad sandy savannah at a considerable elevation. It is the quaintest and most antiquated town in Cuba, a relic of the Middle Ages, with narrow, rambling streets, mediæval houses of stone, and crumbling churches. Through it flows a river, and around it stretches out some of the most superior grazing land in the world. Strange to say, although the city boasts a population of over 40,000, there are no hotels, travelers being obliged to depend on the hospitality of the people for their entertainment. This condition is the outcome of an old custom observed for

centuries by the aristocratic Creoles of Puerto Principe, who were too hospitably inclined to even think of accepting pay for such accommodations. Hence the general rule observed in the community is for friends to entertain one another unreservedly, the kindness being reciprocated as the occasion may arise.

SPICE-GROWING IN CUBA.

The climate and soil of Cuba are adapted to the growth of such a diversified variety of products, and in such profusion, that it is dif-



CHURCH AND A PORTION OF THE PLAZA AT GUANTANAMOS.

ficult for one not familiar with the surroundings to fully appreciate the opportunities offered. A simple enumeration of facts seems almost extravagant, if not incredible; but in the preparation of this work special care has been taken to verify every statement, either by the personal knowledge of the various writers, or by official information supplied by the Government. The favorable conditions are so remarkable, and the opportunities so pregnant with great results, that it is practically impossible to represent them in too strong a light.

In describing the soil and climate of the interior and south-coast regions of the provinces of Santa Clara and Puerto Principe, one of the best known and most popular writers on Cuba says: "The scenery in this corner of Cuba is not unlike that of Ohio and Indiana except



A RARE OLD PAINTING.

The painting stands over the altar of one of the churches in Santa Clara, Cuba. It was painted in 1498, and sent from Spain to the Santa Clara mission some two hundred years afterward. It is greatly prized by the inhabitants, who have declined large offers from an American art company that desired the painting for exhibition purposes.

for the absence of cultivated farms and the continual presence of royal palms, long lines of them trending off in all directions like plumed soldiers on dress parade. There are clumps of banana trees, too, their leaves arched wide, and rows of pink-tinted pineapple plants, bristling like clustered bayonets. Here and there hedges of yel-

lowish-green foliage, resembling the Osage orange, remind one of the great prairie farms of Illinois, and fences of piled-up stones speak of thrifty New England. Clear streams are frequent, and the thick, coarse grass of the meadows raises anew the old query why, in this land of condensed milk and rank, imported butter, dairy farms are not established? Of course, we know that all the cattle of the island were killed and eaten during the war; but, now that peace is restored, why do not some sensible Americans awake to the opportunities here presented? Poultry sells in Havana to-day at prices unheard-of in the United States the smallest and scrawniest fowls bringing from \$1.50 to \$2 each. Eggs cost \$8 the crate; cow's milk, 20c the quart, and most of the common vegetables are not to be had for love or money. This valley is one of the richest sections of Cuba, which formerly sent to Havana markets onions and boniatos (a kind of sweet potato) to the value of \$3,000,000 a year, to say nothing of its corn and sugar cane. Nowhere else does the landscape show such brilliant coloring, in the dark red earth, bright blue sky and deep green foliage. It is a very paradise of climate, with soil of unparalleled richness, but desolated by war's relentless hand. Not a farm house is left standing, none having escaped destruction by one army or the other. Only an occasional hut is seen in the open country, shaped like an inverted V, its thatched roof and palm-leaf walls forming a picturesque feature. It is worth knowing, in a commercial sense, that two crops a year of corn, onions and Irish potatoes are here grown and marketed. This is an absolute certainty, independent of any freaks of the weather, the water supply being regulated by irrigation. They say that three crops in a year are possible—but surely two, in such generous proportion, with an uninterrupted succession of vegetables, ought to satisfy any reasonable man.

"It has always been believed in Cuba that only oxen can plow the land, which, during the dry season, becomes hard as a macadamized road, and that a good, stout yoke can plow no



CHARACTERISTIC CUBAN FACES IN A CIENTUEGOS CIGARETTE FACTORY.

more than half an acre in two and-a-half days. An American gentleman, who has done some experimental farming in Guines Valley, has demonstrated the untruth of the proposition, to the astonishment of the natives. Happily, his farm lies in the one irrigated section of the island, or perhaps he could not have done it. He softened the hard-baked soil by turning the water on a couple of days, and then, with a pair of army mules and an American steel plow, broke an acre of ground in one day to the depth of twelve inches. Hitherto, for 400 years, only the surface of Cuba has been scratched with wooden plows, not more than four inches deep, leaving all below in virgin richness, and, as the inefficient old-time methods have yielded so well, our American friend naturally expects some wonderful crops from his more thorough cultivation."

All this region of country referred to in the foregoing is particularly adapted to spice-farming, an industry, remarks the same writer previously quoted, that has at least the charm of novelty among a multitude of American enterprises, and the certainty of not being overdone during the next century or two. In this case, variety is truly the spice of life. Think of dwelling amid perpetual odors of Araby the Blest, every lightest zephyr redolent as a freshly filled rose-jar. The fact that more of the spicy growths are extremely slow in maturing will be an effectual hindrance to over-pro-

portions of Cuba, has not put up the price of the wonderfully fertile soil.

The nutmeg tree, for example, which flourishes wild in the Molucca Archipelago, Bengal, Singapore, but not in the Philippines, and was brought by the monks at some long distant day into Brazil, the Guianas and West Indies, grows to greater perfection in Cuba, under cultivation, than ever in its native home. It is a splendid evergreen, towering from fifty to seventy five feet high. Unfortunately, however, the nutmeg tree is too slow in growing to suit the Anglo-Saxon mood, but is in better accord with the temperament of the race which loves the proverb: "He who plants an olive, plants for his children's children." The plants come into bearing from the seed in about eight years, and reach their maximum productiveness in fifteen years, after which they will continue bearing for a period of seventy or eighty years. Most people are aware that the nutmeg of commerce is the kernel



SMALL STEAMSHIP IN THE HARBOR AT CIENFUEGOS

This little ship, "Queen of the Angels," is a type of coasting vessels that ply between Havana, Cienfuegos and Santiago. They are well built and strong, and furnish good accommodations to passengers. A sister ship of the one shown in the photograph was sunk by Admiral Sampson's fleet, off Trinidad, during the war.

duction. The spice planter must have some other source of revenue while waiting several years for his groves to reach the point of profitable bearing; or, like a pioneer in the business, he may set out his trees in squares and rows, growing quicker crops between them, such as bananas, pine apples, potatoes, or garden vegetables, for all of which there is an unlimited market at hand. The ideal spot for spice farming is the valley of Trinidad, midway along the southwestern coast of Cuba, where absolute perfection of climate is found—continuous Northern June, hardly varying ten degrees in ten years. The scenery is beautiful, beyond the power of the imagination to paint, and the healthfulness of the locality is unsurpassed. The Central Railway, completed nearly to Casilda (the port of Trinidad), affords ample shipping facilities; and as yet the land speculator, who has made the ravages of peace almost as destructive as the ravages of war in some

of a seed inside a fruit which resembles a small pear. When ripe, Nature splits the fruit in two, exposing a crimson arillus, surrounding a single seed. In the Banda Islands, whence most of our supply comes, the fruit is picked into small oval baskets at the end of a bamboo to prevent bruising. The pericarp is first removed; then the arillus (which is the "mace" of commerce) is carefully stripped off and dried. Then the seeds, enclosing the valuable kernel, are put into a drying-house and exposed to gentle heat about two months, being turned every second day. The shells are then broken open with a wooden mallet and the nutmegs picked out and sorted, the inferior ones being reserved for expressing into the so called oil of mace. Then the dried nutmegs are rubbed over with lime, or dipped into a bath of lime-milk, in order to spoil them for generation; so that buyers may not plant them and thus steal the trade. The thrifty Dutch, who control the Molucca



WORKS OF THE UNION SUGAR PLANTATION, SAN LUIS, CUBA.

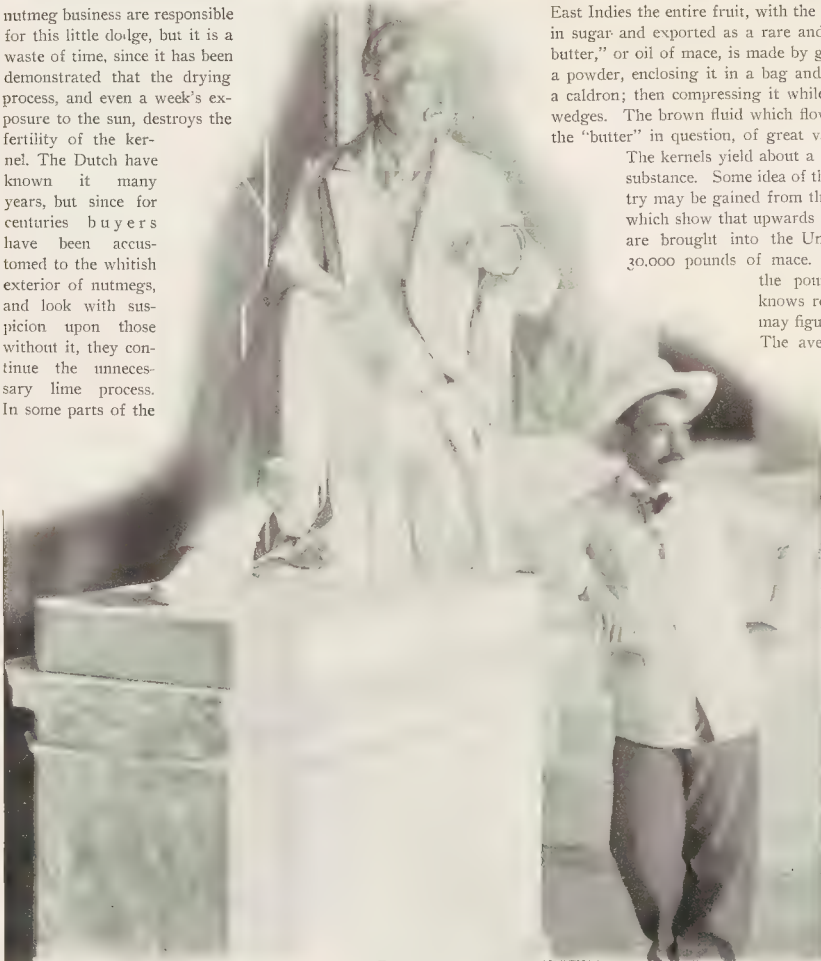
nutmeg business are responsible for this little dodge, but it is a waste of time, since it has been demonstrated that the drying process, and even a week's exposure to the sun, destroys the fertility of the kernel. The Dutch have known it many years, but since for centuries buyers have been accustomed to the whitish exterior of nutmegs, and look with suspicion upon those without it, they continue the unnecessary lime process. In some parts of the

East Indies the entire fruit, with the nutmeg kernel inside, is boiled in sugar and exported as a rare and costly sweetmeat. "Nutmeg butter," or oil of mace, is made by grinding the refuse nutmegs to a powder, enclosing it in a bag and steaming it a long time over a caldron; then compressing it while still warm between powerful wedges. The brown fluid which flows out solidifies in time and is the "butter" in question, of great value as a commercial product.

The kernels yield about a quarter of their weight in this substance. Some idea of the possible extent of this industry may be gained from the New York shipping reports, which show that upwards of 800,000 pounds of nutmegs are brought into the United States every year, and 30,000 pounds of mace. Estimating 120 nutmegs to

the pound which every housewife knows retail at a penny apiece—you may figure out the sum total at leisure. The average product of each tree is estimated at about five pounds of nutmegs and one and one-half pounds of mace, and the trees can be planted as closely as orange or apple trees.

The clove tree, another tall and stately evergreen, is easily grown in the West Indies, and especially in the tropical lowlands of Southern Cuba, where it was introduced by the monks, along with the nutmeg, some centuries ago. It has been described as "the most beautiful, the most elegant, and the most precious of all known trees." The native home of the clove is the eastern coast of Africa, Java, Sumatra, Zanzibar and neighboring islands of the Indian Archipelago, where the Dutch monopolize its cultivation. From the earliest days of the Christian era the clove has been one of the principal Oriental spices which made such a lucrative western trade that nations have fought for its possession. The Portu-



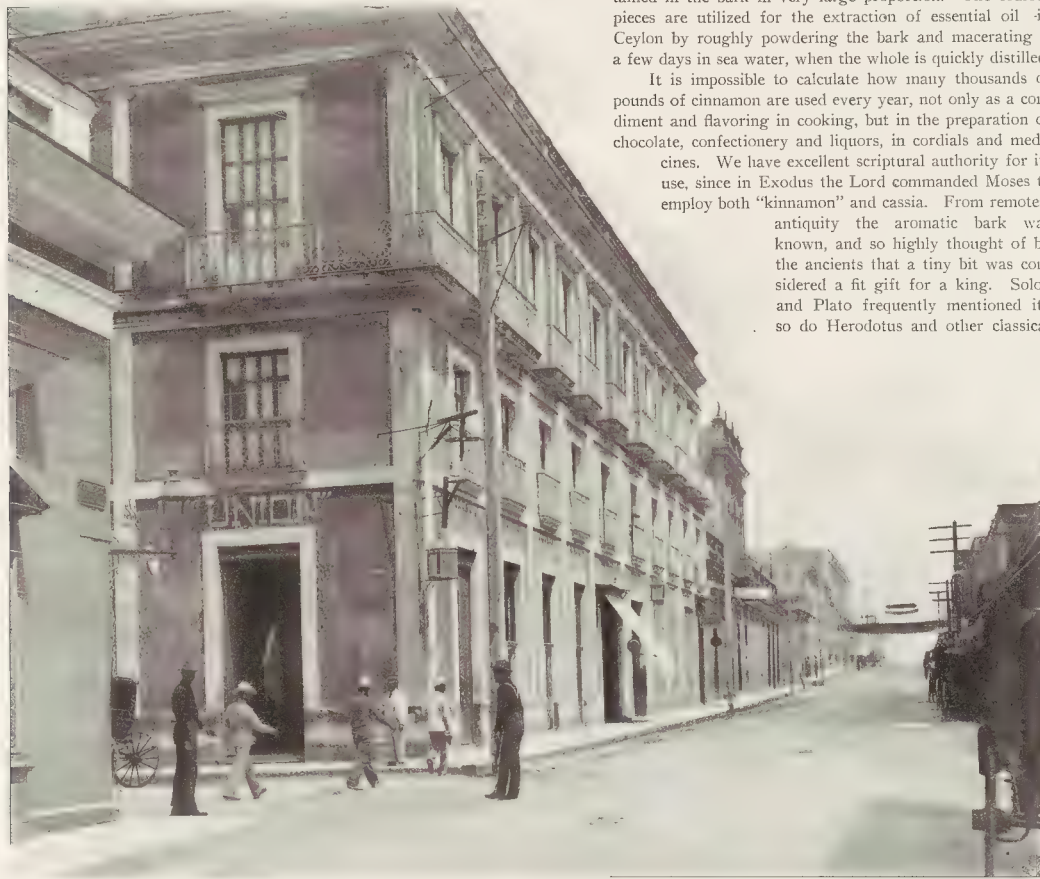
STATUE OF THOMAS TERRY, IN TERRY THEATER, CIENFUEGOS

guese held it for a hundred years, until early in the seventeenth century, when they were expelled by the Dutch from the Moluccas. The French introduced the clove tree into Mauritius in 1770, and then into Zanzibar and French Guiana on this hemisphere; and the English have experimented largely with it in their Indian possessions. The clove of commerce—named *clou* by the French, because of its resemblance to a nail—is not the fruit of a tree, as is commonly supposed, but the unexpanded flower-bud, borne in clusters at the ends of the boughs. In their earliest stages the buds are white, gradually changing to green, and then to bright red, when they are ready for the harvest. If ungathered, they develop into bunches of gorgeous flowers, which are succeeded by a dark purple berry. The brown half inch long spikes that come into the market—the calyx of the flower-buds, terminating in four spreading sepals and four unopened petals, which form a small ball in the center—are powerfully fragrant, with a taste too hot to be

clove or nutmeg, rarely attaining a height of twenty feet, with large oblong leaves and flowers of a dull-green tint, which emit a disagreeable odor.

The cultivation of this spice is peculiar, the plants being managed on the coppice system, the bark taken from shoots under two years' growth. Only four or five shoots are allowed to grow up from each "stool," and these to an average length of ten feet. The shoots are cut down twice a year, and the bark detached in lengths of about a foot. After lying in bundles for a few days, each separate piece is scraped, by hand, to remove the inner and outer layers, reducing the remaining portion to the thinness of cobweb. The pieces are then made up into composite quills by placing the smaller pieces inside the larger ones. Thus the cinnamon sticks are formed into firm rods, three or four feet long, and, after drying in the sun, are ready for exportation. Its peculiar sweet, warm flavor is due to the aromatic oil contained in the bark in very large proportion. The coarser pieces are utilized for the extraction of essential oil—in Ceylon by roughly powdering the bark and macerating it a few days in sea water, when the whole is quickly distilled.

It is impossible to calculate how many thousands of pounds of cinnamon are used every year, not only as a condiment and flavoring in cooking, but in the preparation of chocolate, confectionery and liquors, in cordials and medicines. We have excellent scriptural authority for its use, since in Exodus the Lord commanded Moses to employ both "kinnamon" and cassia. From remotest antiquity the aromatic bark was known, and so highly thought of by the ancients that a tiny bit was considered a fit gift for a king. Solon and Plato frequently mentioned it; so do Herodotus and other classical



STREET VIEW IN CIENFUEGOS.

Showing a portion of the Hotel Union, one of the most famous public houses of Southern Cuba.

pleasant. When pressed, they exude a volatile oil, to the unusual proportion of 18 per cent. The essential oil, of which such vast quantities are used all over the world, is a mixture of two oils, one a hydrocarbon isomeric with oil of turpentine; the other an oxygenated oil, eugenic acid. There is practically no limit to its use, as a condiment in ordinary operations, in confectionery, in the preparation of liquors, and in *materia medica*.

The culture of the cinnamon tree is another industry that will pay largely in Cuba and many of the other islands. It is propagated from the seed, and begins to produce at the age of six or seven years, after which it will continue to bear for almost an indefinite period, even to the age of two centuries or more. Most of the world's supply of cinnamon now comes from Ceylon, Java and Southern India; though the French have done considerable with it in recent years in their South American territory. The tree is smaller than either the

writers. The Arab traders who first dealt in precious spices, surrounded the history and production of cinnamon with special tales of mystery, the last fading remnant of which will speedily vanish when the business falls into prosaic Yankee hands.

Pepper, the most common and useful of the spices, is derived from several different orders of plants, and is well known under the various names of black, white, red, Jamaica, etc. The black pepper, constantly used in the household, is the fruit of a perennial shrub, which is indigenous to the West Indies, as well as the Malay Peninsula and the islands of the Indian Ocean. It was the first spice known to man, and for ages formed a staple article of commerce between Europe and the Orient. Tribute has been levied in pepper, as in the year 408, when Alaric demanded 3,000 pounds of it as part of the ransom of Rome. All through the Middle Ages peppercorn rents prevailed, the renter being compelled to pay a pound of pepper at stated intervals. The



VIEW AT EL CRISIO, SANTIAGO PROVINCE.

This place is located on the railway between Santiago and San Luis, and is a thriving business town of perhaps 2,500 population.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN A CUBAN VILLAGE.

The courtesy and good nature of the Cubans were never more agreeably manifested than in the case of our photographer, who always found them ready to accommodate him by forming themselves into characteristic groups. They also really admired American enterprise, especially in the way of photographing their island and its possibilities.

amounting to 2s. 6d. the pound. Venice, Genoa and other cities of Southern Europe owed their early wealth to traffic in pepper; would it not be curious if the same thing should happen to some of these out-of-the-way towns of our new possessions? History sometimes repeats herself. At present the largest quantities of pepper are produced in Panang, the Island of Rhio and Jahore, near Singapore. "Jamaica pepper," so-called, which is indigenous also to California, Florida and other parts of our own South, is not pepper at all, but the fruit of an evergreen tree of the myrtle family. In the West Indies it is known as "pimento," and with us as "allspice," being supposed to combine the flavors of all spices. Considering the amount of allspice used, fortunes must hang in the beautiful pink clusters of these common pimento trees, waiting for the picking. All parts of the tree are aromatic, being pervaded by a resinous liquid containing the essential qualities of the spice. The odor, both of the tree and the fruit, is almost precisely like that of black pepper. If the leaves are broken and the fragments thrown upon water, strangely life-like movements take place; the fragments appear to have the power of motion, and travel about the surface of the water by a series of jerks in a most interesting and amusing manner. This phenomenon is due to the sudden expulsion of the resinous oil from the leaf tissue, by the action of the water on the leaf fragments. The air in the vicinity of the trees is always filled with their peculiar fragrance immediately after a shower. The allspice or pepper tree spreads into a handsome foliage, and its fragrance and the beauty of its fruit commend it for ornamental planting.

Coffee properly ranks as a spice, and is destined to be one of the most profitable productions of the islands. Thirty years ago there were hundreds of prosperous "cafetals" on the mountain slopes near Santiago and Trinidad, where the coffee bush flourishes its best at an average altitude of 2,000 feet. The old records show that six million pounds of native coffee were annually consumed in Cuba, and the rest of the product (about ten million pounds) went from Santiago and Guantanamo to France and Spain. It suited the policy of the Spanish Government to draw blood-money from every pore, and they squeezed the life out of coffee, as well as sugar, in Cuba. When the negroes were freed, and European beet sugar began to compete with sugar-cane, the Creole planters were

ruined. The torch of the insurrection came later, and now there is not a coffee plantation of any account in Cuba, although the finest coffee in the world grows there. The hills around Trinidad and Santiago are particularly favorable to coffee culture, because the dews are heavier than in the lowlands and the morning mists settle longer. The native planters always look for a growth of lancewood, olive or redwood as a never-failing sign that the ground is good for coffee. They sow the seed broadcast, on a nursery patch in the shade, on the same ground intended for the crop. Then the field is lined out in rows four feet apart, and the plants are set in the rows at regular distances. The



AN OLD NEGRO SPONGE MERCHANT.

This old man, now more than eighty-five years of age, has accumulated what is considered a fortune in the sponge trade. He owns ten sponge bolls, and carries on an extensive business along the south coast of Cuba.

transplanting is done when the nursery trees are a year old. Between his coffee trees the Cuban planter raises corn, beans, potatoes, plantains, and shades it from the sun with cocoa and banana trees. As soon as the coffee bush is four feet high it is cut off at the top to give more horizontal growth, and all the sprouts are trimmed to force the strength into berries. About 3,000 plants can thus be grown to the acre. In the third year the planter begins to pick his coffee, and in the fourth year he gets a full crop. Eighteen hundred pounds to the acre is considered a fair yield; but of this probably ten per cent will be unmarketable unless very carefully picked, because all the coffee in

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.



A LITTLE GIRL'S FUNERAL AT EL CRISTO, CUBA.

a field does not ripen at once. It is estimated that the crop costs, from start to finish, about ten cents the pound; and if the planter gets the average price of twenty cents for

it, using little capital and less labor, he may consider himself well paid. Twenty acres in coffee is quite enough to make a man independent; and the beauty of it is that, once planted, it is there for a lifetime, without the necessity of planting over again every year. At the same time the ground is available for garden truck—at least for



RAISING THE CUBAN FLAG.

An incident at Cienfuegos following the occupation by the Americans, and evincing the patriotic spirit of the citizens.

three or four years, until the coffee bushes grow too large, and after that the shading rows of cocoa trees and bananas yield a steady income.

Nothing can be more beautiful than a well-kept coffee plantation. The plant being an evergreen, the foliage is always fresh; and though at certain seasons the white blossoms suddenly appear scattered thickly among the dark leaves, like flakes of snow, they are hardly ever entirely absent. They continue to bloom while the fruit of former blossoms is coming to maturity, and the ripe coffee and the blossoms can be seen on the same tree at nearly all seasons of the year. The real harvests, however, occur twice, occasionally three times, a year. The fruit in ripening first becomes red, and finally assumes a dark purple hue, resembling a ripe cherry, and the fleshy portion surrounding the seed is very sweet and palatable. Each berry contains two seeds, the flat sides facing each other and separated by a thin layer of pulp and a tough membrane. In the islands the berries are picked by hand, as shown in several of the illustrations, and the coffee harvests furnish light and pleasant employment for women and children.

Coffee was first used in Ethiopia, at a period so early that history furnishes no record of its beginning. It was thence introduced into Persia about 875 of the Christian era, and into Arabia, either from Persia or Africa, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Arabian coffee is considered the finest of all, as the excessively dry climate permits the full ripening of the berry on the tree. It is also a custom with the Arabs not to use their coffee until it is seven or eight years old, and age wonderfully improves its flavor. If all coffee users would adopt this custom they would be agreeably surprised at the improvement in the quality of this delicious beverage. The manner of preparing the infusion differs among the various peoples who use it. In France and most of the European countries, as well as in the United States, the favorite method is by dripping; but in Brazil and most of the Central and South American countries, the infusion from the berry is boiled down until it becomes a thick syrup, in which form it is diluted with hot water at the time of using, in such proportions as may please the taste. Persons accustomed to its use in this form drink their coffee very strong, and if indulged in to excess it will produce *delirium tremens*, the same as alcohol. When used in moderation, coffee is universally regarded as a healthful beverage. It is a mild tonic, as well as a germicide for certain classes of diseases, and is issued as a regular ration in all the armies and navies of civilized nations.

The tea plant has been successfully grown in Cuba and some of the other islands, and its cultivation may become a regular industry of the

future. But there are so many valuable products whose qualities have been tested and proved, that for many years to come there will be no occasion to experiment with others, except as a scientific recreation.

It is believed that the cultivation of the cinchona tree in certain portions of Cuba will become immensely profitable. This tree, from which quinine is produced, is a native of South America, and thrives best in regions subject neither to extreme heat nor extreme cold. The mountain regions of central and eastern Cuba are therefore believed to be well adapted to its production.



A COCOANUT TREE IN FULL FRUITAGE.

The name cinchona is derived from the Countess Chinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who, having herself been cured by the use of the bark, is said to have first carried it to Europe, about 1640, where she successfully used it in the treatment of intermittent fevers. It was then called Peruvian bark, one of the names by which it is still designated. Soon afterward the Jesuits in Spain began to receive supplies of the bark from their brethren in Peru, and through them it was spread over Europe, in consequence of which it was also called Jesuits' bark. The drug now in general use all over the world is made from the bark of the



VIEW OF PUERTO PRINCIPE FROM THE PLAZA.

cinchona tree, the largest species of which are grown on the mountain slopes of Bolivia and Peru. As nearly the same climate and conditions can be duplicated in Cuba, and also in Puerto Rico, there is no reason why this immensely profitable industry should not be transplanted to these islands. Owing to the reckless manner in which the bark has been collected in the South American countries, and the absence of any efficient protection to the trees on the part of the government, or provision for their cultivation in plantations, the supply has decreased while the demand has largely and steadily increased. These conditions have added greatly to the value of the product; and, as the area in which the trees can be grown is limited, the conditions must, of necessity, remain favorable to this industry. The bark is collected in May and November, usually by cutting down the tree and stripping the bark from the trunk. This is regarded as the most economical plan, as fresh shoots immediately spring up from the old roots. But the Indians, to whom this work is entrusted, in order to save themselves labor and trouble, usually strip the bark from the tree while it is standing, thus destroying it altogether. For this reason many of the most valuable forests have disappeared, and have not been replaced. It has been found that a longitudinal strip of bark may each year be taken from the tree without destroying it, and this method now prevails to a large extent.

The British and Dutch Governments have introduced the cinchona tree into Java and portions of India, but the areas in those countries suited to its cultivation are limited, so that this experiment does not affect the trade. The English have also introduced the cinchona tree into the island of Jamaica, and the fact that it does well there is a good indication for the success of the enterprise in other islands of the West Indies which have the necessary mountain ranges and climatic conditions.

In concluding this interesting subject of spice growing, it will naturally occur to the reader that the scope of Cuba's possibilities is practically unlimited. There is scarcely a plant or product useful to man or beast but can be grown with success and profit in this insular region of Nature's wonders. And, owing to Spanish indifference, a large proportion of the entire area still lies uncultivated, waiting only for the industrious husbandman to transform it into a perennial garden or a fruitful orchard. In all the world there is probably no other region of equal dimensions so capable of yielding, in such munificent abundance, all the comforts and luxuries of life.



HOME OF A WEALTHY SUGAR PLANTER.

Showing a characteristic group of employees on a large plantation about thirty miles from Santiago.

A REGIMENTAL PARIAH.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

BY JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter XI.

IT would be hard to determine at just what period in the campaign Jonathan Black's ostracism began. Possibly it was during the early part of his enlistment at the San Anton' rendezvous, when some garrulous trooper had thoughtlessly saluted him as "Black

Jonathan," which sobriquet, not infrequently contracted to the yet more suggestive appellation of "Black Jonah," thereafter clung to him with relentless tenacity. Again, his unpopularity with the regiment may have grown out of his altercation, later, in Tampa, with big Steve Jones, the saddler sergeant, upon which occasion the latter had in the course of his splenetic tirade denounced the other as a "rustlin' hellhound of a horse-thief," with sundry other opprobrious trimmings. Not that there were any grounds for belief in the vaporous imputation, and if there had been, even so odious a past sin as "rustling" might, under the circumstances, have been overlooked in the accused had he promptly and appropriately called his traducer to account for the insult imposed upon him. But, instead, contrary to all precedent in the code of border chivalry, he had openly disgraced himself in the eyes of his fellow-troopers by meekly walking away without so much as a refutation of the charges.

Thus it came about that, by the time the regiment had gone into camp on Cuban soil, Jonathan Black was an outcast, socially, among the men. Moreover, what did not in the least tend to improve the situation, the memories of certain loquacious wiseacres had become amazingly prolific as to his earlier antecedents.

"Knowed his face were familiar the minute I first sot eyes on him," volunteered "Chuck-a-walla Pete" one evening, in the presence of a circle of his companions, "but to save my gizzard I couldn't place 'im. But all on a sudden to-day I recollects that 'twere 'mongst a lot of other mugs hangin' up in a glass case in the Sheriff's office out in Tombstone. Wanted fer holdin' up a tamale cart—er a blind organ-grinder, I reckon."

"Chuck-a-walla," it might be explained, did not belong to Texas. Neither did he entertain any claims whatever upon it or any other commonwealth in particular, and as the haunts of the chuck-a-walla, from which reptile he had evidently derived his euphemistic sobriquet, extend over a radius of 500 miles from Tombstone, it is extremely

doubtful as to just where he was in the habit of polling his vote. Moreover, "Chuck-a-walla Pete" omitted to explain what the nature of his business with the Sheriff of Tombstone had been on the occasion to which he referred. Consequently it can only be inferred, from the



"A REGIMENTAL PARIAH."

"The assembled troopers stood uncovered."

fact, if his own previous statements are to be relied upon, that he rode three horses "to a finish" in order to catch the Rough Riders before their departure for Cuba.

Following this, Waco Bill edified the crowd with a statement to the effect that he had seen a write-up in the "Iconoclast" about a "Gospel



GROUP OF LLANOS

In the vicinity of La Cuesta, near Santiago, there are still some remnants of the ancient along old inhabitants of the island, mixed with a few with Spanish and others. They trace their lineage back to the people who occupied the island when Columbus made his discovery, and are the last remnants of that interesting and worthy pre-Columbian race.

sharp" who had been chased over the line out of Oklahoma for some heinous crime or another, all of which "fitted this yere Jonah like the hoof on a yearlin's foot."

Here "Latigo Luke," who chanced to be near, and who was always for the "under dog," right or wrong, took a hand in the discussion. Said he: "Youse fellows give me a pain, youse do! Cain't youse dig up no other devilment besides everlastin'ly a-pesterin' yer ornery heads 'bout thet poor cuss? What harm air he done, I'd like to know? Any one of youse ever lost a thing by 'im? No. In course you hain't! And what d' ye know consarnin' 'im? Nary thing, I'll bet a hoss. Simply down on 'im 'cause some mucklehead went an' twisted his name wrong end to. 'Pears to me es if youse all might let up on 'im fer a spell, 'till he's had a chance ter show his hand."

"Tain't in 'im," retorted Waco Bill, contemptuously. "What better chance 'nd any man want ter show his hand than Sadler Steve give 'im?"

"Bah! Windy Steve!" scoffed Luke, derisively. "Another of yer bassoon fighters! Howsoun'ver, the time ain't far off now when youse all will be up agin' the real thing—an' there won't be no jawbone she nanigan about it, neither!" And with this parting invective the trooper turned and walked away.

As for Jonathan Black, his appearance indicated him as anything but the pusillanimous scapegrace slander had painted him. Tall and well favored as to appearance, he was possessed of a mildness of disposition that was strangely inconsistent with his general environments. It was this latter element in his nature that was largely responsible for the antagonism he aroused. Had he been mustered in with the Eastern minority of the regiment it would have made a world of difference. The rougher Western element could brook a reasonable amount of refined mannerism from the East, for what else could be expected from that remote quarter? But that anything suggestive of the tenderfoot should emanate from Texas was rancorous in the extreme to the impetuous scions of that section. "What business had he in associating himself with men of their calibre?" was their unspoken challenge. Therein was nourished the root of their malice. Calumny had done the rest.

Contrary to what might have been expected, Jonathan Black endured the scorn in which he was held with fine indifference. He might have found agreeable companions among the more congenial spirits of the troop had not the unsavory representations involving his past record precluded such a possibility. For human nature in a cavalry camp, as elsewhere, is apt to be swayed by a preponderance of community influence, differing only in the character and volume of its assertiveness.

For a time the officers of the regiment withheld any manifestations of prejudice toward the repudiated trooper. The personal character of a private soldier mattered little to them, so long as the man performed his duties satisfactorily. And in this latter respect Private Black, in the estimation of his superiors, was certainly blameless—until the La Guasimas affair.

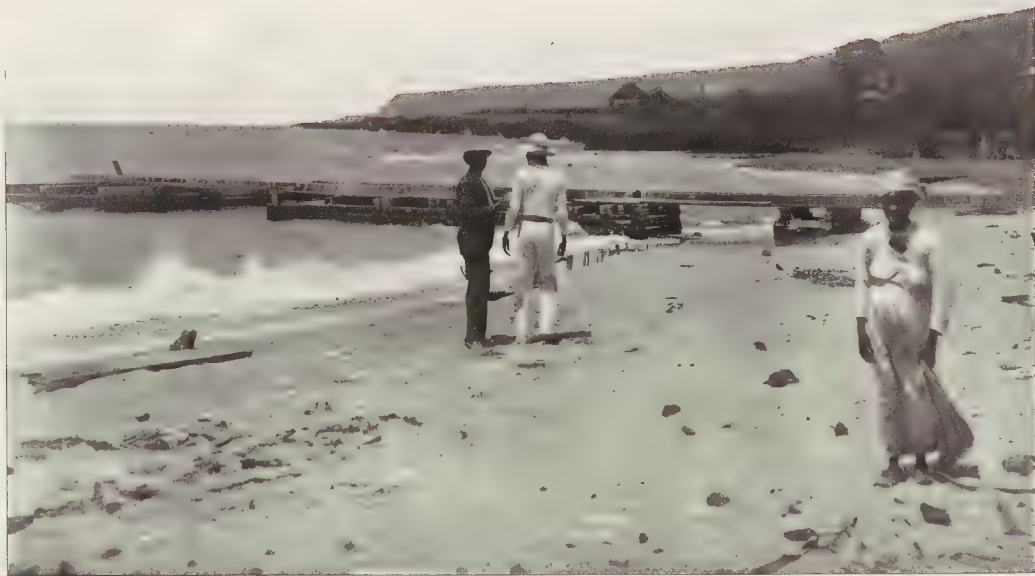
It was during the preliminary advance of the American army from the seacoast toward the city of Santiago. For three hours the columns of the First and Tenth Cavalry had been toiling up the hill slopes back of Siboney. The oppressive heat of a June day in the



A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE AT SANTIAGO.

Showing the general characteristics of Cuban town residences, with the usual idlers and interested spectators of the artist and his outfit.

tropics was already beginning to be manifested in the tired faces of the dismounted troopers, and the hardest part of the prospective day's march yet remaining to be accomplished, it was decided to halt for a short breathing spell. Scarcely had the welcome order been passed along the line when the Cuban outpost, which had been dispatched for some distance ahead, came rushing back with the news that a large force of Spaniards was strongly intrenched among the bluffs just beyond. The news was electrifying. As the sharp, shrill blast from the bugles rang out the "assembly," men, who a moment before had thrown themselves wearily upon the ground, sprang to their feet in utter forgetfulness of their fatigue. Simultaneously the fires of an



IRON PIER AT SIBONEY.

This is the scene of the landing of our troops under General Shafter. The figure in white in the center of the picture represents the only male inhabitant of that locality who had the courage or the opportunity to remain and welcome our soldiers. He is an earnest Cuban patriot.

indomitable courage leaped into the eyes of every trooper within the sound of the welcome call every trooper, for among all that gallant cavalry corps not one was more eager for the approaching fray than Jonathan Black. The time had come when he could disprove at least the idle reflections upon his bravery. So preoccupied was every member of the command, however, that his ardor passed unnoticed. Even "Chuck-a-walla Pete" had for the moment forgotten him, so engrossed was that worthy in the inspection of his sidearms.

Not a moment was lost in resuming the march, and as the van of the advancing column rounded a spur in the hill the enemy's works came into view, not a thousand yards ahead. Immediately the order was given to deploy for the attack, but before it could be executed, from amongst the dense shrubbery on either hand came a crash of

musketry, succeeded by a steady, rattling fusillade at close range from every quarter that afforded cover. The majority of the Rough Rider regiment, however, were familiar with that sort of warfare. Previous experience in the Apache country had taught them how to treat with such emergencies. The frontier element, therefore, at once took shelter behind trees and rocks, thenceforth pegging away every time a puff of smoke or other token revealed the whereabouts of a foeman, and thus holding their ground until reinforcements came up.

Meanwhile, the troop to which Jonathan Black belonged, and which constituted a portion of the advance section, was being deployed for a charge through the thicket where the enemy was secreted. As the formation progressed, an aid-de-camp suddenly



LANDING PLACE AT DAIQUIRI.

This is a short distance east of the iron pier at Siboney, and is the point at which many of our troops disembarked.

approached the troop commander, and, delivering to him a note and a brief verbal message, hurried away again. Rapidly glancing along the line the Captain's eye rested upon Private Black. Calling him over to where he stood, the officer handed him the communication with the following injunction:

"Deliver this dispatch at once."

The trooper read the directions on the envelope, and as he did so a deadly pallor overspread his face. It was a message to the ambulance corps of another brigade far in the rear. He stood still, irresolutely turning the message about in his fingers.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" demanded the Captain.

"Sir," replied the soldier. "I can not deliver this."

"Can't deliver it!" rejoined the Captain in amazement "Why not?"

"Because my duty lies yonder!" was the earnest response, accompanied by a passionate gesture in the direction of the firing.

the hill, the stars and stripes now waved. A feeling of keen regret possessed him at the thought that he had not helped to put it there. Not that he begrudged his comrades their part in the victory, but it seemed to him unjust that he of all the others should have no share in it. As he toiled up the side of the hill he attracted the attention of a squad of troopers at the crest, and instantly a chorus of jeers greeted his approach. "What could it all mean?" he asked himself. "Surely they were not openly gloating over his ill-luck in having been detailed to bear that message to the rear at the last moment!" Upon his reaching the top the crowd became more demonstrative than ever, and such taunts as "coward" and "squaw" were openly thrown at him. The sound of such words, unprovoked as they were, brought the hot blood surging to his face. Striding forward he stood before the crowd with clenched hands and flaming eyes.

"Who dares call me a coward?" he demanded, defiantly.

A momentary silence fell. It was the first time he had ever called



"BLOODY BEND," SAN JUAN RIVER.

This place where the two old negroes are fishing is the point in San Juan River where our troops suffered so severely from the Spanish fire, immediately before the charge on San Juan Hill. The incident is graphically described in General Wheeler's Introduction. The trees and underbrush have been cleared away since the photograph was taken, and the place so changed that it would now hardly be recognized by the soldiers who took part in the thrilling episode. The photograph shows the locality as it appeared a few months after the battle, before the changes had been made.

"Your duty lies wherever I send you!" thundered the Captain. "Go at once!"

There was no alternative. The trooper raised his hand in salute, then turned and hastened away upon his mission.

The delivery of a communication to one of the numerous departments of any army on the move is apt to involve both time and difficulty. Hence it is not surprising that the space of three hours should have elapsed before Jonathan Black had accomplished his errand and was again nearing the scene of the battle, in which, through no fault of his own, he had been prevented from taking part. Long before coming in sight of the field, he had known from the absence of any further firing that the conflict was over. Finally he came to the same spur in the hill where the fighting had first begun, and, looking ahead, he again saw the line of Spanish intrenchments. But the enemy did not occupy them now. From the top of a blockhouse, at the summit of

the turn on his persecutors. Finally "Waco Bill" spoke up: "I say any man's a coward, an' worse, what shirks his duty an' runs away from a fight," he asserted scornfully.

"Who ran away from the fight?" retorted Black, fiercely. "I was sent to the rear with a message. Do you call obeying orders shirking duty?"

"Hear! Hear!" jeeringly commented the crowd, with one voice. "Healthy time, that, to be carryin' messages," somebody sneered. "I was ordered to do so against my wishes," maintained the trooper, stoutly.

"Who gave you the order?" was scoffingly asked.

"The Captain of my troop," replied Black, straightforwardly.

"A likely yarn, that," was the incredulous rejoinder, "and the Cap'n a-layin' dead yonder in the blockhouse. Better tell that to the Lieutenant in command!"

As the ominous words smote his ear, the trooper inwardly recoiled. His Captain dead! And no other officer had been near when he received his order. Who, then, would understand when he reported his return? With a strange apprehension at heart he turned, without another word, to seek the Lieutenant in command. Upon presenting himself at troop headquarters he found that the commanding officer had been advised of his absence. His information, however, had not embodied a true explanation of the case, and his theory, therefore, thoroughly accorded with that entertained throughout the camp. In vain the returned trooper presented the actual facts concerning his errand. There was no evidence at hand to substantiate his statements.

"Circumstances are uniformly against you," was the officer's stern reprimand. "There is no record of any message having been dispatched from this command. In short, every appearance combines with your general reputation to show that you have been guilty of the grossest cowardice!"

"But the message itself will exonerate me from the charge," insisted the trooper, passionately.

"That will be a matter of future investigation," replied the officer, obdurately. "The present exigencies are too urgent to admit of looking into the matter at once. Meanwhile, you will turn in your arms to the Orderly Sergeant and consider yourself suspended from duty. That is all," and having thus temporarily disposed of the matter, the Lieutenant turned his attention elsewhere.

Jonathan Black's predicament was now



THE FORT AT EL CANEY

This is where the heavy fighting under General Lawton took place, July 1, 1898, as described in General Wheeler's Introduction. The winding path where the little boy is standing, is the one that our soldiers took in making the bold rush on the fort. There was a barbed wire trench on the line of the post where the boy stands, which the soldiers had to cut under a murderous fire from Spanish Mauters.

lamentable in the extreme. Hopelessly stigmatized in the eyes of officers and men alike, and deprived of the prospect he had hitherto entertained of an honorable acquittal of himself on the field of action, it is no wonder that his mental fortitude was at its lowest ebb. The realization that, notwithstanding his innocence of the charges thrust upon him,



THE OLD CHURCH AT EL CANEY.

Used as a hospital by our soldiers during and after the battle. Its furniture of the Church had been previously carried away by the Spaniards.

he had not been accorded the benefit of a single extenuating doubt, was like wormwood to his sensitive disposition. Not a syllable was now interposed in his behalf. The one unbiased tongue that had been wont to champion him, for principle's sake, was forever silenced. Latigo Luke had been numbered among the last of the slain in the recent battle, and now lay side by side with big Steve, the saddler Sergeant, under the sod on the hillside where they had fallen.

In the midst of the incessant activity which marked the succeeding days, preliminary to the combined attack upon the Spanish forces about Santiago, Jonathan Black lived as one in a dream. So poignant had been his sense of humiliation at his disarmament and relief from further duty as to utterly deaden his susceptibility to the minor trial of the taunts and gibes of the camp. Nevertheless, he still continued to hope against fate that the truth in his case would come to light before the impending battle. But in this he was doomed to disappointment, and the final dawn of the eventful day found him still under the ban.

The field camp of the regiment had been pitched just within the shelter of a dense wood. Beyond this stretched an open, undulating plain, from the midst of which arose the high hill of San Juan. At the summit appeared a low, ominous line of fortifications—the main key to the Spanish stronghold. In the early twilight the troops of the First Cavalry had emerged from the wood, and deployed across the open country before the coveted position. Behind the partial shelter of a long, low hummock the men awaited the dawning of sufficient light to enable them to begin firing with effect. Suddenly, from the heights beyond, the keen notes of a bugle rent the air. The Spaniards had awakened to the danger that menaced them. A moment later quick, spiteful shafts of flame flashed downward from the crest of the hill, an angry roar resounded throughout the heavens overhead, and the battle had begun. From below the American cavalymen, stretched prone upon the sloping ground, directed a steady, telling fire at the heads of the enemy as they appeared above the trenches. As the morning advanced the fighting grew more furious, and on both sides the mortality was beginning to tell.

Back in the Rough Riders' camp Jonathan Black paced to and fro like a distracted man. That morning his final appeal to the commanding officer of his troop to be allowed to accompany the regiment to the front had been spurned. Instead, he had been imperatively ordered to remain in camp—a prisoner at large. More than once since the departure of the troops he had been tempted to disobey his commanding officer's injunction and follow them. But thus far the fear of compli-

cating his case had restrained him. As he wandered aimlessly about the deserted camp his eyes inadvertently alighted upon a familiar looking case among some commissary stores.

"Strange place for an ammunition box," he muttered to himself; "reckon it must be empty." A closer inspection, however, disclosed the fact that the case was full. "A thousand rounds!" he exclaimed, under his breath. He well knew that it had been left behind only through mistake, for the supply of ammunition in the field was limited, and he had heard the men ordered to take every cartridge in camp to



THE CREEK BETWEEN EL CANEY AND THE FORT.

This creek lies between the town of El Caney and the fort, which stood on the opposite hill. Our batteries fired across the intervening valley during the battle, and the soldiers crossed the creek at the point shown in the photograph when they moved toward to charge the fort.

the front with them. They would need that ammunition. He stood for a moment wrapped in deep reflection. Then a look of determination sprang into his eyes.

"I'll do it!" he declared aloud. And immediately he set about devising a means of transferring the ammunition to the front.

Out on the plain the battle was at its height. As the day wore on, the sun intensified the arduousness of the conflict by fiercely beating down upon the heads of the contending forces. With faces begrimed with dust and powder smoke, and with swollen tongues protruding from

parched, thirsting lips, the troopers of the First Cavalry still held grimly to their work before San Juan Hill. For nearly four hours they had lain there in the blistering sand under a scathing fire from the heights above. Then came the order to prepare to take the Spanish position by assault. A shout of approval testified to the willingness of the men to undertake the stupendous task. But immediately afterward a questioning murmur arose: "Where is the reserve ammunition?" They must have more cartridges in order to make the charge a success. The men looked from one to another. Many of them were entirely out of cartridges, while the remainder had barely enough left for themselves. The situation was beginning to be embarrassing. Would they be obliged to hesitate at the last moment? In the midst



STREET IN EL CANEY.

This is the scene of one of the hottest portions of the fight at El Caney. In the retreat a Spanish officer, Major del Rey, and some fifteen men sought shelter in the small house on the right, but they were soon driven out, and made a fruitless effort to escape to the mountains in the rear. Major del Rey was shot in both legs in the open space in the street, and was carried by our men to the tree on the right, where he soon afterward died.

of their discomfiture a lusty yell attracted their attention, and, looking in the direction whence it emanated, the astonished troopers beheld Jonathan Black, stripped to the waist, coming up the firing line on a run, with his shirt slung over his shoulders, bulging with ammunition, which he distributed to the men as he passed. When the troopers had in a measure recovered from their amazement, a lusty cheer arose from the entire regiment. No one but a brave man could ever have breasted the scathing fire through which the new arrival was obliged to pass. As he reached the center of the line his right arm, shattered by a Mauser ball, dropped helplessly to

his side. Letting fall his burden, with his sound hand he pulled off his hat, and, filling it with cartridges, continued his work of distribution.

"Lie down, Black, you're hit," counseled an officer.

"It's only my arm," returned the other, indicating the injured member. Then he resumed his task. Not until the last of his ammunition supply had been tucked away in the belts of his comrades did Jonathan Black falter. But even then it was not his wounded arm

that caused the look of anguish to rise into his face. With his left hand pressed to his side, he suddenly sank to the ground, while a



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL NEAR EL CANEY, LOOKING TOWARD THE CITY OF SANTIAGO.

stream of crimson trickled from between his fingers. A dozen men instantly arose and hastened toward him. The first to reach his side was "Chuck-a walla Pete."

Gently removing the rigid hand he disclosed a ghastly bullet wound immediately below the heart. The closed eyelids and deadly pallor that was fast overspreading the features of the stricken trooper told the rest. Folding up the shirt that lay on the ground close by, "Chuck-a-walla Pete" tenderly placed it beneath the head of the dying man. Then he arose to his feet, and, surveying the group of soldiers that had gathered about the spot, removed his broad sombrero and exclaimed:

"Boys, I douses my hat to the whitest man as ever sported the name of Black!"

An awkward pause succeeded this chivalrous declaration, during which the assembled troopers shamefacedly followed the speaker's

line the eyes of the dying trooper opened, and a reanimating flush mounted to his cheek. Lifting his head in a vain effort to rise, he stretched out his hand toward the brow of the fortified hill, while from his feeble lips burst the single exclamation, "Charge!" Then, as his head sank back upon its pillow, the faint utterance was caught up and echoed back in a thrilling battle-cry, the eager host sprang forward, and with it the spirit of Jonathan Black sped upward to victory.

FRUITS AND FRUIT TREES OF CUBA.*

As one approaches Cuba from the sea, the calm, quiet sea, before the stormy season sets in, one sees in the distance the blue mountains, 10,000 feet high, while along the shore of the narrow channels that lead from the sea into the numerous bays are hills upon which grow



ANOTHER VIEW OF "BLOODY BEND."

This view is only a short distance from the one photographed on page 211. A temporary hospital was established here during the battle, and many of our men were killed and wounded at this point. The Spaniards were entrenched on a hill back of the trees, and, using smokeless powder, they could not be located. The Mauser bullets came through the leaves thick as hail. Since the battle the trees have been cleared away, and the locality is now embraced in the battle park.

example, and stood uncovered. Then "Chuck-a-walla" resumed, with a vindictive air:

"An' right here I wants ter kerrect that 'tamale cart' statement which I makes a while back consarnin' of 'im. If his face ever decorated the inside of a Sheriff's office, 'twant fer no such illegitimate cussedness as I figered it were. I don't low as he ever took a hand in any gun play out in my district, nobow, but if he did, you kin sot it down 'twere a fa'r and squar' proposition, fer I'll stake my life on it, no man 'ith his sand 't'd hold up anything short o' a lightnin' express train loaded 'ith shotgun messengers."

The frontiersman's laconic eulogy was here terminated by a sudden blare of trumpets. As the resonant sounds swept along the

laurels, palms and the intensely green banana. In the heavens appear the North Star and the Southern Cross, and the glory of the tropic night is indeed marvelous. Flowers of every sort grow luxuriantly; tall palms, fruit and flower-laden orange trees, Spanish bayonet and dainty red and white vinca, with which our parks are so resplendent in summer, mignonette the size of small trees, the pretty bells of the campanile, scarlet hibiscus, and the "night flower" with its fragrant blossoms, are a few of the plants mingled together. In the Plaza de Armas, at Havana, there was formerly an old cieba tree, which had grown there for centuries. It was removed by order of the Governor-General, because of its decrepit condition, and a chapel erected in its place. In the same square are some beautiful red and white carnellas.

*The editor acknowledges his indebtedness for many of the leading features of this article to Miss Jane Frances Wien, whose works on botany, fruits and flowers are accepted as standard authorities; while the beauty of her style and the graphic delineations of her composition are the admiration of all her multitudes of readers.



THE CHANNEL WHERE HOBSON SUNK THE "MERRIMAC."

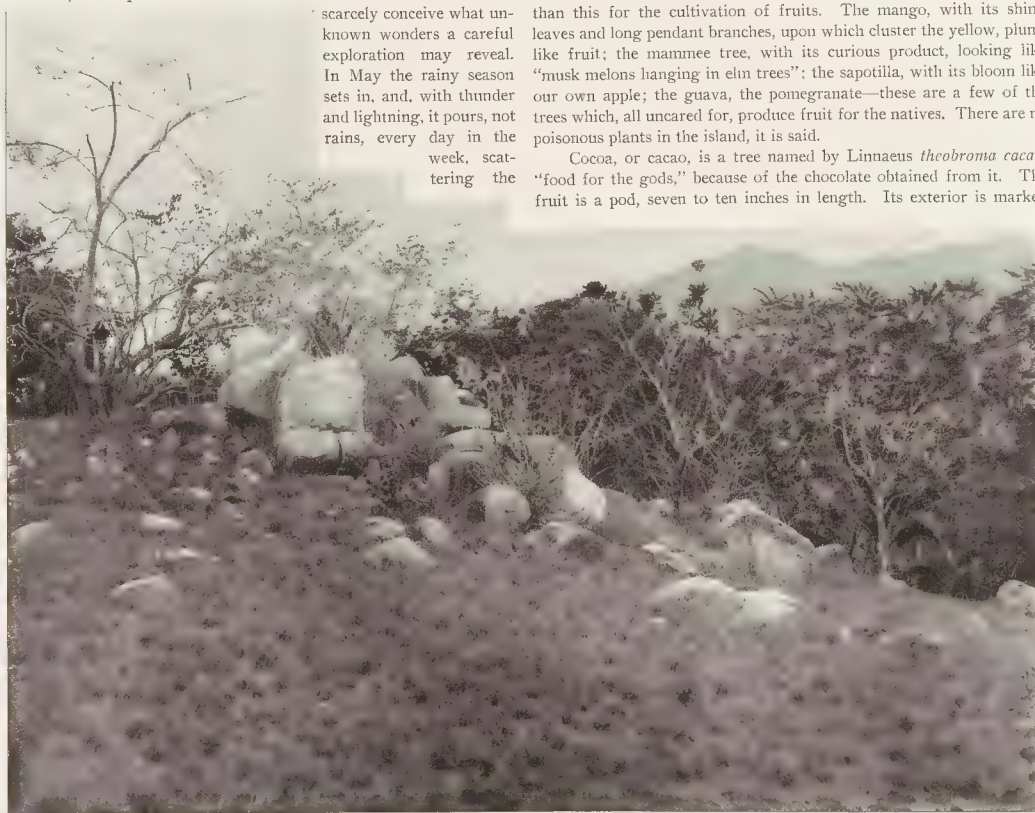
and many other fragrant flowers. Every sort of tropical trees and many beautiful and interesting flowers are to be found in Cuba. The coral trees, the Carolina tree, with its curious pompon flowers, are some that are unfamiliar to the people of the States. Great tree ferns and dainty trailing ferns are to be found in every hidden place. The palm, of course, is the queen of the forest, but it is so luxuriant that one can

scarcely conceive what unknown wonders a careful exploration may reveal. In May the rainy season sets in, and, with thunder and lightning, it pours, not rains, every day in the week, scattering the

fragile petals of the coffee plant, the rich odor of which permeates the atmosphere for miles. Our button bush, partridge berry, and, stranger still, our dainty houstonia and ugly galium are poor relations to this evergreen shrub.

Some one has said that one eats in Cuba "eggs, custards and butter off the trees"; and in all the world there is no more favored spot than this for the cultivation of fruits. The mango, with its shiny leaves and long pendant branches, upon which cluster the yellow, plum-like fruit; the mammee tree, with its curious product, looking like "musk melons hanging in elm trees"; the sapotilla, with its bloom like our own apple; the guava, the pomegranate—these are a few of the trees which, all uncared for, produce fruit for the natives. There are no poisonous plants in the island, it is said.

Cocoa, or cacao, is a tree named by Linnaeus *theobroma cacao*, "food for the gods," because of the chocolate obtained from it. The fruit is a pod, seven to ten inches in length. Its exterior is marked



POINT OCCUPIED BY SPANISH SHARPshootERS.

This spot overlooks the battle ground of La Guasimas, and during the battle the rocks were used as a screen by Spanish sharpshooters, from behind which they fired upon the Americans in the valley below. After the fight the bodies of ten Spanish soldiers were found behind these rocks, among the number being a Lieutenant, who had been shot through the forehead.

with ten elevations; it is purplish in appearance, and contains "cocoa beans." Chocolate or cocoa differs from tea or coffee in containing really nourishing properties, derived from the oleaginous and nitrogenous substances.

The botanist looks upon the flora of Cuba with enthusiastic delight. It is all

A new wonder each minute,
When the spirit of fragrance is up with the day,
From his harem of night flowers stealing away.

The varieties of fruits adapted to the soil and climate and susceptible of large and profitable development are almost unlimited. But, like everything else in Cuba, this vast and fascinating industry is still in its infancy. Instead of receiving from the Spanish government the encouragement that its importance demanded, it felt the weight of the same heavy hand that crushed everything within reach of its grasp. Though all kinds of tropical fruits grow luxuriantly in this region,

own home than in Cuba. The banana has three stages of usefulness; in the first, roasted or boiled, it is nourishing and a good substitute for bread; at three fourths of its growth it is sweeter, but not so nourishing; and at last it takes on a luscious, mellow taste, healthful and delicious. Bananas of various kinds grow wild in many parts of the island, and the poorest people practically live upon them free of cost. The fig banana, which is much more delicate than the common kind, is used as a dessert everywhere, and is very fine, but it cannot be shipped."

The banana appears to be indigenous to the soil, and flourishes wherever its cultivation has been attempted. It constituted the principal food of the natives in the time of Columbus, and it still retains its importance in this respect. The aborigines also knew the art of making banana wine, which is thus described by a writer of a very early period:

"Bananas are likewise one of the fruits of which is made another excellent liquor, which, both in strength and pleasantness of taste, may



RUINS OF THE OLD BLOCKHOUSE ON SAN JUAN HILL.

This is what is left of the famous blockhouse on the top of San Juan Hill, which played so prominent a part in the battle. There are numerous bullet marks in the tree, and seams and gashes have been cut in it by tourists and relic hunters. The figures in this picture represent our photographer, Mr. Walter B. Townsend, with his assistants and outfit.

so highly favored by Nature, the most valuable in a commercial sense thus far developed are bananas, cocoanuts, lemons, oranges, limes and pineapples. The first and the last named in this list have already been quite fully treated in this work. While considerable progress has been made in the raising of bananas and cocoanuts, very little has been done with other fruits, although the possibilities are wonderful. Some interesting facts regarding the banana, not previously given, are thus related by one of the most careful writers on the products of Cuba:

"The banana, of which millions of bunches are shipped annually, easily leads its competitors in point of value. It is scarcely necessary to comment upon a fruit so well known to every American. As usual with fruits shipped out of the latitude of their growth, the banana of commerce is not the banana of its native garden, although it suffers much less by the transition than other fruits, as it ripens almost as well off the tree as on. It is much more wholesome for the foreigner in his

be compared with the best wines of Spain. But this liquor of bananas, as it easily causes drunkenness in such as use it immoderately, so it likewise very frequently inflames the throat, and produces dangerous diseases in that part. Guines agudos is also another fruit whereof spirits are distilled. But this sort of liquor is not so strong as the preceding. Howbeit, both the one and the other are frequently mingled with water, thereby to quench thirst."

The second fruit referred to in the above quotation is the Guana-banana, a native of the West Indies. It is large in size, with a green skin, white flesh, and black seeds, and is greatly prized by the Cubans for making a refreshing drink, and also for eating. It is a large producer, but probably could not be made commercially valuable in its natural state, being too perishable to stand shipment. So far the banana has been cultivated as a commercial industry principally on the north coast of the province of Santiago de Cuba, the leading export points



SPANISH TRENCHES ON SAN JUAN HILL.

These trenches were captured and held by the "Rough Riders" immediately after the capture of San Juan Hill. The blockhouse and San Juan Valley lie beyond the carriage.

being Baracoa and Gibara. These cities do an annual trade in this fruit amounting to millions of dollars, while many thousands of acres of land in those sections are devoted to its culture.

Next to the banana, the orange will probably become the most valu-

able fruit product of the island. Cuba oranges are of the seedless variety, and have the reputation of being the sweetest and most delicious in the world. They grow everywhere with a luxuriance that is surprising, flourishing and tak-

ing care of themselves in a way that would gladden the heart of the orange grower of California or Florida. No attempt has yet been made at scientific culture, but the yield is prolific, while the trees are hardy and long-lived. There is every reason for believing that the growing and exportation of oranges will, in the course of a few years, become one of the most important



GRAVES OF UNKNOWN SOLDIERS AT "SURRENDER TREE."

A hundred or more of our men were killed and buried at this point. The graves of two unknown soldiers appear in the photograph. All of these bodies have been removed to the States since the photograph was taken. This is also the scene of the surrender of the Spanish Army.

and profitable industries of the island. No frost ever threatens the crop or endangers the life of the trees. Among the better classes of natives the orange has always been the favorite fruit, and it is said that an orange and a cup of coffee in the morning are essential to the wellbeing of every properly constructed islander. With the advent of peace and plenty the home consumption will vastly increase, while the influx of American capital and energy will soon add untold millions to the value of the export trade.

Eighty varieties of oranges are named by the authorities, but all of these may be traced back to the sweet orange of China and the bitter of Bigarade. The Mandarin orange, with its delicious flavor, is a native of China, as its name indicates; and tangerines are derived from it. Besides its value as a fruit, the rind is used for medicinal purposes. Orange wine, as every one knows, is a delicious drink, though it lacks the pleasant acid that makes apple cider so popular.

Lemons, as well as oranges, were found in Cuba in great abundance at the time of the discovery. They were small, not larger than hen's eggs, but very prolific, juicy, thin-skinned and full of flavor. This small variety still exists, and is greatly prized, especially by the natives; but the fruit now generally produced is of large size and thick-skinned, although it retains all of its ancient good qualities. The lemon tree is a continuous bearer, and its white flowers, mingling with its vari colored fruit, afford one of the prettiest sights to be seen in the island. The leaves are almost as fragrant as those of our lemon verbenas, and these, with the flowers and the ripe fruit, fill the surrounding atmosphere with a perfume that is in the highest degree grateful to the senses. Notwithstanding the ease with which they can be produced, and the profitableness of the crop, very little attention is given to the production of lemons. A very attractive field is open in this direction to American capital and energy.



THE GRAVE OF TWO BROTHERS AT THE FOOT OF SAN JUAN HILL.

Two brothers in the attacking party were killed at this point, and buried in a single grave the one with a double headboard. About 100 of our men fell here and at the wire fence in the background. Many interesting stories of the fight are connected with the large tree on the right, which is mentioned in nearly all the histories of the battle.

If properly cared for the orange tree will continue to bear for fifty to eighty years, and it is claimed that its productiveness is largely increased by training it to an arbor, like the grape vine. The fruit intended for export is gathered while green, and, of course, it does not possess the delicious flavor of that which ripens naturally on the branches. Orange fanciers believe that the fruit continues to improve the longer it remains on the tree, and those who live in orange-producing countries do not gather their supplies for daily use except as they are needed. This explains why the ripe fruit and the flowering blossoms are frequently seen on the same tree. This peculiarity belongs equally to orange, lime and lemon trees, the fruit, unlike the apple and the pear, remaining attached to the bough until it is plucked. The mingled beauty and fragrance of the blossoms and the ripe fruit produce a grateful impression that is not soon forgotten.

Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy.

The lime grows wild all over the island, and seems to be thoroughly indigenous to the soil. Enormous quantities are consumed locally in the preparation of drinks, but no effort at systematic cultivation has yet been made, and there is no export trade in this valuable fruit.

The fig is almost as universal as the banana, and grows luxuriantly in all parts of the island; but at present it has little or no commercial value. The fig tree attains a height of twenty feet or more, and has a large, branching top like the apple tree. Some varieties of this fruit are not generally relished at first by those who have seen the product only in its dried or preserved state, but continued use soon cultivates a taste which remains throughout life. The fresh figs, gathered from the tree, are very tender and perishable, and must be disposed of at once. The skin, which is rough and downy, like the rind of the peach, should be removed before eating, as it detracts from the flavor of the fruit and is apt to produce small ulcers and sores in the mouth and throat.



VILLAGE OF EL COBRE

This is the region of the famous copper mines in Santiago Province. The mines are located principally at the foot of the mountains on the opposite side of the valley.

One of the most interesting of all the fruit productions of Cuba is the rose apple, which grows on a tree greatly admired for its symmetry and the glossy evergreen of its foliage. This fruit is a native of the Gulf islands, becomes yellow or cream-colored when ripe, has a smooth skin, is about the size of a large plum, and is shaped like an apple. It has the odor and taste of attar of roses, so strong as not to be always

agreeable after the first one is eaten. The Cubans use it as a flavor for soups and puddings, and in other culinary dishes, and it is a very popular fruit with them. A large trade will doubtless follow its introduction into the States, where its pleasant odor and flavor would soon win for it hosts of friends.

The mango flourishes abundantly everywhere, and usually in a wild state, as but little attention has been given to its cultivation. Although a native of India, this fruit takes kindly to its Western home.



GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN BATTLEFIELD.

Since the battle the Government has fenced in and laid out the entire battlefield as a public park. The men were engaged in this work at the time of the visit of our photographer, as shown in this view.

The tree is large, with a spreading top, and presents a fine appearance. The fruit is usually about the size of a goose egg, ovate in form and variable in color, ranging from deep green to orange yellow. Beneath the skin there is in the better varieties a rich and delicious pulp surrounding the stone, to which it is attached by coarse fibers, something after the manner of a clingstone peach. The seeds are supposed to possess anthelmintic properties, and are sometimes boiled and eaten as food. In its fresh state the fruit is greatly prized by the inhabitants of tropical countries, but it does not bear transportation very well, and when occasionally offered in our seaport cities it is usually in bad condition. It is sometimes sent from the islands in the form of a sweet meat, but in that state it is flavorless. Some varieties of the mango are not edible, on account of their stringy texture and strong flavor of turpentine. One writer compares this species to "a mixture of tow and turpentine."

The *sapotilla* is a peculiar fruit, the size of a peach, with a rough russet skin. It grows on a fine tree, with a bell shaped white flower,

The custard and the star apple are two of the interesting fruits of Cuba. The former grows wild and is also cultivated to some extent. It is green in color, tough skinned, acid in flavor, and full of small black seeds. It is large in size, weighing as much as a pound and a half, and is used for flavoring purposes. The star apple is so called because, when cut in half, a star appears in the center. When ripe the meat is green in color, and soft and pulpy. It is usually eaten out of the skin with a spoon, and has the delicious flavor of strawberries and cream.

The pomegranate, which grows abundantly in Cuba, is one of the most ancient fruits known to history. It is frequently mentioned in the Mosaic writings, and there are many sculptured representations of the fruit on the monuments of ancient Egypt and in the Assyrian ruins. It still flourishes in a wild state in northern India, and is a favorite in nearly all tropical countries. The tree is small, rarely exceeding fifteen to twenty feet in height; the flowers are generally scarlet, but there are also yellow and white varieties. The fruit varies



GRAVE OF THE FIRST SOLDIER WHO CROSSED THE TRENCH AT SAN JUAN HILL.

When the charge was over this soldier's body was found lying just inside of the trench on the top of San Juan Hill. He had become separated from his comrades, and there being no one to identify him he was buried as an "unknown," and doubtless reported as one of the "missing" in his own command.

as fragrant as apple blossoms. When ripe the fruit is delicious and melts in the mouth.

The guava grows on a small tree resembling our common cherry tree. It rarely attains a height of more than ten or fifteen feet, and belongs to the myrtle family. The fruit, usually about an inch in diameter, varies in size and shape, but the principal cultivated varieties resemble the pear and the apple in the latter respect. It is bright yellow when ripe, very fragrant, and filled with a yellowish or reddish seedy pulp which has an acid-sweet flavor, but is disappointing to the taste after the sense of smell has been gratified by the delicious odor. The variety called the purple guava is supposed to be a native of South America. It is harder than the other varieties, and produces in larger quantities. The guava grows abundantly in all of the West India Islands, where it is consumed in large quantities as a fruit, and also made into jellies.

much in size and somewhat in color, being usually orange yellow with a crimson cheek. There are sweet, sour and sub acid varieties, the sour being the largest and most attractive in appearance. The pulp surrounding the seed is the edible portion, and the seeds are swallowed with the pulp. When divided in halves the fruit is highly ornamental and presents a singularly beautiful appearance, the shining bags of pulp resembling amethysts. A popular way of serving it in warm countries is to remove the grains, sprinkle them with sugar, and add wine enough to moisten them. The pomegranate is a hardy fruit, and will bear as far north as the Ohio River; but it attains much greater perfection in the South, as it requires a long season for ripening. The vicinity of Augusta, Ga., is celebrated for the fine quality of this fruit which it produces. It grows abundantly in northern Mexico, where some specimens have been seen measuring as much as six inches in circumference, with the grains correspondingly ample and



SCENE OF THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC"

This event took place just opposite the projecting point on the left, between that and the small steamer which appears in the channel. The point is called *Retenas*, or *Roca*, by the Cubans. The view on page 216 shows the channel, and the opposite shore from this point. This is the channel that leads into the harbor of Santiago, out of which Cervera's ships came to their destruction by Admiral Schley and the American fleet.

delicious. A large share of the crop of that region is used in distilling *aguardiente*, the fiery liquor of Mexico. The bark of the root of the pomegranate has long been used as a vermifuge, both in the form of a powder and extract or decoction. The pomegranate in Cuba fills the place of the apple in more northern localities. It is one of the most popular of tropical fruits, and is destined never to lose its place in public esteem.

One of the most brilliant of all the tropical fruit bearers is the citron tree. It grows to a height of only eight or ten feet, and bears an ovate fruit about six inches in length, furrowed something like the blackberry. It has two rinds, the outer being thin, greenish yellow, with numberless milky glands filled with a most fragrant oil, while the inner rind is thick, fungous and white. This fruit is supposed to be the fabled



OFFICERS AND MEN IN CHARGE OF THE WORK AT SAN JUAN PARK.

golden apples which the ancient Greeks attributed to the gardens of the Hesperides. The tree came originally from Media, and was cultivated in Italy as early as the second century. It belongs to the same genus as the lime, lemon and orange, and is constantly in blossom, flowers and fruit always hanging on the tree together. In China the citron is kept in fine porcelain dishes in sitting rooms, for the sake of its delicious fragrance. The fruit is acid, and is rarely eaten in its natural state. A very delicate and popular sweetmeat is made by preserving the fragrant rind in sugar. From the outside of the fruit and the leaves the oil of citron is prepared; the pulp furnishes citric acid; the seeds are bitter and tonic; and the bark of the root is a febrifuge.

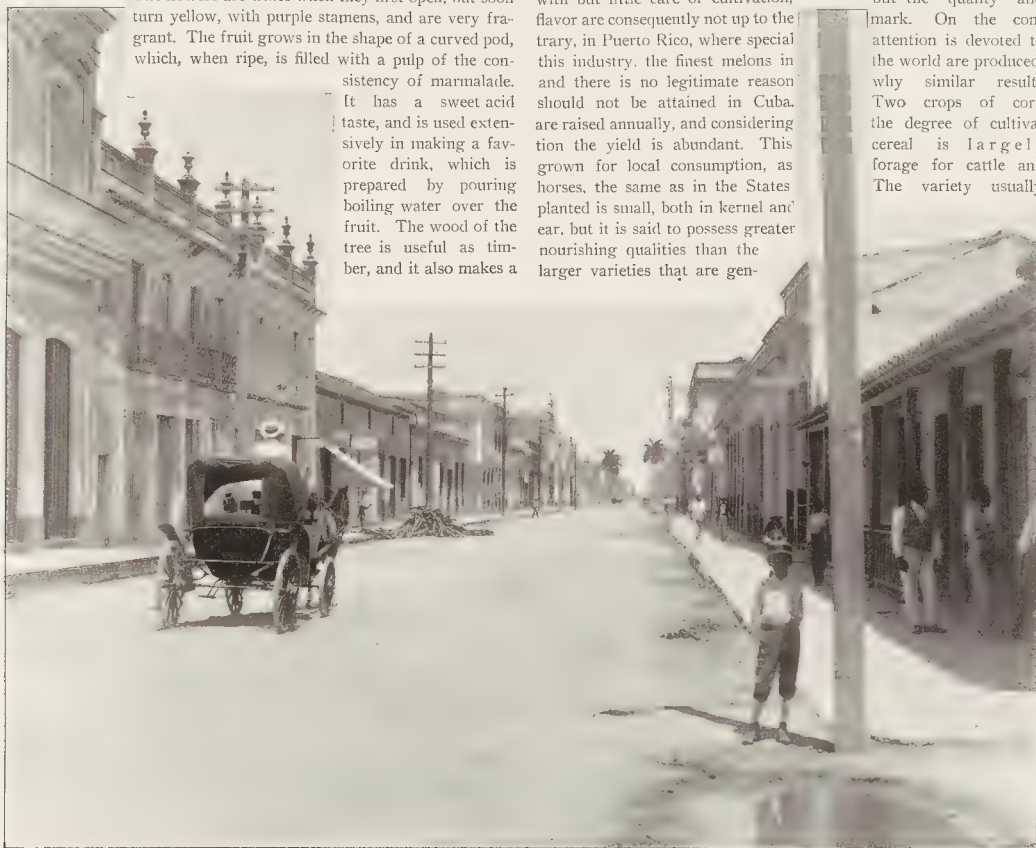
The tamarind grows wild in many of the West India islands, where it was introduced at an early date from India or Africa. It is a very large, handsome tree, sixty to eighty feet high, with a dense foliage.

The flowers are white when they first open, but soon turn yellow, with purple stamens, and are very fragrant. The fruit grows in the shape of a curved pod, which, when ripe, is filled with a pulp of the consistency of marmalade.

It has a sweet acid taste, and is used extensively in making a favorite drink, which is prepared by pouring boiling water over the fruit. The wood of the tree is useful as timber, and it also makes a

Strawberries grow abundantly in all parts of the island, and are of a superior quality, large, sweet and juicy. Two crops are produced annually, and, with proper care, it is believed that this delicious fruit can be made perennial, furnishing an abundant supply for our Northern winter markets.

There are numerous varieties of wild fruits in Cuba, such as plums, etc., some of which may be made valuable commercially by cultivation. But these are not of sufficient importance at present to deserve special consideration. In the line of vegetables, melons and grains there is an almost endless variety. In fact, it may be stated as a general proposition that any product of this kind which can be grown in the States will flourish abundantly in Cuba; such, for instance, as beans, beets, cabbage, celery, cucumbers, lettuce, onions, peanuts, radishes, spinach, yams, sweet potatoes, potatoes, etc. Watermelons, muskmelons and cantaloupes grow in abundance, and with but little care or cultivation, but the quality and flavor are consequently not up to the mark. On the contrary, in Puerto Rico, where special attention is devoted to the world are produced, the finest melons in and there is no legitimate reason why similar results should not be attained in Cuba. Two crops of corn are raised annually, and considering the degree of cultivation the yield is largely forage for cattle and cereal is largely forage for cattle and The variety usually



A TYPICAL THOROUGHFARE IN ONE OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA'S PRETTY SUBURBS

As it appeared immediately after the close of the war, before the healthy reaction in business had commenced.

very fine quality of charcoal. In India the seeds or kernels are used as food in times of scarcity.

The *aguacate*, or alligator pear, is a vegetable fruit that does not seem to be definitely classified. It is very popular as a salad, and lends variety to the large and diversified list of Cuban products.

The bread fruit is not a native of Cuba, but it has been introduced into the island and does well. It will be fully treated and illustrated in the departments relating to Hawaii and the Philippines.

The grape does not hold an important position among the fruits of Cuba. There are a few fine cultivated varieties, and numerous wild ones, so little appreciated as to attract practically no attention. Yet, at the time of the conquest by the Spaniards, wine was made by the Indians from the juice of the wild grape.

Apples and peaches are practically unknown in Cuba, and it is probable that they will never be successfully cultivated there. The climate is not suited to the production of these fruits.

Wheat is not commonly seen in the States. Several scientists who have investigated the matter assert that wheat can be successfully grown in the Cuban uplands, but at present there is not a flour mill in the island, and all the flour used by the inhabitants is imported.

Rice of a very superior quality grows in the swampy lands along the coast, and wherever irrigation is practicable. The yield is abundant, but it has never been sufficient to meet the requirements of home consumption, which is large in proportion to the population. The grains are smaller than those of the Carolina product, but are superior in quality.

No attention is at present given to the cultivation of cotton. The seacoast regions and the small outlying islands and keys produce a very fine quality of sea-island cotton, but the almost constant state of war that has prevailed for so many years, and the discouraging characteristics of the Spanish government, have prevented anything like a systematic effort in the cultivation of this great staple. With the



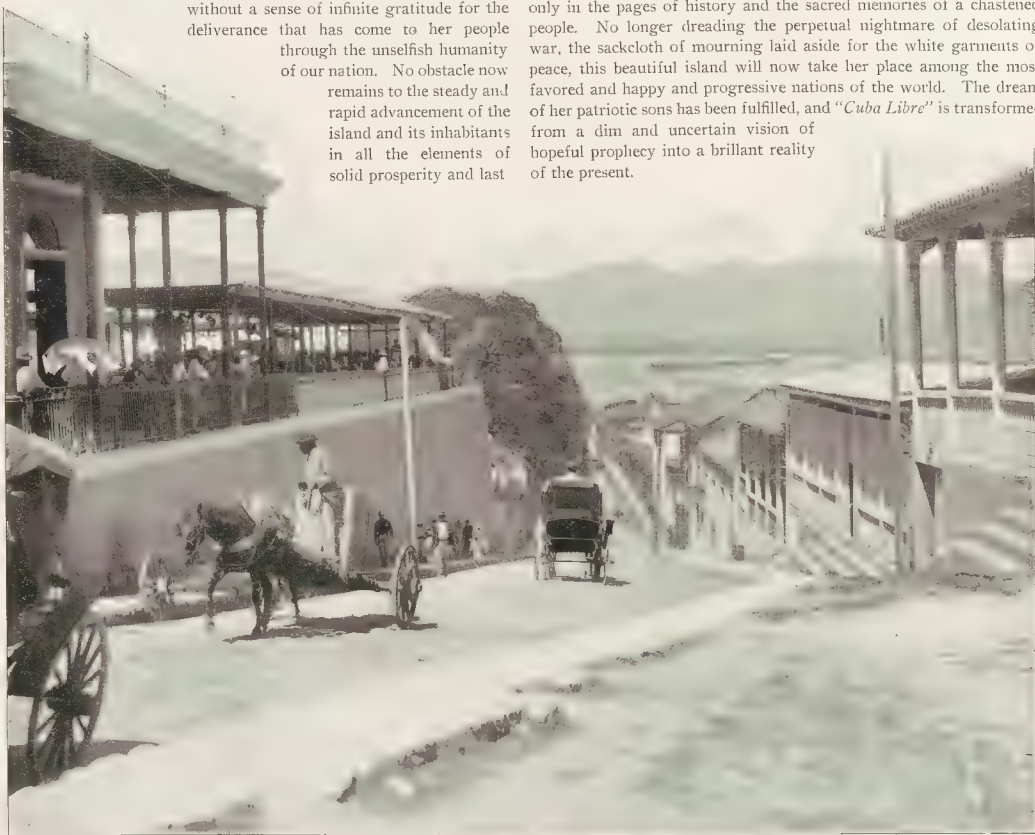
POPULAR DRIVE ALONG THE HARBOR AT SANTIAGO.

This is one of the streets that was improved with asphalt after the American occupation, thus transforming it into a broad and splendid thoroughfare.

advent of peace, liberty, and stable self-government by the people, either as an independent republic or a part of our great confederation of free States, and of the vast industries of the Pearl of the Antilles will receive the attention that their importance demands, and this beautiful island, so highly favored by Nature, will blossom like a garden, and the ships of all nations will unload their wealth upon her shores.

One can hardly think of the prospects in store for the New Cuba without a sense of infinite gratitude for the deliverance that has come to her people through the unselfish humanity of our nation. No obstacle now remains to the steady and rapid advancement of the island and its inhabitants in all the elements of solid prosperity and last

ing happiness. Blessed with a climate and soil adapted to the growth of nearly every useful product, her forests stocked with timbers as rich in possibilities as the gold mines of California, and her mountains and rocks awaiting only the magic touch of capital and industry to give forth their wealth of useful and precious minerals, there is nothing too great or too bright for Cuba to aspire to in her future development and progress. The past, with all its bitterness and heartbreakings, lives only in the pages of history and the sacred memories of a chastened people. No longer dreading the perpetual nightmare of desolating war, the sackcloth of mourning laid aside for the white garments of peace, this beautiful island will now take her place among the most favored and happy and progressive nations of the world. The dream of her patriotic sons has been fulfilled, and "*Cuba Libre*" is transformed from a dim and uncertain vision of hopeful prophecy into a brilliant reality of the present.



MARINA STREET, SANTIAGO.

Showing a portion of the market and the bay, with the U. S. transport "McClellan" in the distance. A steep hill descends from the city to the bay.





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A FORD IN THE RIO GRANDE, NEAR MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.
DATE OF REPRODUCTION FROM COLUMBIAN PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



TOP OF MORRO CASTLE, ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR

The above view shows the narrow channel leading into the harbor, out of which Cervera's ships came to meet their doom. The battle took place in the open expanse between the mouth of the channel and the distant point of land in the background, the Spanish ships being sunk along the shore. The point on which the fort stands is so high that guns cannot be depressed sufficiently to bear on the channel, and vessels may enter there with impunity.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Chapter XII.

ALTHOUGH, from a commercial standpoint, the port of Santiago de Cuba is accorded but third place among the metropolitan cities of Cuba, it is without exception, alike to traveler and student, the most interesting spot on the entire island. The city is picturesquely situated on the shores of a straggling, land-locked bay that deeply indents the extreme southeastern sea coast. Nearing the entrance two mountains appear to draw apart. On the bluff headland to the right is the historical Morro Castle, an ancient battle-scarred fortress, erected about the year 1640 by the Spanish war rior, Pedro de la Rosca, at that time Governor of the province. Although its massive buttressed walls offered but ineffectual resistance to the fierce bombardments to which they were subjected during the recent war, for romantic and imposing effect it is without an equal on this hemisphere. Its commanding position and hoary walls; its moss-grown turrets and ivy-entwined towers; the immense flight of crumbling steps, winding from near the water's edge to the ponderous battle door at the castle's lofty entrance; the deep moat, spanned by its antiquated drawbridge, unlifted since the remote days when marauding pirates infested the West Indies—these, and countless other details, recall the scenes of centuries gone, when chivalry and knighthood were in flower. Immediately adjacent to the Morro is a small fortification, known as La Bateria de la Estrella, so called because of its outer wall being laid out in the shape of a star. The embrasured parapets of this curious structure were thought to absolutely command the approach to the harbor, until the gallant old "Merrimac" successfully swept over the range covered by their antiquated guns and deposited her devoted hulk on the bottom of the narrow channel in the interest of naval strategy.

At the left of the entrance lies a small island, on the hillside of which is situated the hamlet of Cayo Smith, famous as having been captured and for some time occupied by the English during the early

period of colonial conquest. Crowning the site is a quaint old chapel, surmounted by a belfry and cross, while a collection of one-story, tile-roofed houses represent the habitations of those who make their abode in this curious suburb. At the foot of the village several bath houses of thatched palm leaves extend from the beach into the limpid water, wherein the natives disport themselves at early morn and eventide, unmolested by inquisitive eyes. Along the shores are numerous thatch-roofed fishermen's huts, built on piling over shallow water, which serve as shelter for the rude boats, and often as a humble home for these unsophisticated followers of St. Peter.

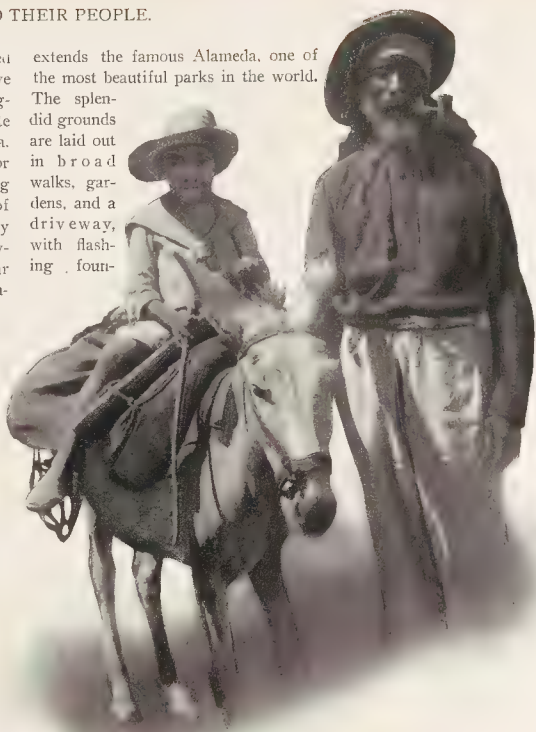
From Cayo Smith the neck of the bay extends for a mile along mountains covered with stately palms and cocoanut trees, intermingled with grotesque cactus plants and wild orchids, finally spreading out into the spacious bay beyond. Weather-beaten mariners, who, in their roving, have explored lands and seas which are, perforce, a closed book to the tourist, declare, with one accord, that no finer harbor than that of Santiago de Cuba is to be found throughout the earth. Its land-locked position effectually cuts it off from the hurricanes which may rage without, and the events of our conflict with Spain amply attest its utter impenetrability in time of war. Yet it is, withal, entirely ample for commerce, and a little dredging would enable the largest vessels to come to the wharf, though this would doubtless be regarded as a misfortune by the lightermen. On a small island near the opening of the bay is an old magazine and arsenal, from which the Spanish war ships and provincial troops were formerly supplied with arms and munitions.

Flowing down from the mountains in the north, and emptying into the harbor are two small rivers, El Paradas and El Carmanes, their exits bordered by lowlands, covered with cocoa groves and jungles of matted vegetation, impenetrable, save as one hews his way

with sheath knife or machete. On the right side of the bay is situated a coaling station, known as Cinco Reales, meaning, in Spanish, "five bits." Just beyond this point are a number of handsome villas belonging to wealthy merchants of Santiago, while nearby, on a great white sand bank, stands the small, but formidable fort of Punta Blanca. The beach in the vicinity of this latter point is a favorite resort for bathers, and in the cool of the day many people may be seen splashing about in the glistening water along the shore. The cab horses of Santiago, strangers as they are to the curry comb, are regularly brought here by their drivers for a daily bath. It is noticeable, however, that no one, not excepting those on horseback, strays very far from land, as the bay is inhabited by numerous sharks of the man-eater species. Immediately beyond these outlying points of interest lies Santiago de Cuba, the second city in size on the island, and capital of the province bearing its name. Transfigured in the pink light of morning, Santiago, from the bay, looks like an ancient city of the Orient. The city occupies a beautiful valley, with a towering background of purple mountains, and the sloping hill-sides, which afford an excellent natural drainage, are covered with houses whose outer walls are decorated with pigments of variegated hues. Distributed about at frequent but irregular intervals among the more humble structures, are the quaintest, most luxurious of mediaeval palaces, with vine-covered towers and crumbling turrets. Santiago is a city of magnificent homes, according to Spanish tendencies—homes with pillared balconies, airy courts, spacious corridors and tall, deep-set windows, shielded with fancifully wrought gratings, supplemented by massive shutters of carved wood. Beside the outwardly severe walls of many such mansions stand tall blue cactus shrubs or graceful palms, while over the brow of the parapet frequently hang festoons of verdant passion vines, fairly sagging under their weight of flaming blossoms.

Along the city's southern border are fishermen's huts, before which hang rows of nets drying in the breeze. Then, for half a mile,

extends the famous Alameda, one of the most beautiful parks in the world. The splendid grounds are laid out in broad walks, gardens, and a driveway, with flashing foun-



A STREET PEDDLER AND HIS OUTFIT, SANTIAGO.

tains and cozy benches under delightfully shady trees, where the townsfolk loiter to enjoy the sea air and an evening talk. In the center is one of the most rustic of pavilions, before which the commodious quarters of the "Club Nautico" is built over the bay. At the left of the Alameda is the custom house and a number of wharves, where



A CORNER OF THE LESSER PLAZA, SANTIAGO, LOOKING TOWARD THE HARBOR.



THE PALACE AT SANTIAGO, WITH PART OF THE PLAZA

Photo was for many years the headquarters of the Spanish Government for the province, and was the place of the great battle of 1891, when the army of the President, General Sanjuncion, defeated the troops of the Spanish Governor, General Sanjuncion, and a number of men were killed.



A SANTIAGO BILLE.

vessels are constantly receiving and discharging cargoes. All day long the burly black stevedores, wearing but a pair of linen or cotton trousers, are seen on the wharves, or in the holds of the vessels, loading raw sugar, to be shipped to the States, working like Trojans, regardless of heat, and shining with dripping perspiration. In the rear of the wharves are located a number of ancient buildings, occupied by one of the largest banking and sugar-exporting firms in Cuba. Further on, at the left, is the railroad station, always with a

jostling crowd of dusky Cubans awaiting a train.

Beyond the station are the gray walls of the city abattoir, before which fifty three members of the "Virginus" expedition were shot in 1873. The story of that memorable tragedy, which, in the eyes of the civilized world must always be regarded as one of the darkest blots on the tarnished banner of Spain, is thus briefly related:

The "Virginus," a ship registered in the Custom House in New York, September 26, 1870, as the property of a citizen of the United States, was captured on October 31, 1873, on the high seas, near Jamaica, by the Spanish man-of-war "Tornado," on the ground that it intended to land men and arms in



A TYPICAL SPANISH BEAUTY.



A MORNING CALL.

We have the word of our artist for the statement that the prettiest girl in Santiago lives in the house before which the handsome soldier sits on his horse. She was at the barred window, carrying on an innocent flirtation with the soldier, and the artist endeavored to get her picture, but she observed his movements, and drew back into the room just as the camera was ready.

Cuba, then in rebellion. The "Virginius" was sailing under the American flag at the time. She was taken to Santiago de Cuba. Almost with the news of her capture came the intelligence that four of the most prominent Cuban leaders on board had been shot on November 4. These men were General Bernabe Varona, General Pedro Céspedes, Lieutenant Colonel Jesus Del Sol, and General W. A. C. Ryan, the latter a New Yorker. Vigorous protests were at once sent to the Spanish Government by Secretary of State Fish, through General Daniel E. Sickles, then United States Minister to Spain, and demands made for the release of the "Virginius" and the prisoners.

While the Government of President Castelar was making promises and asking time to procure information, the Spanish authorities in Cuba, as they afterward avowed, determined to forestall any merciful commands from Madrid. Accordingly, on October 7, Captain Joseph Fry and thirty-six members of the crew of the "Virginius" were led out and shot, and on the day following twelve of the most prominent of

before an agreement was finally reached. A protocol was signed November 29 between Admiral Polo (the same who recently represented Spain at Washington) and Secretary Fish, by which Spain agreed to surrender the "Virginius" and the survivors of her crew and passengers, and to salute the flag of the United States on December 25. It was also agreed that if, in the meantime, Spain should prove that the "Virginius" had no right to fly the United States flag the salute should be dispensed with, but Spain would disclaim any intent of insult to the flag. On December 22, Secretary Fish announced that he had been satisfied that the "Virginius" had not the right to fly the flag at the time of her capture, and that the salute would therefore be dispensed with. On January 23, Admiral Polo made the disclaimer agreed upon.

The "Virginius," with the American flag flying, was delivered to the navy of the United States at Bahía Honda, December 16. She was unseaworthy, and, encountering a heavy storm, sank off Cape Fear. The prisoners who survived the massacres were surrendered at Santiago



PORTION OF THE PLAZA AND THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CLUB, SANTIAGO

This club, famous for its historical associations, occupies the rather insignificant looking building beyond the spreading tree. This and the San Carlos Club, directly across the street, were the headquarters of the Spanish officers during the bombardment, and all their counsels of war were held there.

the ship's passengers were butchered. Thus out of a total of one hundred and fifty-five captured with the "Virginius," fifty-three were put to death in a manner most summary. These murders were directly sanctioned by Captain General De Rhodas. President Castelar made the excuse that his orders to stay proceedings were received too late to prevent this great crime.

The indignation in this country when the news of this bloody work became known knew no bounds. Meetings were held all over the country, and the murderers were denounced in the strongest terms. President Grant authorized the Secretary of the Navy to put our navy on a war footing. Yet probably because Spain was then a young republic, he determined to exhaust all the resources of diplomacy before resorting to arms to get redress for the outrage on the flag.

Negotiations were at the breaking point several times, and General Sickles even went to far as to ask for a ship to take him from Spain

de Cuba on December 18, and were brought in safety to New York. Since the evacuation of the island by the Spanish the Cubans have caused a commemorative tablet to be fixed against the wall before which the "Virginius" martyrs perished. This tablet bears an inscription in Spanish, which, translated, reads thus:

1868.
"Thou who passest this place uncover thyself. This spot is consecrated earth. For thirty years it has been blessed with the blood of patriots immolated by tyranny."

Near the center of Santiago, on a street known as Calle Central, stands the building formerly occupied by the American Consulate, directly opposite which, on an elevated site, originally occupied by a monastery, is the market place of to-day. Here gaily turbaned negresses, *campesinos*, or native countrymen, with, perhaps, a Chinaman or so, in a very babel of tongues, extol their curious wares. In

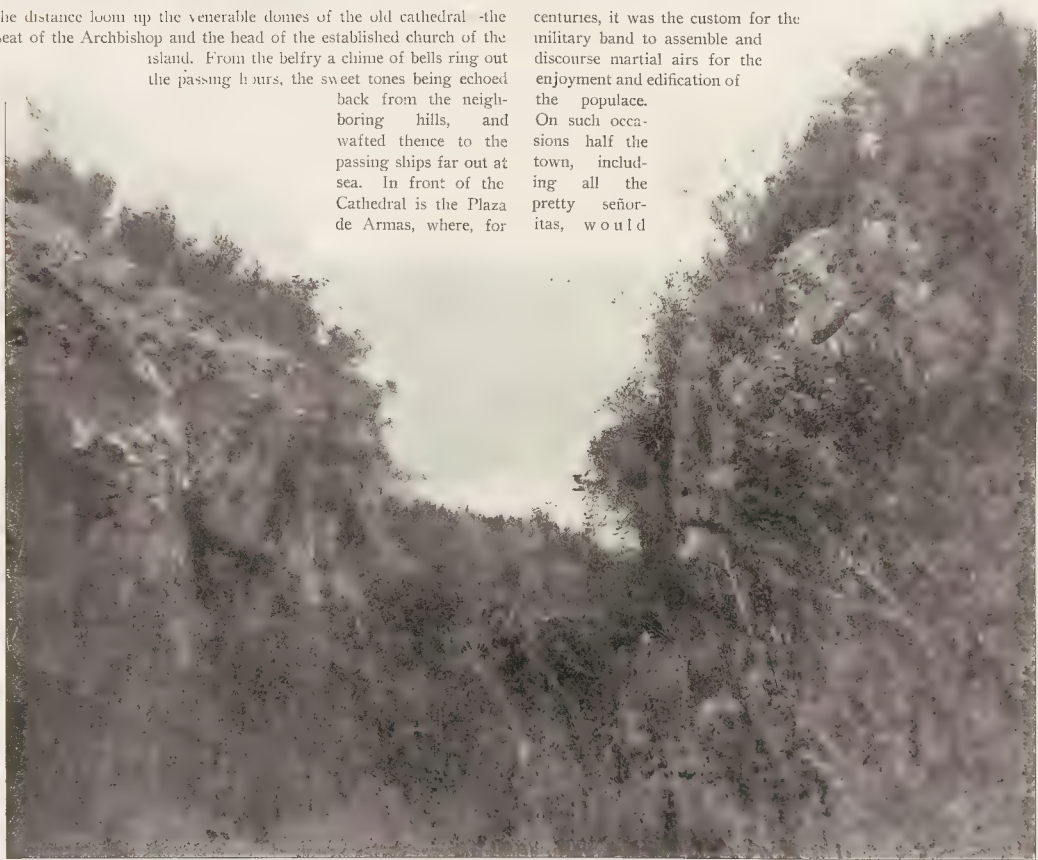


RUINS OF FORT LL. CONEY AS THEY APPEAR AT THE PRESENT TIME.

the distance loom up the venerable domes of the old cathedral -the seat of the Archbishop and the head of the established church of the island. From the belfry a chime of bells ring out the passing hours, the sweet tones being echoed

back from the neighboring hills, and wafted thence to the passing ships far out at sea. In front of the Cathedral is the Plaza de Armas, where, for

centuries, it was the custom for the military band to assemble and discourse martial airs for the enjoyment and edification of the populace. On such occasions half the town, including all the pretty señoritas, would



SECTION OF THE RIDGE NEAR FORT ESTRELLA, SANTIAGO

The terribly destructive force of the dynamite shells thrown by the "Vesuvius" is shown in this photograph. This ridge of rock formerly extended straight across from point to point, but a single shell from one of the guns of the "Vesuvius" tore it away and left it in the condition represented by the illustration.

turn out to promenade, to see and be seen. Fronting the plaza on the north is the palace of the old Spanish Governors, a massive mediæval structure of stone and stucco. A block to the left of the gubernatorial mansion is the theater in which Mme. Adelina Patti, at the age of fourteen, and under the direction of Gottschalk, made her début on the public stage—an incident always referred to with pride by the townfolk.

But most interesting of all concerning Santiago de Cuba is her earlier history, of which a volume might be written and yet remain incomplete. Founded by Velasquez in 1514, twenty-two years after the discovery of the new world, it has since been the scene of almost uninterrupted strife and turmoil, added to which it has been leveled by earthquakes and burned by fires, only to be rebuilt on each occasion. Santiago to-day ranks, with perhaps a single exception, as the oldest city on the hemisphere—a landmark beside which our boasted St. Augustine is a young lad in knickerbockers. Here Spain raised her ensigns

and prosperity enjoyed by all who dwell under the protection of America's glorious flag. The benefits that have been wrought in the city of Santiago de Cuba since the advent of American occupancy are too manifold, either to be adequately portrayed or comprehended. From one of the most virulent plague centers in all the West Indies it has been transformed into a comparatively healthful city, while its population has rapidly increased from the 40,000 permanent residents it contained at the close of the war to 65,000 at the present day.

Agreeable social relations exist between the Americans in Santiago and the Cuban families. Many of the young officers have learned the language, and it is a notable fact that a very large number of the young women of Santiago speak English exceedingly well. The strict decorum observed in the matter of chaperons does not affect the enjoyment of the young people, and during the last year there have been numerous picnic and boating parties to Cayo Smith, the Morro, or even so far as the wrecks of the "Oquendo" and "Vizcaya."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE POORER SECTIONS OF SANTIAGO.

This photograph was taken a few weeks after the American occupation. It shows the condition of the streets and buildings at that time, but since then the paving of the streets with asphalt and other marked improvements made by the American authorities have transformed the place into a clean and beautiful modern city. The ragged hole in the wall on the right was evidently made by a cannon shot.

for the conquest of the two Americas. Hence, in 1518, started Juan de Grifalve to conquer Yucatan; and later, in 1527, to take Nicaragua. Hence set out Cortez to conquer the Aztecs of ancient Mexico, and hence departed Narvaez, in 1527, for the conquest of the Okechobee valley in Florida, then known to Spaniards as the land of the Casima and of the Tallahassee Indian. Sunk in the bay, near shore, lies the Soberano, Spanish navio, of Trafalgar renown, which, in 1829, left Cuba with an expedition under command of Barradas and Laborde, to complete the conquest of Vera Cruz and Tampico. And finally, near the close of the nineteenth century, there was waged before and about this historic city the most disastrous and most remarkable war that ever engaged the erstwhile indomitable army of Spain. A war which forever lifted the Spanish yoke of oppression from the shoulders of a persecuted, long-suffering people, bringing to them instead the freedom

Ever since the Americans entered the city the population of Santiago has been in a state of astonishment. The chief thing which the Americans have introduced into Cuba has been work, and the people are kept guessing what innovation they may expect next.

The climate of Santiago during the winter months is delightful beyond expression, while the tropical summer is full of excesses. There come and go within an hour floods of rain, followed by blistering heat, when it is as if the narrow streets of the city were channels through which metal heated to ether was flowing. And then comes from mountains or the sea the rush of delicious winds. Sunsets indescribable, and nights of glamorous loveliness recompense the dwellers of Santiago for the heat of the day. The nights of Cuba are cool, wholesome, witching with the great arc light of the moon, the silhouettes of graceful palms, the scents of infinite blossoming.



VIEW OF THE BATTLE GROUND FROM THE TOP OF SAN JUAN HILL

This view was taken from one of the Spanish trenches on top of San Juan Hill, looking toward El Cancey. It shows the ground covered by the battle before the final rush on San Juan Hill, also the lagoon at the foot of Kettle Hill.

The great battlefield before Santiago has been set aside by the Government as a military reservation, and is gradually being transformed into a park. Beginning a little to the east of Surrender Tree, which has been inclosed by a fence, the grounds will extend from the Spanish trenches over San Juan and Kettle Hills, including the lagoon at the foot of the latter point and that part of San Juan River known to the Fifth Army Corps as Bloody Bend. The various points of interest are



BRIDGE NEAR SIBONEY.

During the bombardment by Admiral Sampson's fleet, for the purpose of covering the landing of our troops at Siboney and Daiquiri, one of the shells struck this bridge, where a Spanish regiment had been stationed, and a fragment of the shell striking the commander of the detachment, Colonel Belline, killed him instantly. He fell at the foot of the bridge on the left.

carefully marked, and are distributed over an area of about four hundred acres. On the greater part of the field the chaparral, which but briefly since hid death for our men, is green and thick, and even the intrenchments are covered with a mantle of tropical undergrowth, which quickly springs up, obliterating all evidences of the fierce scenes that were enacted in that period of mortal strife.

The province of Santiago de Cuba occupies the easternmost section of Cuba, and is the largest political division in the island. Its total area is 13,530 square miles, of which, however, but 1,271 are utilized. The population of the province is estimated at about 274,000. Although exceedingly mountainous, its valleys and sea coasts are extremely productive, and, hence, especially adapted to the pursuit of agriculture. The same rule likewise applies to its hills and mountain sides, which possess facilities for the culture of certain crops not indigenous to lower levels. The raising of cane and the manufacture of sugar are the chief sources of wealth in the province.

These estates are all on the south coast, on this side of Sierra Maestra chain of mountains. No sugar-cane is grown on the north coast in Santiago province.

tions, the frail shrub requiring for its growth the shade offered by the tall and overhanging cocoa tree. The coffee shrub yields its crop in November, but as it is not regular and uniform, three harvests are made annually, the first in November, the second in January, and the third in March. Large quantities of cocoa have been shipped annually to Spain and France, at prices varying between \$15 and \$17 per hundredweight, free on board, but for many years no coffee has been exported from the Island of Cuba.

The reason for this lies in the fact that Cuban coffee, like Cuban tobacco, is of a rare quality and aroma, raised and selected by experts, and, of necessity, being at a price which would not easily find a market for the product abroad. On the fields, Cuban coffee sells for from \$21 to \$25 per 100 pounds.

In by-gone days these "cafetales" (coffee plantations) used to be the pride of the Spanish grandees, their original owners, who lived on their plantations in great style, with their suites and retinues. Six months in the year the plantations would be the scenes of feasting and merrymaking, neighboring grandees com-



STREET IN SANTIAGO

Showing the pavement sloping to the garbage drain in the center of the street. During the Spanish regime it was the custom of the inhabitants to throw all kinds of garbage and filth into the streets, where it lay and festered in the hot sun, producing disease and death. But all this has been changed since the American occupation, the streets have been paved with asphalt and are now kept clean, and Santiago has been transformed from a nest of yellow fever into a healthy city.

Manzanillo, further westward on the south coast, boasts of many large central sugar estates, where the cane grown on neighboring fields is brought and ground, so many cartloads of cane being delivered against so many pounds of manufactured sugar. The grinder, or owner of the estate makes his profit out of the immense amount of cane brought him, of which he keeps a percentage or royalty. The "colono," or small planter, finds it to his advantage to have his cane ground on a royalty basis, instead of laying out a large sum of money for machinery, etc., unwarranted by the smallness of his holding or cane crop. Guantanamo and Manzanillo are the two important sugar shipping ports of Eastern Cuba.

Next in importance, agriculturally, come the coffee and cocoa plantations, with which Santiago Province is thickly covered. Coffee and cocoa plants are generally grown on the same "finca," or planta-

ing from miles around in their "volantes" and on horseback, staying in one "finca" a fortnight at a time, then pushing on to the next plantation, carrying their last host with them, until the complete round of the "cafetales" was made. The Spanish owners therefore spent their lives in gayety and debauch, paying little attention to the management of their estates, while they yielded a handsome living. But gradually their plantations ceased to produce these kingly incomes, and their fortunes began to dwindle.

Thrifty and shrewd Frenchmen, driven over from Hayti, formed a strong colony in Santiago in those early days, and they took advantage of the lax and short-sighted Hidaigos. They loaned their money on the plantations, had themselves appointed overseers, foreclosed their mortgages, and became the owners of the rich "cafetales," most of which to this day are owned by their descendants. Of fifty "cafetales" it will be



GENERAL VIEW OF SAN JUAN HILL AND SPANISH TRENCHES.

found that forty are owned by Frenchmen. A very common parasite creeper, which clings to the tough and sturdy mahogany trees, choking and killing them, inch by inch, until, after twenty years, the trees are dead and decayed, is still called "the French overseer."

Maize, yams, sweet potatoes and other vegetables grow everywhere with little care or supervision. In six months they bear. Coffee shrubs need the shade, and these plants offer it. The result is that on most of the coffee plantations the vegetables are grown which amply feed and sustain the planter, who, after six months, is on a self-sustaining basis, with a goodly coffee crop ahead as clean profit.

Tobacco is grown extensively at Palma, Soriana, San Luis, Paire, Jiguany and Guica, most of which has hitherto been shipped to Germany, the remainder to the Spanish régime. Guica produces the best

although, of course, of an inferior grade as compared with Vuelta or Baracoa, on the north coast, is the home of the coconut in its wild, luxuriant state. The shipments of these fruits has for many years warranted exclusively the fruit trade between Baracoa and New York. The plantains and bananas are used in the manufacture of vinegar. The principal portion

inferior grade as Partido tobacco. north coast, is the and plantain state. The to the north warranted exclusively to run be- York. The extensively of vinegar. of the interior



THE PLACE WHERE FIFTY-THREE MEN OF THE "VIRGINIUS" CREW WERE MASSACRED IN 1873.

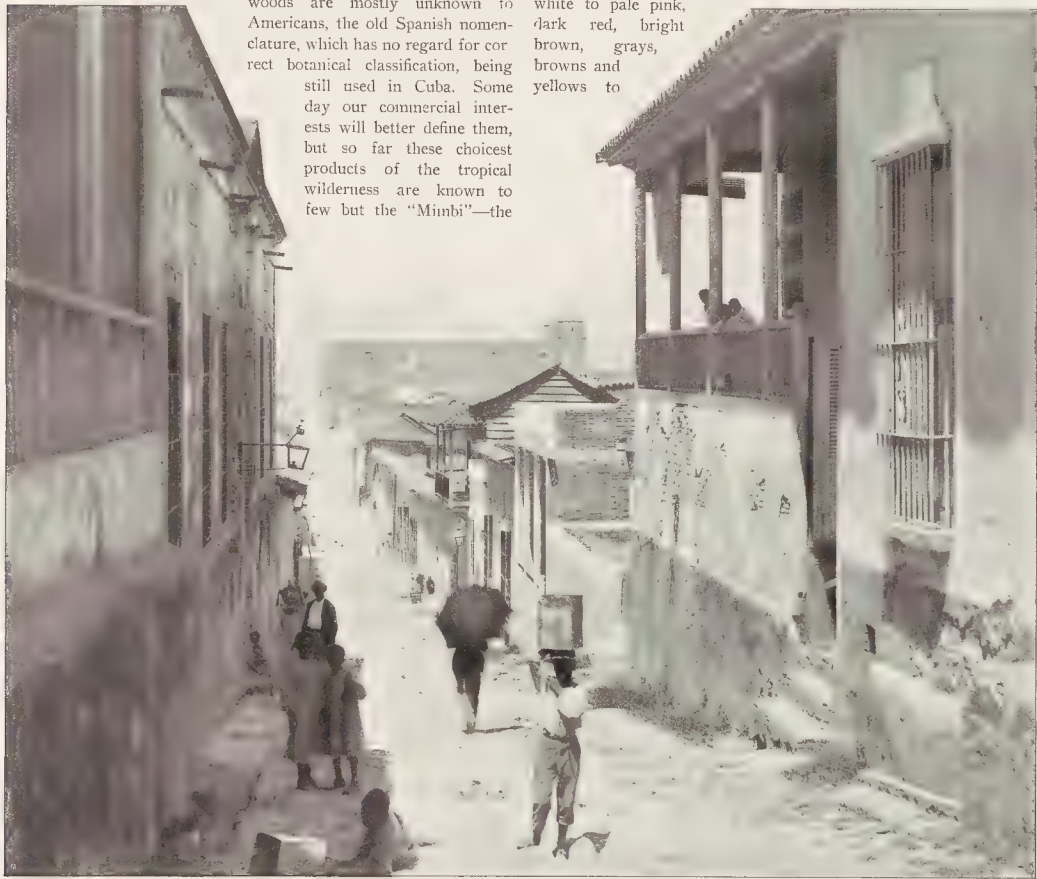
The men were stationed in front of the wall and shot by platoons of Spanish infantry. Those who were not instantly killed were afterward bayoneted. The following is the translation of the inscription on the tablet: "1868. Thou who passeth this place, uncover thyself. This spot is consecrated earth. For thirty years it has been blessed with the blood of patriots immolated by tyranny, 1898." The first date, 1868, is evidently an error, as the massacre was not committed until 1873.

of the province is heavily wooded with most valuable timber for the builder and the cabinet maker. The woods and forests abound in every variety of hard woods, the principal being mahogany, cedar, rosewood and "majua," a wood known the world over as the strongest and most durable of all woods, of a greenish ashy hue and an exceedingly close grain. Most of them, in fact nine-tenths of the woodlands, are virgin forests, which it would take years and years to decimate, and which have so far escaped the destructive hands of man, owing to the lack of transportation facilities to the seacoast.

The "yaya," or lancelapar, grows by the thousand acres, and so does the *lignum vite*, so much sought after for the manufacture of block sheaves and of heavy balls used in bowling alleys. Palm leaf in large quantities is exported to Europe and the United States for the manufacture of hats, and "palmitche" finds a ready market abroad for the manufacture of oil.

The names of the valuable woods are mostly unknown to Americans, the old Spanish nomenclature, which has no regard for correct botanical classification, being still used in Cuba. Some day our commercial interests will better define them, but so far these choicest products of the tropical wilderness are known to few but the "Mimbi"—the

is not nearly so beautiful as that of many inferior trees. One sees a good deal of the timbers in the old churches of Cuba, and in the uncovered rafters of the finest houses; and no plaster, calcimine or paper could be half so handsome as the great red beams overhead. The "Jucaro" resembles the red wood, and so does the "Acana," both being good, hard red wood, but like third cousins or poor relations in the aristocratic "Quebracho colorado" family. There is also the jiguís, yaya, dagame, macagua, and no end of other strange varieties, besides the palm, cocoanut, mango and ceiba, all useful construction timbers, each for special purposes. For cabinet and ornamental woods, even the Brazilian forests can show no finer specimens than the wilds of eastern Cuba. Satinwood, lanerwood, rosewood, ebony, olive, salmwood, mahogany, *lignum vite*, mahal, gumbo-limbo, guayacan, caracollillo, guayaba, sabicu and a hundred other varieties, with unspellable local names, enchant the beholder with the loveliness of their polished grain, in all tints, from pure white to pale pink, dark red, bright brown, grays, browns and yellows to



VIEW OF SAN BASILLIA STREET, SANTIAGO.

All the street views in Santiago were taken before the era of improvements inaugurated by the Americans. They, therefore, show the conditions that prevailed under Spanish rule: the lethargy, and squalor, and uncleanness that were so characteristically Spanish.

Cuban woodmen, who have a ruthless way with machetes, and call the monarchs of the forest by names that describe their characteristics. For example, there is the "quibira-hacha," "machete-breaker," so called because it is stronger than any implement of iron or steel, and will turn the edges of the best American axe that can be brought against it. It averages fifty feet in height, but is rarely more than one foot thick, tall and straight as an Amazonian arrow, which it greatly resembles; and its dark, mottled grain takes on a beautiful polish. Then there is the "Quebracho-colorado," a bright red wood, which seems to be absolutely indestructible. Timbers made of this red wood when the first Spaniards discovered the New World have never rotted in air, earth or water, but are as firm and strong to day, after more than four centuries of usage, as when taken from their native forests. The tree grows to great height, and large in diameter at the base, but its foliage

ebon black. The guayacan is black as jet, one of the hardest woods known, makes an elegant veneer, and does duty in moldings and turners' work. The mova is a big tree with heavy yellow wood, which, when polished, takes the rich color of mahogany, and is much used in making furniture. From the quayaivi—a white wood with black heart—tool handles and oars are made. Satinwood has a lemon-colored grain, highly lustrous and fragrant. The salmwood is very popular, though not so beautiful, because no insect will come near it—a great point in this bug-infested country. Tapodilla, a very hard wood, mottled black and red, is considered extremely valuable for decorations and cabinet work, along with the bright yellow granadilla and pale green olive.

Honey and beeswax are other very important articles of export, and modern hives on the plan of the French and Dutch hives would

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.

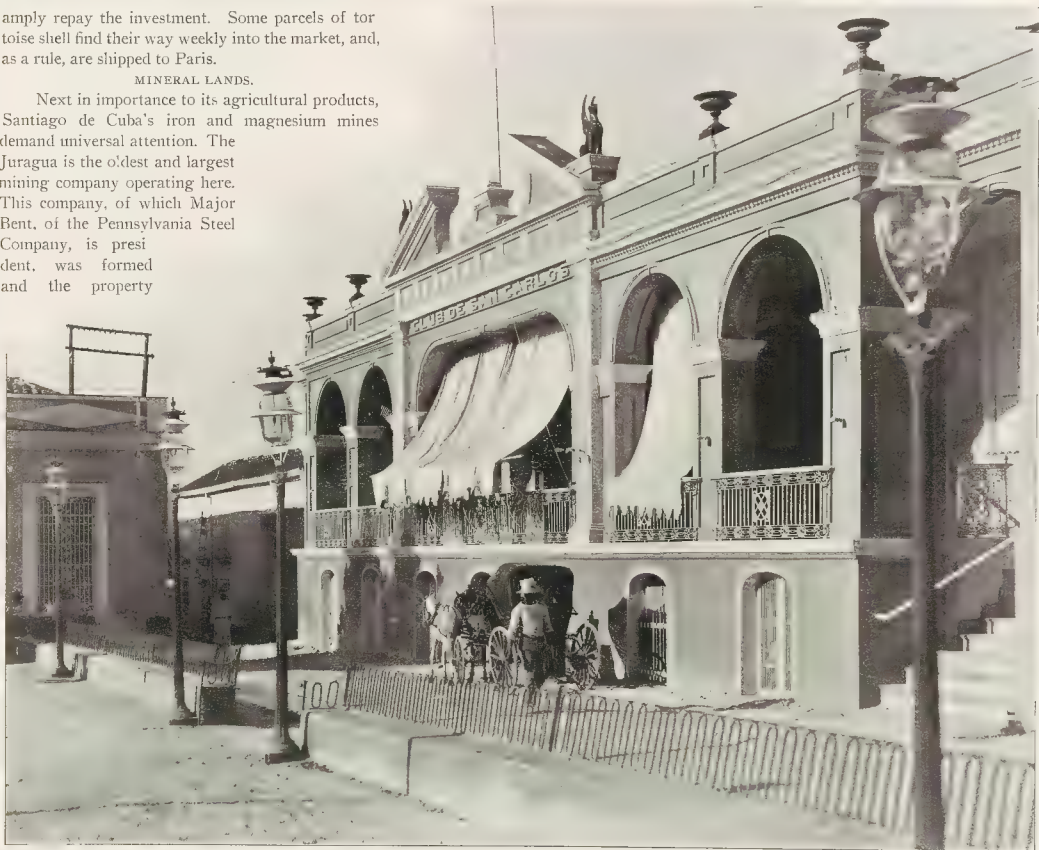


OUR ARTIST'S OUTFIT IN EL COBRE.

amply repay the investment. Some parcels of tortoise shell find their way weekly into the market, and, as a rule, are shipped to Paris.

MINERAL LANDS.

Next in importance to its agricultural products, Santiago de Cuba's iron and magnesium mines demand universal attention. The Juragua is the oldest and largest mining company operating here. This company, of which Major Bent, of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, is president, was formed and the property



SAN CARLOS CLUB, SANTIAGO.

Next to the Spanish Club of Havana this is the wealthiest organization of the kind in Cuba. The most influential Spaniards in Santiago are members of the San Carlos Club.

acquired in 1881. Its shipment of Bessemer ore so far exceed 3,000,000 tons. The total output of the Juragua mines is controlled by the Bethlehem Iron Works, the Pennsylvania Steel Company and the Maryland Steel Company. Its maximum monthly output is 40,000 tons. Siboney is the shipping port of the Juragua Iron Company's mines.

The Signara Iron Company, which started with a big boom in 1890, built a broad gauge railroad nine miles long, and extensive buildings and sheds, shipped four cargoes in 1894, aggregating 12,000 tons, and have not been heard from since, abandoning their property and closing down their mines. Sigua, about seven miles east of Daiquiri, was their port of shipment. All their buildings, sheds and wharves, valued at \$2,000,000, were burned down by the Insurgents, and their railroad beds and trestles, evidently very badly built, have all been washed away in the last three years by the heavy rains. Their machine shops have all been destroyed, and were at one time used as

Most of the titles are held by Spaniards, some small parcels by Frenchmen. A curious feature is that the land fee is separate from the mining rights, both titles rarely being held by the same individual.

As its name indicates, "El Cobre," about fifteen miles from Santiago, is the heart of the copper fields of Cuba. These copper mines are extremely valuable, and have been worked since early in the century. It is claimed that one of the richest veins of copper in the world extends through this region. They are owned by two companies, one English, the other American, but have been abandoned now for almost thirty years. They were forced to shut down by the Cobre Railroad Company, that held the charter rights, and with which they got into litigation. The mines are exceedingly deep, one of their shafts having been sunk to a depth of 1,100 feet. A majority of the mines of El Cobre are frequently flooded with water, and, consequently, difficult to work. One of the features of these mines is a gigantic Cornish pump, put up at a tremendous expense, but which never quite suc-



LAYING DRAIN PIPES IN SANTIAGO

Before the American era there was no such thing as underground drainage in Santiago, and all such work was a revelation to the inhabitants. They came in crowds every day to witness the progress of the work, and were enthusiastic in their praise of American methods.

salt works by the Cubans. One thing must be said in favor of the Spanish Government in this respect. Their mining laws were exceedingly liberal, encouraging and offering every facility to the opening up of this new field. All the machinery received by the mining companies was exempted from duty, and the coal imported and used by them was entered free.

Daiquiri deserves special mention and recollection as being the great slave emporium of eastern Cuba in the days of slavery.

As is well known, the Santiago ore, which has a low per cent of phosphorus, ranks, together with the Swedish and the Spanish demerara mineral, as the "crack ore" of the world. The Pompo Mining Company is relatively a new concern, and only shipped before the war about 400 tons of ore.

The iron district is parceled off clear to the Grand Pedra, the highest peak of the Sierra Mestra, and owned by private individuals.

ceeded in pumping the mines dry, or in living up to expectations. The mines are in nowise exhausted, and still possess a rich treasure of buried wealth. In fact, the greater portion of this vast province, with its rich and fertile soil, and its wealth of agricultural and mineral resources, where drouths, floods and frosts are unknown, is practically undeveloped, owing to the total absence of transportation facilities, either by rail or by roads. In the whole province of Santiago de Cuba there are but eighty miles of railroad, and not a mile of road deserving the name between any two towns or villages, excepting narrow paths, scarcely allowing a horse or mule to pass, through the woods, across streams and over mountains.

Telegraphic communication exists between the different interior towns and principal villages over lines put up in the rudest fashion, many wires resting on trees without the vestige of an insulator. Such are the present conditions of one of the richest districts in the island.



VIEW AT SAN LUIS, CUBA.

This place is about thirty miles north of Santiago, and some of the principal sugar factories of the province are located here.

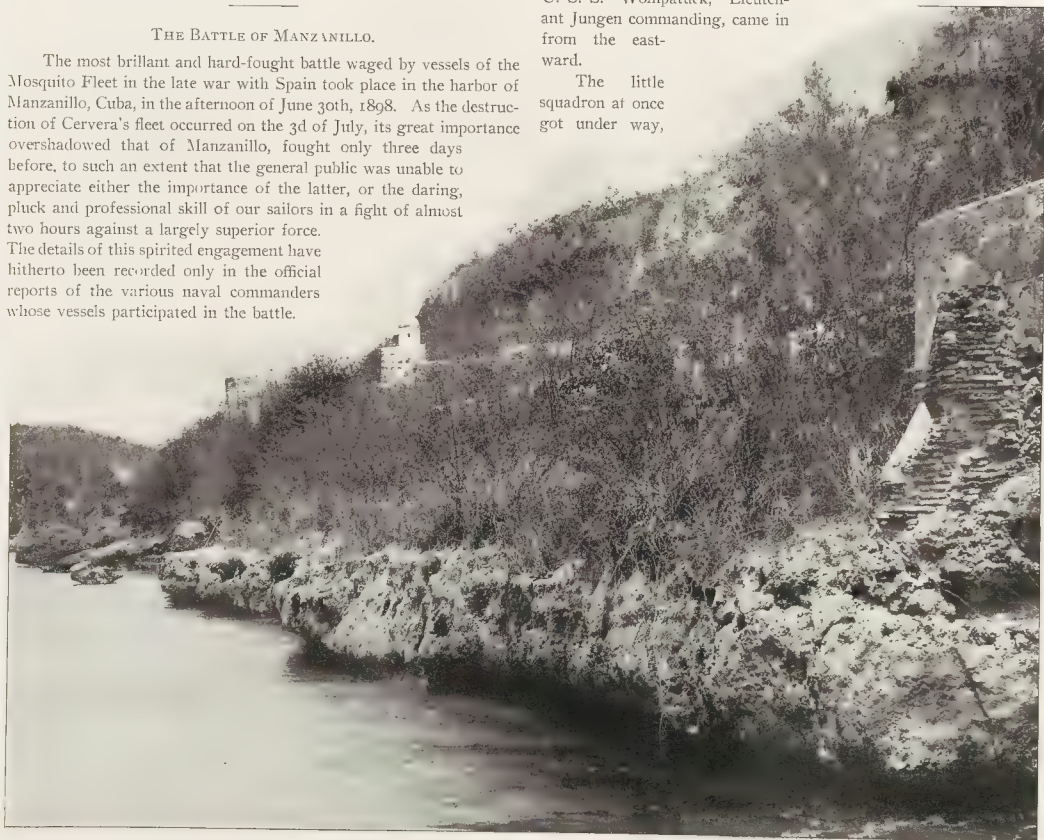
With a wealth of agricultural and mineral resources, together with the inadequacy of its commercial development, Santiago de Cuba only awaits American brains, enterprise and capital to make it one of the richest, as well as one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

THE BATTLE OF MANZANILLO.

The most brilliant and hard-fought battle waged by vessels of the Mosquito Fleet in the late war with Spain took place in the harbor of Manzanillo, Cuba, in the afternoon of June 30th, 1898. As the destruction of Cervera's fleet occurred on the 3d of July, its great importance overshadowed that of Manzanillo, fought only three days before, to such an extent that the general public was unable to appreciate either the importance of the latter, or the daring, pluck and professional skill of our sailors in a fight of almost two hours against a largely superior force. The details of this spirited engagement have hitherto been recorded only in the official reports of the various naval commanders whose vessels participated in the battle.

At daylight on June 30th the "Hist," commanded by Lieutenant Lucien Young, U. S. N., reached Cape Cruz, where the U. S. S. "Hornet," Lieutenant Helm commanding, was found blockading the eastern channel; soon thereafter the U. S. S. "Wompatuck," Lieutenant Jungen commanding, came in from the eastward.

The little squadron at once got under way,



ALONG THE CHANNEL FROM THE SEA TO SANTIAGO.



PLACENTIA VIEWS OF "L. CORRE" INDIANS

These people are the remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants of Costa Rica, but they are now almost extinct, and have intermarried with the Indians of the neighboring countries. They are now found in small numbers in the mountains of Costa Rica, and are the only remnants of the original inhabitants of the country.

entering the channel in column of vessels, the "Hist" leading, followed by the "Wompatuck" and "Hornet." Approaching Niguero, about ten miles inside of the cays, a Spanish gunboat, "Centinela," was discovered and was at once attacked by the "Hist." She immediately opened fire on the Spaniard, who promptly replied with her bow gun. The usual excellence of marksmanship on the part of the Americans proved too much for the enemy, who was run on the beach in a sinking condition within fifteen minutes.

About fifteen miles above Niguero a troop ship was discovered some distance out from shore, and promptly challenged. The ship did not stop when a shot was fired across her bow, but, instead, was headed inshore and was beached, all hands abandoning her and taking to the brush.

Shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon the squadron approached Manzanillo. Rounding Caimera point, instead of finding four Spanish gunboats, as previously reported, the American vessels encountered, in crescent formation, nine Spanish armed vessels, including a torpedo boat and a cruiser. They also found themselves flanked by land batteries on the hill and at the end of the point above referred to, while a heavy battery of field artillery was drawn up in position on the water front. In addition to this formidable display, the shore for two miles was lined with soldiers, who maintained a fierce fusillade during the action that followed.

Undaunted by this ominous array, the three little American vessels steamed boldly into the harbor until within a thousand yards of the



A FAMILY OF COCOANUT PICKERS NEAR SANTIAGO.

enemy's position, and began the attack. Their fire was immediately returned by all the Spanish guns, both ashore and afloat. For almost two hours a hot fight was waged, during which the "Hist" was the main target for the Spanish gunners, who succeeded in hitting her eleven times, two shells entering and exploding in the engine room.

Again and again the plucky Americans ran close up to the enemy's vessels, until in the hottest part of the fight the main steam pipe of the "Hornet" was pierced by a shot from one of the heavy shore batteries.

As soon as it was discovered that the "Hornet" was disabled, Lieutenant Young, deciding that it was useless to continue the fight against such heavy odds, made signal to the "Wompatuck" to take the "Hornet" in tow. Meanwhile the "Hist" kept up its sharpest fire, using every gun that could be brought to bear, while the fleet slowly withdrew from the harbor.

During this action a Spanish gunboat, a sloop, and a pontoon were sunk, a torpedo boat disabled, beside considerable damage being done to all of the enemy's vessels. Twelve Spaniards were killed, and a large number wounded.

Although the three Americans were repeatedly pierced by the enemy's shells, there were no casualties on board.

The effects of this bold attack were far-reaching, absolutely cutting off all further communication between Manzanillo and the outside world, besides effectually closing the blockade of that port. It had, moreover, a decided moral effect upon the besieged Spanish forces in Santiago, who had drawn their supplies from Manzanillo, and more than likely hastened not only the departure of Cervera's fleet from Santiago, three days later, but also the surrender of that city to the American troops.

In connection with our brief record of the distinguished services rendered by the vessels of the Mosquito Fleet, a word should be said on the subject of the "Hist's" gallant achievements in humanity's name at the great battle of Santiago: Immediately the Spanish cruiser, "Vizcaya," struck, the "Hist's" boats were manned, and, under command of Lieutenant Felix Hunicke, U. S. N., dispatched to the sinking vessel, with the object of rescuing the survivors. For an hour or more the boats lay alongside the "Vizcaya," taking men from the bow, side and stern, and from the water, during which time she was on fire from stem to stern.

After removing the last of the Spanish sailors, Lieutenant Hunicke picked up a number of men from an adjacent reef, where they had taken temporary refuge. His work of rescue being now complete, the doughty officer next directed his boat through the surf to the beach, where many Spaniards, having swam ashore, had been captured by the Cuban Colonel, Juan Vaillant. In all, one hundred and ten prisoners were turned over to the boats' crews, and, in order to transport them to the "Hist," it was necessary to make three additional trips, thus requiring the boats to pass six times over the bar, through the seething surf and near the burning "Vizcaya."

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.



HOW THE COCOANUTS ARE GATHERED.



IN THE SUBURBS OF DOS BOCAS.

Showing the broken character of the country in the vicinity of the picturesque *pueblo* where the thrilling events of this narrative transpired.

THE FIESTA AT DOS BOCAS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter XIII.

"S WELL blow-out over in my district to night, 'Mexico'; saddle up and come along."

A week had passed since the great battle of Santiago, and the American forces were stretched in an invincible phalanx about the beleaguered Spanish city. In company with a coterie of fellow war correspondents, I was camped on the banks of a local brooklet, which some fanciful geographer had ludicrously misnamed the Guama "River," and was in the act of preparing a press dispatch on the upper surface of an inverted ration box, when the foregoing laconic invitation greeted my ear. Now, there was but one individual in Shafter's whole army division who, in a spirit of deference, pleasantry or ire—as the circumstance might warrant—observed the rule of addressing me by the sobriquet of "Mexico"; therefore, without looking up from my writing, I knew that "Wichita" Sam was seated upon his horse before me. Likewise, without lifting my eyes, I might have told you that his left leg was thrown comfortably across the horn of his Texas saddle, that his broad sombrero clung supinely to the back of his head, while his fingers were assiduously engaged in fashioning a brown paper cigarette. For "Wichita" had brought these little conventionalities with him from the Panhandle country, where I had known him long before he joined the Rough Riders and came to Cuba as Colonel Wood's chief of scouts.

On the muster roll of the troop his name appeared as "Joaquin Samuels," and I remember when, a number of years back, he officiated as dealer for a brace faro bank out in Oklahoma, he was familiarly known as "Keno" Sam. It was after he had retired from the gaming profession that he went to punching cows on the Western pampas, subsequently developing into a frontier scout, in which capacity the title of "Wichita" became prefixed to his otherwise abbreviated cognomen.

This "Wichita" Sam was a paragon of border accomplishments. There was not an Indian tribe from the Brazos to the Gila whose jargon he could not interpret, and his Spanish was *par excellence*. He could also fiddle a tune for a Mexican fandango, and referee a bull fight with corresponding facility. His penchant for harum-scarum escapades, however, kept him without the pale of the more decorous society, which, even in those days, was steadily extending its influence along the border. But he was unerring in following the trail of a rustler, and once, during a furious cyclone, I saw him swim his horse into the swollen Pecos, and, at the imminent peril of his own life, rescue from drowning a youth who had unwisely attempted to ford the stream.

Hence, when this loquacious product of the staked plains drew rein at the threshold of my open-air sanctum on that torrid July afternoon, and announced himself as scheduled for a "swell blow-out," I

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.



PRUDENCIO BREAL.

LORENZO MATAMORO.

These were the two leading spirits among the bandits of Eastern Cuba. They were captured near Santiago, after having killed half a dozen American soldiers Breal, or Truncon, as he is generally called, is six feet seven inches in height, and weighs 300 pounds.

knew that something unusual was in the wind, and as to the quarter in which it was to transpire, his "district" might have signified any point outside our own lines, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, to which his numerous scouting expeditions may have led him. As "Wichita" Sam completed his cigarette I likewise terminated my dispatch whereat I arose from my improvised desk, and, contemplating my visitor, inquired:

"What new scalawagery are you bent on inveigling me into, 'Wichita'? Located

another rumbullion still?"—recollecting one of his previous exploits.

"Nothing of the sort," protested the scout; "straight, legitimate *fiesta* over at Dos Bocas. You see, Moreno and his band of guerrillas are due there to-night, and the whole surrounding camp is pouring into the little pueblo to do the elegant thing by him. But," he added, "they'll sure be fooled, for wasn't I riding herd on the outfit less than two days ago, 'way up on the Puerto Principe line? And there's a heap of difference between a Spanish *cabalgada* and a Texas cyclone."

"But," I argued, somewhat wistfully, I will confess, for, notwithstanding the rashness of the proposition, the possibility of a journalistic scoop was not a little attractive, "I am restricted to the limits of our own lines, and besides—while, of course, the preservation of my anatomy signifies but little—this suit of clothes (indicating my blue army shirt and dungaree trousers) represents my entire wardrobe, and I wouldn't relish having it shot full of holes by the first squad of Spanish soldiers we should happen to meet."

"Simplest thing in the world," promptly responded the rough rider. "I can get you a scout's pass from the old man, and I have enough clothes of the right sort for the two of us, barring which, all you want to be heeled with is your lingo, your nerve and your shooting irons."

Upon delivering himself of which summary "Wichita" Sam swung his bespurred boot simultaneously into its empty stirrup and his pony's flank, disappearing a moment later in a whirlwind of sand in the direction of the "old man's" headquarters.

For a moment I stood and gazed reflectively after the obscured horseman, then hurriedly saddled my horse and galloped away to file my dispatch. The afternoon was already far spent, and by the time I again reached camp, twilight was fast merging into darkness. "Wichita" Sam was already on hand, and, as I rode up, handed me the bit of paper that would pass me through



GROUP OF CAPTURED BANDITS.

This band of desperadoes was commanded by Matamora and Breal, or Truncon. They were captured near Santiago just before the visit of our artist to that place, and by special permit from General Wood he was allowed to photograph them. They were all desperate characters. Truncon was originally a Spanish soldier, but deserted and joined the insurgents, who made him their chief executioner, and it is said that while acting in this capacity he beheaded more than one hundred Spaniards, some of them his former comrades. At the time of the visit of our artist these men were chained and kept in solitary confinement, awaiting their trial.

the lines. "And the clothes?" I queried, observing no change in the garb he had worn earlier in the evening.

"Cached outside," was the explanation. "Ain't a picket along the line who'd allow us near him, let alone past him, in the rig we'll wear to-night—but, hold up, 'Mexico!' Whatever are you a-doin' of?" This latter exclamatory demand on the part of the scout was occasioned through my dismounting and setting the coffee kettle among the glowing embers in the center of the camp.

"Getting a bite of supper before we start, of course," I rejoined, wondering at his evident disapproval of such preliminaries.

"Supper be hanged!" fairly whooped the scout. "Us eat hardtack and coffee and them Spaniards a stowin' away hams and bottled goods and things over at Dos Bocas? Not on your life! Come along, I'm off," and, suiting the action to his words, he wheeled his horse and rode off into the gathering darkness.

I laughed in spite of myself at his peremptory veto to the supper question, and, swinging into the saddle, cantered along after him.

Northward, through the myriad of glimmering camp fires that curved in a broad radiant nimbus about the doomed city, we threaded our way, finally arriving at the picket line, through which, after a close inspection of our papers and personalities, we were allowed to pass. Having proceeded for a distance of about a mile beyond the lines, "Wichita" suddenly veered away from the trail we were following, and, plunging into the midst of a dense copse, drew rein before a partially fallen tree which appeared to obstruct our way.

"Here," explained the scout, "is where we make our change," and, dismounting, he pushed aside the bushes at the foot of the inclining tree, disclosing a cavernous opening among its roots.

"A capital cache," I commented, as "Wichita" drew forth a number of articles of clothing and two oddly-shaped Spanish *sombreros*. The former were of light colored cotton material and in style represented nothing quite so much as two suits of pajamas.

Having substituted these for our outer clothing, we next removed the saddles and bridles from our mounts, replacing them with Spanish trappings, which "Wichita" produced from his mysterious store.

The transformation having been effected entirely to the scout's satisfaction, I doubt not that we represented a very creditable *fac-simile* of a brace of Spanish *bandoleros*, or bushwhackers.

"And now," announced my companion, "one thing more we must drop before we strike the trial for Dos Bocas."

"And that is?"
"Our English."

"Bien, señor!"

And from that moment we confined ourselves exclusively to the language of the island.

"Wichita" Sam had not in the least over estimated the festive spirit of Dos Bocas. As we neared the little town we encountered numerous parties of horsemen and pedestrians from neighboring villages and haciendas, their common goal being the gorgeous arch of red and yellow lanterns fantastically arranged above the main gateway of the *pueblo*. Falling in with one of the former cavalcades, the members of which manifested no interest at our appearance, we had no difficulty



THE HOBSON CELL, IN MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO.

The door on the left opens into Cell No. 6, occupied by Lieutenant Hobson during his imprisonment. It is located near the top of the Castle, and is considered the best and most sanitary in the structure. It was formerly used as an executioner's chamber, and was provided with racks, galleys and other instruments of torture. These, however, were removed during Lieutenant Hobson's occupancy of the cell.

in passing the listless sentries at the gate, and were soon mingling with the animated concourse which thronged the narrow *calles* within. From the scarcity of the soldier element among the populace, and the general expression of expectancy which dominated the countenances of the latter, it was evident that "Wichita" Sam's prediction regarding the non-arrival of Moreno and his guerrillas had thus far been fulfilled. Everything, however, denoted the most elaborate preparation for a grand festival, and my companion forthwith proceeded to avail himself of all the luxuries the occasion afforded. We had not proceeded far

along the principal thoroughfare when the scout's practiced eye singled out from the rows of brilliantly illuminated shops upon either hand a smoky little establishment, with the legend *Café y Polleria* over the entrance. Now, to those who are constantly accessible to the delicacies of a more progressive civilization, a combination restaurant and poultry shop might not seem in the least appetizing; but to us, who for weeks had been prolonging our existence upon the short rations of a hastily dispatched invading army, it was an epicurean dream, of which the substantial repast it subsequently furnished us proved a generous fulfillment.

Thus far all had gone well with us, and I had begun to believe our disguise quite secure from danger of penetration, when "Wichita" Sam, rendered careless by his exuberance of spirits, made a blunder. As we were on the point of leaving the eating house, my companion had suddenly dropped back and engaged himself in a brief colloquy with the proprietor of the place, which resulted in the elicitation of some information of a particularly welcome nature to the scout. I had passed out upon the sidewalk, and was turning about to look after "Wichita," when that worthy suddenly accosted me with a boisterous slap on the shoulder, and from the look of ecstatic triumph which suffused his bronzed visage he had evidently located a bonanza.

"What have you struck?" I inquired in Spanish.

"A hurdy-gurdy!" announced "Wichita" Sam, in broad Texan parlance.

The utterance sounded startlingly foreign, in view of our peculiar surroundings, and I glanced apprehensively about to ascertain whether or not it had been overheard. As I did so I observed a mounted gendarme, a short distance away, regarding us with an unmistakably lowering expression in his eyes. In order to disarm him of his evident suspicion, I carelessly approached and requested a light for my cigarette, which overture, however, though complied with, had not the effect of mollifying him to any visible extent, and as I rode away with "Wichita" I noted that the Spaniard's gaze followed us.

It was but a short ride to the scene of merriment, referred to by my companion as a hurdy-gurdy, and which was nothing more or less than a native *fandango*. Upon arriving there we were directed to hitch our horses in the rear of the premises, having done which we started back to the front entrance. Meanwhile, my misgivings aroused by the occurrence at the café had not abated, and when, as we rounded the corner of the building, I perceived the same gendarme eyeing us as he jogged slowly along the street, I felt genuinely anxious, and exclaimed to my companion:

"Look here, 'Wichita'! I don't like the way that Spaniard is dogging our steps. If I'm not



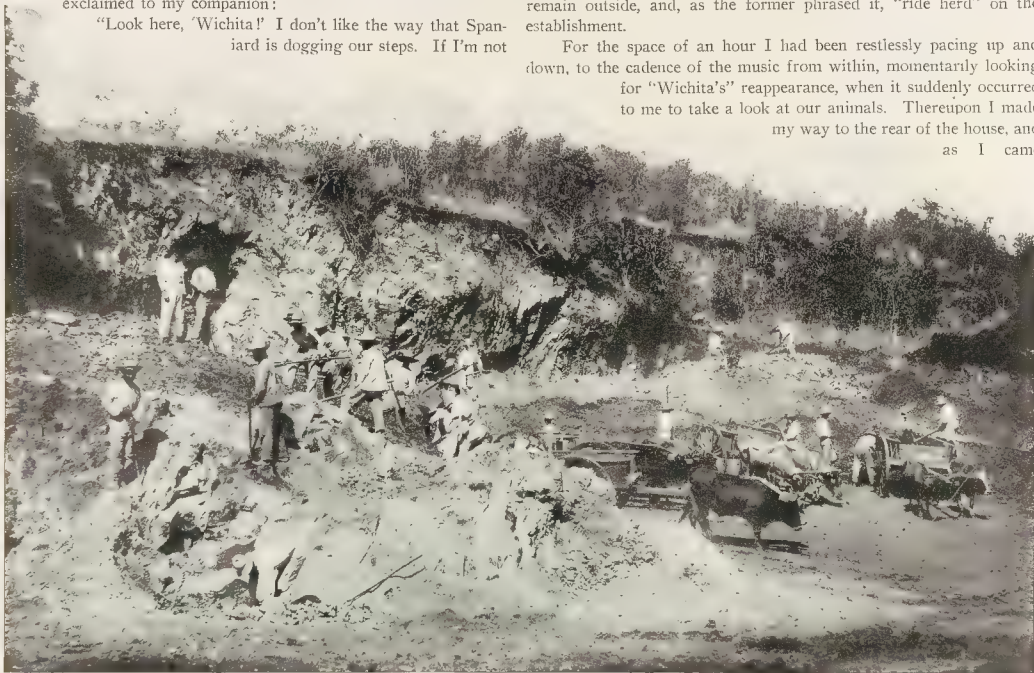
ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE RIO CAUTO, NEAR EL COBRE

mistaken, he means mischief, and I think we'd better strike out for camp."

"Get out of town at this early hour?" garrulously rejoined the scout. "Why, boy, the fun ain't commenced yet! As for the gendarme yonder, I'll bet a horse he's asleep this minute. So, come on in."

I protested, however, and finally, by way of a compromise, it was agreed that "Wichita" should go in and dance, while I would remain outside, and, as the former phrased it, "ride herd" on the establishment.

For the space of an hour I had been restlessly pacing up and down, to the cadence of the music from within, momentarily looking for "Wichita's" reappearance, when it suddenly occurred to me to take a look at our animals. Thereupon I made my way to the rear of the house, and as I came



EL COBRE COPPER MINES.

This property is owned by an English syndicate, which has resumed work since the American occupancy. These mines were formerly considered the richest in the world, and now that they are once more to be actively operated they will add largely to the wealth of the island.

within view of the place where we had fastened them, I was thunder-struck. The horses were gone!

For a moment I stood as if petrified; then made a hurried examination of the grounds, in the forlorn hope of yet discovering our mounts, or at least some explanation as to their disappearance. Only in the latter respect, however, was I to any extent successful, a gateway opening through the wall, into a back street, plainly indicating that the animals had been taken away, and the manner thereof. Instantly it flashed upon me that we were in a trap, and that any moment might find us prisoners outright—or worse. Suddenly a wild tumult arose on the air from the direction of the main entrance to the town. Wider and wider it spread—nearer and nearer it came, until, a few moments later, I distinguished among the clamorous shouts the cry of "Moreno! Moreno!" Then I understood: The expected guerrillas had arrived.

"Moreno and his outfit have reached town, and our horses have disappeared."

Not a muscle of the scout's face moved, and the notes still flew undiminished, unbroken, from his fiddle strings, as I imparted this information to him.

"It won't do to chop off right in the middle of the dance, for that would raise a rumpus out there on the floor," he reasoned, "but we must sure get out of here, soon as ever I can wind up this tune."

It seemed an eternity before he reached the end of his theme, and just as the last note died away there was a clattering of hoofs upon the pavement without, the door burst open, and a squad of Spanish cavalrymen crowded through the entrance.

We had moved to a position in the center of the ball room, now thronged with the excited guests, where, immediately beneath the one



INTERIOR OF MORRO CASTLE, SANTIAGO
Showing the side of the interior opposite the Hobson cell.

My first impulse was to get word to "Wichita" Sam, and, hastening again to the front of the premises I entered the dance house. As I did so, I became conscious of a marked change in the character of the music that was being dispensed by the single violin that comprised the orchestra. The former rhythmical measures, characteristic of the Spanish rendition, had given place to the rollicking strains of the Texas interpretation of the *fandango*, and, glancing swiftly at the player, I beheld "Wichita" Sam, surrounded by a bevy of wondering, but admiring señoritas, and fiddling away as though his life depended upon it.

Cautiously making my way through the whirling dancers, I succeeded, unobserved, in drawing close to the scout's elbow. He detected my presence, and instantly divined that something was wrong, but, without a hitch in the music, he regarded me out of the corners of his eyes and inquired:

"Well, 'Mexico,' what's up?"

immense lamp which illuminated the place, my companion paused, his eyes fixed upon the Spanish soldiers.

"Wait here," he said, "'til they are all inside."

"And then?"

"Keep close to me," was the irrelevant reply.

Suddenly, as the last cavalryman elbowed his way into the room, the scout reached upward and, grasping the big light, hurled it violently to the floor, plunging the place into blackest night. This was followed by the wildest panic, in the midst of which my companion grasped my arm and dragged me through the confused crowd to the door, through which we contrived to force our way into the street. Numbers had already preceded us into the open, while the rest were rapidly following—all but the soldiers, who were vainly striving to restore order within. Outside, the crowd was surging about a group of restless cavalry horses that were being held by a single dismounted



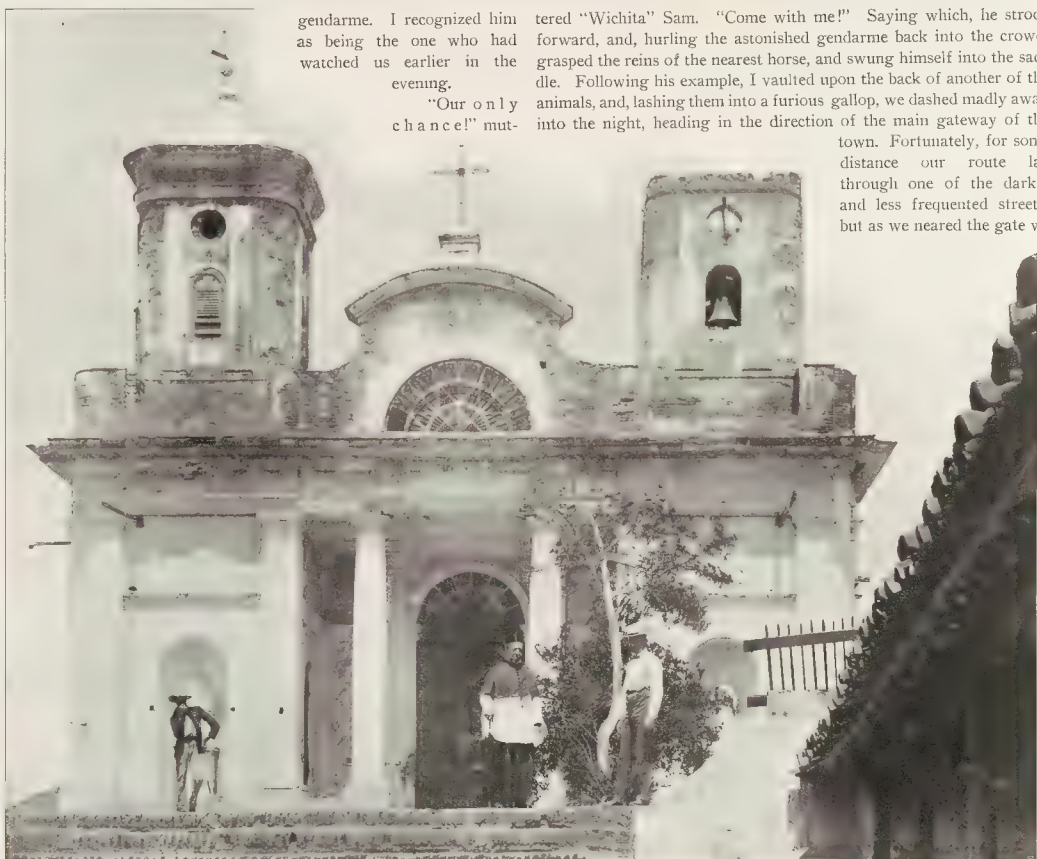
VICINITY OF THE JURAGUA IRON MINES, NEAR SANTIAGO.

gendarme. I recognized him as being the one who had watched us earlier in the evening.

"Our only chance!" mut-

tered "Wichita" Sam. "Come with me!" Saying which, he strode forward, and, hurling the astonished gendarme back into the crowd, grasped the reins of the nearest horse, and swung himself into the saddle. Following his example, I vaulted upon the back of another of the animals, and, lashing them into a furious gallop, we dashed madly away into the night, heading in the direction of the main gateway of the

town. Fortunately, for some distance our route lay through one of the darker and less frequented streets, but as we neared the gate we



OLD CATHEDRAL AT LL. CORBE.

This ancient church was erected in 1631. It contains the famous shrine of Nuestra Señora Carida, which is supposed to have miraculous healing powers, and is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Cuba, from Mexico, and even from Europe, who have loaded the image with rich gifts of gold, silver and precious stones. The figure of the Virgin is made of solid gold and all the furnishings in the interior of the church are composed of solid silver. On May 31, 1899, the church was entered and the shrine robbed of jewels valued at \$15,000. The head of the golden Virgin was also broken off and carried away. Every effort was made by the authorities to discover the perpetrators of the crime, but without avail. A photograph of this famous shrine and the Virgin of gold appears on page 246.

again encountered the populace, and were obliged to slacken our pace. Thus far it was evident the alarm had not preceded us, for, although we passed several squads of the newly arrived guerrillas, no effort was made to detain us.

As we were passing through the illuminated arch in the wall, however, a confused chorus of yells and expletives, accompanied by the clash of iron-shod hoofs against the paving stones in our rear, warned us that the guerrillas were on our track. Until now the sentries at the gate had offered no opposition to our progress, but upon realizing that we were being pursued, they quickly covered us with their rifles and ordered us to return.

By this time we were several paces beyond them, and instead of obeying the injunction, we threw ourselves forward upon our horses' necks, and again dashed away. This precipitate flight was followed by a rapid discharge from the rifles of the guards, and, as we

crowded back upon their followers, in an endeavor to reach the protection of the wall. "Quick now, climb up behind me!" commanded the scout, disengaging his near foot from his stirrup.

I complied with as much alacrity as a badly sprained ankle would admit of, and in another moment was seated back of my companion's saddle. The check administered to the guerrillas was of only momentary duration, and, as my companion again wheeled his horse and dashed away, a volley of shots crashed from their carbines, a storm of lead hissed over our heads, and with a wild torrent of execrations the enraged Spanish troopers again took up the chase.

On, on, we fled, plunging through tangled brakes of cane and palmetto palms, floundering through pathless marsh lands, recognizing no impediments—dominated with the sole, grim determination to distance our pursuers. It was a race for life, but the darkness proved friendly to our flight, obscuring us from the random fire of our



EXECUTION WALL.

It is said that one hundred and fifty Cuban patriots were executed at this place in a single day, by volleys from Spanish rifles. The marks of the bullets are plainly visible in the wall. Every city in Cuba has some such gruesome place as this, monuments to the long and determined struggle of the people for freedom. It will gratify the reader to know that the soldier in the photograph was not executed; he merely posed for our artist.

reached the limits of the radius of light thrown out by the lanterns above the gateway, my horse suddenly faltered, his back swayed beneath me, and, with a frenzied toss of his head, he lurched to one side and sank heavily to the ground.

My companion instantly realized my peril and wheeled his horse about, when another tumultuous uproar rent the air, and the van of the pursuing guerrillas swept through the gateway. As I scrambled out from beneath my stricken animal, "Wichita" Sam arose in his stirrups above me, his revolvers leapt from their holsters, and in an instant he had emptied their contents into the midst of the advancing cavalcade.

The boldness of this reception was clearly as disconcerting as it was unexpected to the guerrillas, and, with their characteristic averseness to open battle, the leaders promptly checked their speed and

enemies, whose shouts gradually grew fainter and further away, finally ceasing altogether, just as our own line of camp fires became dimly discernible in the distance.

PAST AND PRESENT.

It will be both interesting and profitable at this time to draw a comparison between the past and present of Cuba. Emerging from the gloom of civil war, radiant with the hope of independence and a position of dignity among the nations of the earth, this island gem of the Western world now presents a marked contrast with the hopeless and humiliating condition of her people under Spanish rule. The change is so complete and so vast that its significance cannot yet be fully appreciated.

We are enabled to present a perfect picture of the conditions that existed immediately before the declaration of war, by means of matter supplied for publication in this work by United States Senators Money, of Mississippi, Proctor, of Vermont, and Thurston, of Nebraska. The former visited the island in the early part of 1897, and the two latter in the beginning of 1898. Their observations therefore cover a period of about one year of Spanish domination and cruelty, and will serve as a basis for all future histories of that dreary period of Cuba's struggle for liberty. On their return to the United States they described what they had seen, in speeches before the Senate, and the declaration of war with Spain, which followed soon afterward, was due in a large measure to the influence of these speeches upon the public mind. The people of America were aroused as they never had been before, and public sentiment forced prompt and decisive action by the Government.

The first clause of General Weyler's order of reconcentration, which led to the death by starvation of more than 200,000 people—estimated by some who had opportunities for close observation at between 300,000 and 400,000—reads as follows:

"I ORDER AND COMMAND.
"First. All the inhabitants of the country or outside of the line or fortifications of the towns shall, within the period of eight days, con-

centrate themselves in the towns occupied by the troops. Any individual who, after the expiration of this period, is found in the uninhabited parts will be considered a rebel and tried as such."



THE SHRINE AND VIRGIN OF GOLD IN EL COBRE CATHEDRAL



MANAGER'S HOUSE AND PRINCIPAL SHUTT OF THE EL COBRE COPPER MINES.

It is impossible for the imagination to paint, in their true colors, the horrors that resulted from the enforcement of this order. The people were driven into the towns, surrounded by trochas and armed guards, and left to take care of themselves, no provision whatever having been made to supply them with food. Under such conditions there could be but one result—death by starvation or disease; and this seems to have been the deliberate purpose of the Spanish authorities. Regarding other features of Weyler's order, Senator Proctor says:

"The other three sections forbid the transportation of provisions from one town to another without permission of the military authority; directed the owners of cattle to bring them into the towns; prescribed that the eight days should be counted from the publication of the proclamation in the head town of the municipal district, and stated that if news was furnished of the enemy which could be made use of it would serve as a 'recommendation.'

and she looked at him with something of indignation and scorn. Then we saw the child was dead. I was appealed to for aid by a woman in the streets of Matanzas, who followed me a square. I did not have a cent. I said, 'Tell this woman to call on the American Consul to-morrow.' He said to her, 'Call on the American Consul mañana.' With bitterness and scorn she said, 'Yes; mañana, mañana; that is what the Spanish say.'

"The situation in Cuba is one which, as I said, cannot be exaggerated, nor can it be credited. You must yourself see it to realize a picture of things as they are. I defy any pen to exaggerate it. It is well enough for gentlemen to talk of 'alleged' horrors, to speak of sensational journalism, to ridicule even photographic cuts, when photographs cannot lie; but there, before the visitors to Havana, were these scenes of misery, of death so horrible that they sickened the people who saw them.



TOP OF SAN JUAN HILL AND REMAINS OF SPANISH TRENCHES.

This locality is now embraced in the limits of the Government Park, and, while many changes have been made in building roads and laying off the grounds, the general outlines have not been disturbed. The Spanish earthworks also remain as they were at the end of the battle.

"Many, doubtless, did not learn of this order. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. Its execution was left largely to the guerrillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was informed that in many cases the torch was applied to their homes with no notice, and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas. When they reached the towns they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trochas, and left to live, if they could."

Senator Money describes some of the results that followed these unnatural and brutal conditions in the following language:

"As I passed along the streets of Havana, the capital city of the island, I saw a poor, crying woman, sitting upon a stone step, holding in her arms a little child. My son threw some money into her lap,

"When I saw the mournful city of Havana, one of the most beautiful in the world, with that glorious bay stretching out in its clover-leaf shape, with the rocky cliffs and the castles frowning from their summits, and the long colonnades, with the tints peculiar to that climate, everything seemed to be tinged with sadness.

"A pall hung over the landscape that dimmed the shining of the sun, and sadder than all was the flag fluttering at half-mast from the sunken 'Maine.' From that broken and drowned hull, the restless tomb of scores of American heroes, the mast springs out, and from it floats the flag of the great Republic, springing like a flower from a grave. That flag to every Spanish eye seemed a thunderbolt of war; but to every oppressed, harassed, and distressed Cuban it was a metaphor of peace. This is the country to which both parties to the struggle look to settle differences."



INTERIOR OF THE MARKET AT SANTIAGO.

Senator Money explains that the "reconcentrados" were composed principally of noncombatants, women and children and old men, the helpless and innocent elements of society, who had taken no part in the war, and, by reason of their weakness and incapacity, could not have done so if they had possessed the will.

"Those people," he says, "were the poor peasantry of Cuba; they were people against whom there never had been anything alleged by any Spanish partisan—not one single act of disloyalty or of

disobedience people whose allegiance to the Spanish Crown had never in any manner or shape, to my knowledge, been questioned.

"Those people, with, perhaps, an indifference to their lib



A BUSY SCENE IN FRONT OF THE SANTIAGO MARKET

erties, yet with natural sympathy for the people of their own flesh and blood, were quietly cultivating their fields; and it was for the further reason that those people were supposed capable of furnishing shelter and food to the rebel armies that they were brought within the lines of reconcentration and doomed to gradual starvation, for which the history of no other country on God's earth has ever yet offered, thank Heaven, either a precedent or a parallel.

"We have heard of the miseries of war inflicted by Alva in the Low Countries; we know what religious fanaticism can do in a war of religion; we know what the Christian has perpetrated upon the savage; but in all the horrors that stain the annals of human history we have yet to find before this an instance where a great government has deliberately planned the starvation and death of its innocent, loyal and unoffending subjects, with no claim of a difference in religion, in blood, in tradition, in history, or in anything else, except that they possessed the land which the Spaniard coveted.

great intelligence and large humanity, who evidently felt deeply the miseries that surrounded him on every hand, which he could not alleviate, that he looked to God and the United States of America for help for the starving people of his province. I asked him this question:

"Why do you not permit the people concentrated around the walls of your city to go abroad in that most beautiful valley of Cuba, the valley of Gumurri, the most fertile land on earth, and pursue their vocations as farmers and tillers of the soil?"

"He said: 'Most of the men have died; they have neither homes to go to, oxen to plow, implements to use, seeds to sow, nor have they the strength in their starved bodies to use them if they had them.'

"I found, before I left that city, another reason, and a more powerful one, why these wretched creatures did not leave the city if they were permitted to do so. The Governor said he had signed over 4,560 passes that were issued to people to go beyond the lines, and we were told that the Governor would grant passes whenever anybody



ESTRELLA CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR

This fort is just across the narrow channel opposite Morro Castle. The photograph presents a fine view of the scenery and formation of the cliffs.

"It is not to be questioned that along with these seven or eight hundred thousand poor people of humble station, there were dragged into that reconcentration also many people of influence and wealth; and we saw the sad spectacle of people reared in affluence perishing of starvation on marble floors and in gilded salons, too proud to receive alms, too proud to beg.

"When I saw the beautiful blue waves of the Bay of Matanzas and those people stretched in misery in shanties along the side of the rocky mountains, all at once the thought occurred to me, 'Why did they not catch the fish and live upon them?' And I put the question to the American consul, who said: 'Fish! They are not allowed to fish. Anybody found fishing along these shores is immediately shot to death.' We were told by the Governor of the Province of Matanzas, a gentleman who has been correctly represented here as a man of

requested them; but of the people who went beyond the lines no one ever returned.

"So far as the Civil Governor of Matanzas was concerned, he expressed a willingness for them to go to their homes; but we found, upon examination, that Molinas, who was the General in command in that province, was denounced by Cubans and Americans to be as bloody as Captain General Weyer in his methods, and more heartless in his cruelty; that anyone with one of those passes who was found beyond the barriers would be immediately shot by the military. So the people clung to starvation and present safety, rather than venture themselves among the Spanish soldiery of the interior."

Senator Proctor throws additional light on the conditions so vividly described by Senator Money. He says: "Outside Havana all was changed. It was not peace, nor was it war. It was desolation and



SCENE NEAR ESTRELLA CASTLE

Several of the dynamite shells of the "Venustus" fell near this point, and evidences of the havoc wrought by them are still to be seen. The dismantled guns are old French cannons captured by the Spaniards. Since the photograph was taken the guns have been shipped to the United States and distributed as historical relics among various cities.

distress, misery and starvation. Every town and village was surrounded by a 'trocha' (trench), a sort of rifle pit, but constructed on a plan new to me, the dirt being thrown up on the inside and a barbed wire fence on the outer side of the trench. Those trochas had at every corner and at frequent intervals along the sides, what were there called

forts, but which were really small blockhouses, many of them more like large sentry boxes, loopholed for musketry, and with a guard of from



STREET NEAR SAN CARLOS CLUB IN COURSE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

two to ten soldiers in each. The purpose of these trochas was to keep the reconcentrados in, as well as to keep the Insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people were driven into these fortified towns, and held there, to subsist as they could. They were virtually prison yards, and not unlike one in general appearance, except that the walls were not so high and strong; but they sufficed, where every point was in range of a soldier's rifle, to keep in the poor reconcentrado women and children.

"Every railroad station was within one of these trochas, and had an armed guard. Every train had an armored freight car, loopholed for musketry, and filled with soldiers, and with, as I observed usually, and was informed was always the case, a pilot engine a mile or so in advance. There were frequent blockhouses, inclosed by a trocha, and with a guard along the railroad track. With this exception there was no human life or habitation between the fortified towns and villages, and throughout the whole of the four western provinces, except to a very limited extent among the hills, where the Spaniards had not been able to go and drive the people to the towns and burn their dwellings. I saw no house or hut in the 400 miles of railroad rides from Pinar del Rio Province, in the west, across the full width of Havana and Matanzas Provinces, and to Sagua La Grande, on the north shore, and to Cienfuegos, on the south shore of Santa Clara, except within the Spanish trochas. There were no domestic animals or crops on the rich fields and pastures, except such as were under guard in the immediate vicinity of the towns.

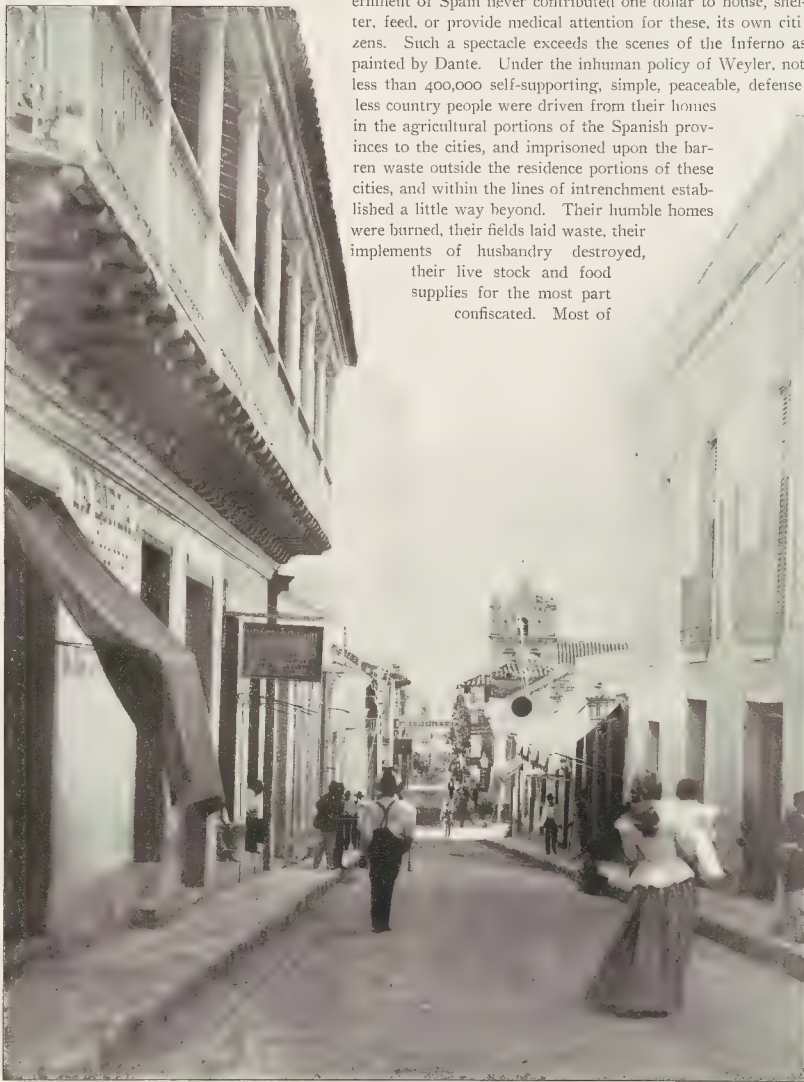
"The huts occupied by the people within these fortified enclosures were about ten by fifteen feet in size, and, for want of space, were usually crowded together very closely. They had no floor but the ground, no furniture, and, after a year's wear, but little clothing except such stray substitutes as they could extemporize; and with large families, or more than one, in this little space, the commonest sanitary provisions were impossible. Conditions were unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water, and foul food, or none, what wonder that one-half died, and that one-quarter of the living were so diseased that they could not be saved? A form of dropsy was a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children walked about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen, and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size.

"Deaths in the streets were not uncommon. I was told by one of our Consuls that they had been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters."

Senator Proctor visited one of the temporary hospitals established by the American Red Cross Society in Havana for the relief of these people, and what he saw is best described in his own language:

"I saw 400 women and children lying on the floors in an indescribable state of emaciation and disease, many with the scantiest coverings of rags—and such rags!—sick children, naked as they came into the world; and the conditions in the other cities were even worse."

It seems incredible that a nation calling itself civilized could have deliberately enacted the very measures inevitably calculated to produce such results, and yet, in the language of Senator Thurston: "The Government of Spain never contributed one dollar to house, shelter, feed, or provide medical attention for these, its own citizens. Such a spectacle exceeds the scenes of the Inferno as painted by Dante. Under the inhuman policy of Weyler, not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenseless country people were driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities, and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of these cities, and within the lines of intrenchment established a little way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of



ST. THOMAS STREET, SANTIAGO.

This is one of the principal business thoroughfares of the city, many of the large wholesale houses being located upon it

these people were old men, women, and children. They were thus placed in hopeless imprisonment, without shelter or food.

"The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados were true. They will all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and, please God, I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. There was almost no begging by the reconcentrados themselves. The streets of the cities were



DOLORFUL STREET, SANTIAGO, BEFORE ITS RECONSTRUCTION

full of beggars of all ages and all conditions, but they were almost wholly of the residents of the cities, and largely of the professional beggar class. The reconcentrados—men, women, and children—stood silent, famishing with hunger. Their only appeal came from their sad eyes, through which one looked as through an open window

into their agonizing souls. I was told by the Governor of Matanzas that on the day of his inauguration, to his personal knowledge, fifteen persons died in the public square in front of the executive mansion. Think of it, oh, my countrymen! Fifteen human beings dying from starvation in the public square, in the shade of the palm trees, and



HEADBOARDS TO GRAVES OF UNKNOWN SOLDIERS AT SURRENDER TREE

There were between twenty and thirty of these "Unknown" graves at this point. The bodies had been removed to the United States before our artist arrived, but he placed several of the headboards in position at the graves before taking the picture.

amid the beautiful flowers, in sight of the open windows of the executive mansion!"

Happily, through the quick and effective intervention of the people of the United States, an end was soon put to these sickening horrors, and the beneficent results that immediately followed are shown in the photographs and descriptions that are reproduced in this work. Never in the history of the world was there a more unselfish war than the one undertaken by the people of this country for the liberation of the Cubans; and in no other contest were the results more decisive or beneficial. Truly, this nation has a right to be proud of its greatness and that unselfish love of liberty which is willing even to sacrifice life itself in defence of the principle that all men are created equal. May we never depart from our lofty ideals of justice and right!

THE RACE QUESTION IN CUBA.

It can hardly be said that the masses of the Cuban people belong to any particular race. Spanish blood and features, of course, predominate, and Spanish customs prevail everywhere; but the people are a mixed race, as any one can see by a glance

ably satisfactory to the participants, but most of them were unfortunate. Since the era of discovery and conquest the native Spaniards have faithfully preserved the purity of their race, and these and their offspring constitute a distinct caste among the inhabitants. They are the aristocrats of the island. Children born of Spanish parents constitute the creole population, which is as pure in blood as any race on earth. They do not intermarry with the mixed races, nor associate with them on terms of equality. But there is no distinction on account of color in public matters. Many of the leaders in the various revolutions that have occurred were either negroes or had African blood in their veins, while the rank and file presented the same general conglomerate of races that is observed among the masses of the people. Hotels, restaurants, theaters and all other public places are open on equal terms to white and black. Efforts were made after the American occupation to draw the color line in some of these places, but without



ANCIENT WAR RELICS NEAR ESTRELLA CASTLE

A striking contrast between ancient and modern warfare is shown in the trim soldier with his rapid firing rifle and the unwieldy old cannons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

at our illustrations. There is very little distinction or prejudice on account of color. The early Spaniards intermarried to a considerable extent with the Indians, and many of their descendants at later periods entered into domestic relations with the negroes. To these causes are due the hybrid conditions that exist among what the limitations of the language compel us to call the lower classes. It may be said with truth that there are no intermarriages between the distinctively white and black races. In this respect the lines are as clearly drawn as they are among the inhabitants of the United States. But those who are already of mixed blood do intermarry, without restraint or loss of such social standing as they previously possessed; and there are so many of these classes that they seem almost to predominate in the general mass of population. There are a number of authenticated cases in which respectable Cuban women of the middle station selected husbands from among our stalwart black soldiers, and accompanied them on their return home. Some of these unions seem to have been reason-

success. Negro officers who had commanded white men, and white men who had served in the ranks under negro officers, could not be made to see the propriety of seeking separate places of entertainment or amusement after peace had come. Under the approaching régime of republican government, there will be no distinction of race or color at the polls or in the distribution of offices.

There is really more distinction in Cuba between the aristocracy or wealthy classes and those who work, than there is between the different races. They do not live in the same atmosphere. A Cuban lady of wealth and refinement can hardly be made to understand what a working woman is. An intelligent, well-bred, self-respecting person of her own sex working for a living is an anomaly that she cannot comprehend. In this respect the lines are rigidly drawn.

The race hatred that existed between the Spaniards and the native Cubans was not wholly a product of war. It originated in social conditions, and was subsequently intensified by the horrors of civil strife



PAST AND PRESENT.

and the indomitable vindictiveness of the average Spanish character. This is an element whose intensity and volume cannot be comprehended

by the American mind. A large percentage of the working women are employed in the cigar and cigarette factories. They are engaged exclusively to "strip the leaves," and they make from 50 cents a day to \$60 a month, according as they are expert. Their hours are from six to six, with from nine to ten for breakfast, but the cigarette and coffee peddler keeps them alive in the meanwhile, and much of their earnings finds its way to the pockets of this far-seeing individual who also brings sandwiches and sometimes ice cream. Some women bring up their children in these close, tobacco-scented rooms. A girl ten years old can easily make \$3 to \$3.50 a week. A woman of sixty, employed in one of these factories, on being asked why she worked at that age, replied that "she always had," and "had to still," not having means to live without.

A well-known writer, referring to the marriage relations among the working people of Cuba, says: "A sense of degradation passes over me as I remark the cold-blooded manner in which these people regard one another; regard their love. The love of men and women for each other seems to be purely temperamental. It is not the ideal or spiritual found among American and English women—no woman have I found cherishing in her heart an ideal, nursed with faith and devoted tenderness, and the romantic hope of some day realizing it—or, if lost, closing up the portals of her heart in loving embrace. Children are expected, but unsought. They are allowed to grow up among the poorer classes with only their barest material needs attended to, while in the middle class a few slips and an occasional bath are added. In the two lower classes the children cling to their nudity until they are apprenticed as coffee boys, boot-blacks, or street candidates for sympathetic pennies. Among the aristocrats they pass from the nurse's hands to the governess's or tutor's, whose wisdom and learning they seldom tax with original or puzzling questions."

Nudity among the children is so common that it is regarded as a matter of course. The American officials, both in Cuba and Porto Rico, attempted to regulate this matter by proclamation, greatly to the astonishment and disgust of the natives, and without an appreciable degree of success. Experience seems to indicate that the prejudice against clothing among the inhabitants of warm countries is not altogether a question of comfort or convenience. It concerns the health as well. Fatal results have followed the advent of clothing among so many tropical races that the principle seems to be well established. The dictates of Nature cannot be safely disregarded; and, consequently, all tropical peoples are and to a large extent will remain naked peoples, regardless of the dictates of custom or fashion.



THE "REINA MERCEDES" AS SHE APPEARED IN SANTIAGO HARBOR

The photograph shows the vessel as she appeared after having been sunk in Santiago Harbor. She was subsequently raised by Lieutenant Hobson and started on the way to New York, but encountered a hurricane and was wrecked on "Cat Island."



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A WINTER GARDEN IN CUBA.

DIRECT REPRODUCTION FROM COLORED PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW COLOR TYPE OR NATURAL COLOR PROCESS



MARINA PLAZA, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.
Showing the famous Sailors' Cafe and the Bank of Spain Building.

A DAY IN SAN JUAN.

By JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter XIV.

"*Excelso indolencia.*"

IN THE interpretation of this quaint solecism, as employed by the Porto Rico cavalier who accompanied me on my first stroll about San Juan, I recognized a thoroughly appropriate description of the serene old capital's prevalent characteristic. Literally, the idiom signified "lofty indolence," which translation, without detracting in the slightest from its current adaptability, I forthwith resolved into "sublime laziness." Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the city is this languorous, sedentary element emphasized, personified. Whether you enter by the antiquated portals of the principal gateway through the east wall, or ascend by one of the numerous flights of stone steps leading from the water's edge to the top of the tide washed quay, which encompasses the remainder of the peninsula on which the city is reared, you are sure to encounter the same invariable types of an inherent, imperturbable lassitude—the same apathetic conditions and customs that have become crystallized by century after century of inviolate observance.

San Juan has never been accredited with any such degree of commercial importance as is enjoyed by other local municipalities of half her proportions. Aside from the slight political haze which would periodically hover about her gubernatorial edifices, the first disturbing element that was ever known to mingle with her drowsy atmosphere was when two of Sampson's 13-inch shells simultaneously entered the city, one of which knocked a corner off Morro Castle, while the other

rent an unsightly chasm in the stuccoed façade of her regimental barracks. It took all this to arouse the city from her prolonged siesta, and then she merely turned over and went to sleep again.

The average denizen of San Juan is a silent, but most eloquent, exponent of habitual somnambulism. He appears to be perpetually wrapped in slumber. I have sometimes thought his ambulatory hours, if anything, the more restful, because therein he need never so much as dream of having to work. In the course of my visit I took occasion to inquire of a certain scion of this insouciant aristocracy what he considered the most violent tax on his exertions, whereupon, with a touch of genuine pathos in his tones, he replied: "*Acostarme en la noche y levantarme en la mañana*"—climbing into bed at night and crawling out in the morning.

Happily, he represented a very small percentage of the populace who are incumbered with the foregoing tortuous article of furniture, his compatriot of the masses invariably rejoicing in the ownership of an individual palm-leaf mat, which is more easy of access and quite as well adapted to the nocturnal stage of his constitutional dormancy.

Strange to say, this felicitous mortal is an early riser. From the moment the tropical sun yawns above the Eastern horizon and peers drowsily through the barred window casement of his abode, he is astir and occupied with the preparation of his morning repast. The manual exertion incidental to the kindling of a fire rarely distinguishes this



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

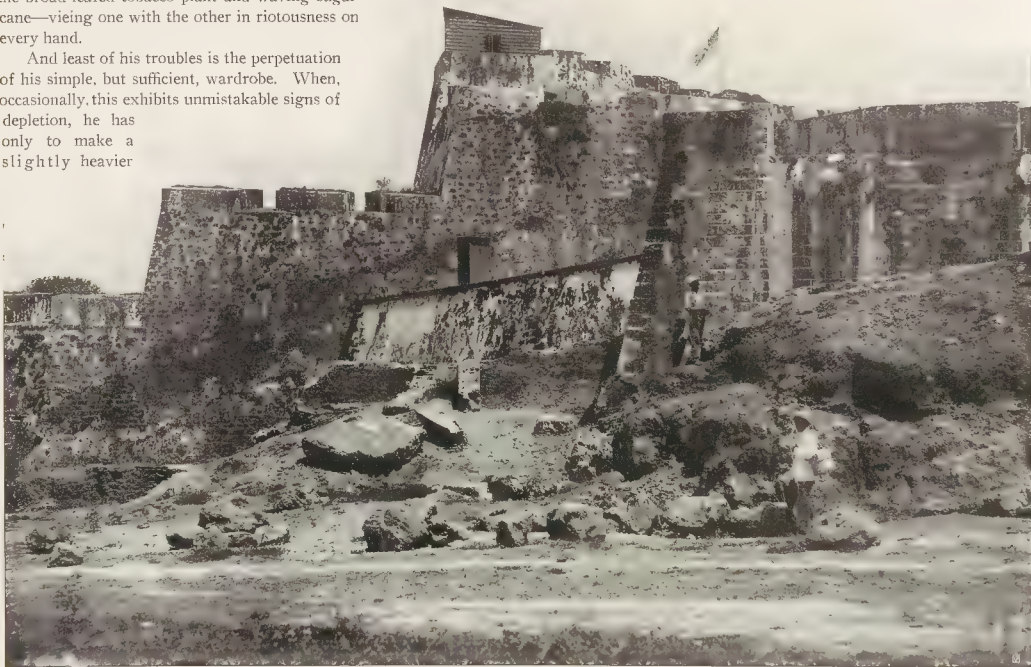
Showing the Columbus Statue, one of the Parks or Plazas and a general view of the city.

procedure. The staple elements of his diet grow perennially at his door, or, at the furthest, among the exuberant thickets immediately without the city's walls. These consist of the numerous and peculiar varieties of fruits and vegetables indigenous to his tropical isle. Of these, his favorite is the toothsome alligator pear, next to which, in point of preference, ranks the luscious mango, followed by a score of equally abundant, if slightly less favored, products of the grove and grange. His tobacco pouch and cocoanut decanter need never run low, their sources of supply—the broad-leaved tobacco plant and waving sugar cane—vieing one with the other in riotousness on every hand.

And least of his troubles is the perpetuation of his simple, but sufficient, wardrobe. When, occasionally, this exhibits unmistakable signs of depletion, he has only to make a slightly heavier

draft upon the island's surplus produce, and, embarking in one of the numerous shallops strung like a wooden fringe along the sea wall of the harbor, paddle out to one of the ships anchored off shore, where he experiences no difficulty in converting his cargo into the few centavos necessary to rehabilitate himself.

The absolute immunity of this seignorial vagrant is truly phenomenal. Yet there is, withal, an irresistible charm in the somnolent



FORT CRISTOBAL, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

Showing some of the effects of the bombardment by Admiral Sampson's Fleet. All photographs of fortifications appearing in this work were obtained by special orders from the U. S. commanding officers, as no one is permitted to photograph Government works without such permits.



ENTRANCE TO SAN JUAN HARBOUR

290 Showing the fortifications of Morro Castle on the left and a general view of the city. The entrance to the harbor is very narrow, as it appears in the photograph and with modern artillery and appliances it could be defended against the combined navies of the world yet Admiral Sampson's fleet entered the harbor in a few minutes and rendered Morro Castle practically untenable with the loss of one man killed and seven wounded.



AN OLD BUCCANEER FORT.

Still used as a battery, where a few modern guns were mounted by the Spaniards.

influence which you seem to imbibe from him—a certain subtle spell which tranquilizes the senses into a delicious appreciation of the mediæval scenes and associations which likewise characterize the ancient city.

Viewing San Juan from the sea, again from the inner harbor, and lastly from the upper balcony of the tall electric light tower, which rises from the central and highest portion of the city,

it presents quite as many distinctly different aspects. In the first instance,

the only visible features are the terraced fortifications along the face of the bluffs at either extremity of



CASCA BLANCA, OR WHITE CASTLE, SAN JUAN.

This ancient fortification was built by Ponce de Leon, about 1510. The walls are provided with niches for cross-bows as well as guns. The castle, which is a beautiful structure, is situated in the outskirts of the town and is now occupied as a barracks for U. S. troops.

which stand the castles of Morro and San Cristobal, overlooking the sea, with just a glimpse of the housetops rising at intervals like battlements above the crest of the hill, and the old Spanish necropolis nestling at its base.

As seen from the harbor, however, the city assumes an appearance more in keeping with its peaceful tendencies, the frowning forts being all but lost to view behind the hill, which gently recedes to the water's edge, revealing upon its gradual slope square upon square of classically designed dwellings, generously interspersed with towering church spires and the pretentious superstructures of the governmental buildings.

But it was from the lofty summit of the light tower that I gleaned my most fascinating impressions of San Juan. The panoramic view from this point of vantage is singularly beautiful. The spacious open courts, or *patios*, of the private residences, each with its verdant, flowering arboretum; the moss-grown parapets, excluding them from

the residence of the Spanish Governors. Upon a more pronounced promontory, at the entrance to the harbor, I plainly traced the silent ravelins, the empty moats and deserted turrets of grim old Morro. To eastward, the two steel bridges, spanning the shallow estuary, which at high tide creates of San Juan an island city, by reason of their modernism, seemed equally out of place with the little steam ferryboat that performs hourly pilgrimages to and from the opposite shore of the bay.

Most interesting of all, however, was the majestic old lighthouse whereon I stood. The materials used in its construction are stone and red-tinted stucco, and from base to apex it measures ninety feet. At the top is a circle of powerful electric lights, at the height of which a narrow gallery, protected by an iron balustrade, encompasses the tower.

In San Juan they tell a strange legend in connection with this romantic old landmark. When, years ago, the pirate Blackbeard and



NATIVE HAT STORE AND EMPLOYEES

The Porto Rican palm leaf hats are preferred to those made in Cuba, being more comfortable and durable. They are made of split palm leaves.

outward view below; the narrow, rambling streets, flanked by these same compactly joined habitations, the exterior walls of which are oddly embellished in neutral tints.

On one hand lay a delightful public garden, garnished with native ornamental shrubbery, amongst which I recognized the calabash and the fiddle tree, the tamarind and oleander, with a splendid monument to Christopher Columbus rising from their midst. This latter is a masterfully wrought work of art, measuring forty feet in height. It represents an octagonal base of granite, surmounted by an artistically carved pedestal of marble, in the four sides of which are inlaid exquisitely engraved panels representing the caravels and other historical features, emblematic of the first advent of our race in this hemisphere. From the center of this rises a graceful Tuscan pillar, surmounted by a magnificent statue of the discoverer, executed in white Carrara marble. In the opposite direction from this, upon a slight projection of the sea wall, arose a princely chatelet, for years

his coterie of subordinate buccaneers held dominion over the surrounding seas, the site whereon the lighthouse now stands was occupied by a splendid castle, where dwelt an aged Spanish noble and his only daughter. One day this grandee, accompanied by the youthful princess of his house, set sail in his galleon upon a visit to his estates among the isles of the Lesser Antilles, many leagues to the southeastward. Now, in order to reach his destination, it was necessary to shape his course hard by the stronghold of the pirate chieftain, and while so doing his vessel was sighted by the ever-vigilant freebooters, who at once gave chase and speedily overhauled the luckless Spaniard. Upon boarding his prize, Blackbeard immediately recognized his aristocratic prisoners and forthwith evolved a scheme for the levying of an enormous tribute. In a few words he made known his terms of release—the payment of 50,000 gold doubloons. The exorbitance of the demand staggered the aged peer. He had not a fractional part of this prodigious amount on board. But this intelligence neither



SCENE OF THE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BRITISH IN 1798.

The British forces originally numbered about 2,500 men, but nearly one-half of them died of yellow fever before the engagement took place. General Abercrombie, who commanded, was killed at Alexandria, Egypt, in 1801. The bridge was destroyed during the fight, but was subsequently rebuilt.

surprised nor disturbed the invincible buccaneer. He would allow his captive a reasonable time for the accumulation of the ransom, pending which he was at liberty to depart with his galleon and crew—only he must leave behind him the princess as a hostage.

In vain the old man protested, pleaded, threatened. The pirate was obdurate, and finally the grief stricken father was forced to bid farewell to his terrified daughter and turn his vessel back to San Juan in order that he might arrange for the stipulated ransom. Meanwhile the princess was carried away to Blackbeard's castle, where she

was assigned to an apartment opening upon a beautiful inclosed court abounding in

rare shrubs and flowers. This garden she was allowed to enter at will, for it afforded no possible means of escape. Now, Blackbeard had a son, who, though he partook not of his sire's plundering disposition, had been compelled to adopt his nefarious calling, and was invested with the command of one of his swiftest corsairs. The balconied casement of the chamber occupied by this youthful marauder while ashore commanded a view of the court in which the captive princess was wont to beguile the dragging hours. Thus, observing her one day and recognizing that she was uncommonly fair to look upon, he lost no time, by means best known to the youth of his day, in making himself known to her. So they came to meet, and their meeting was but a stepping stone which afterwards dominated the maiden's heart for her bold pirate lover, when at length her father's emissaries came with the golden ransom and bore her away. But ere they parted the youth had sworn to desert his father's lawless band and follow her to her distant home. He even told her the night when she might look for his coming, and she in turn promised that a circle of lights should be burning about the topmost turret of her father's castle, by which beacon he might be guided into the harbor and to her door.

But alack for their plans! When the princess, upon being restored to her father, informed him of her surreptitious troth, his rage knew no bounds. He pointed out the terrible indignities he had lately suffered at the hands of her upstart lover's progenitor—the outrageous sacrifices he had made in order to effect her rescue, and finally emphasized his displeasure by relegating her to a remote chamber of the castle, which he securely bolted, leaving the unhappy maiden to reflect upon her indiscretion. Then, as if in sympathy with the old nobleman's wrath, a fierce



THE DUTCH MONUMENT.

This monument, which is about fifteen feet high, was erected on the ground where the battle with the Dutch took place in 1623. It is about half a mile from Morro Castle, and bears a tablet on which this inscription is carved: "To the heroic defenders of this city, attacked in the year 1623 by the Hollanders. The Governor of the city was Juan de Hano."

tempest swept down upon the sea. Day after day it raged about the island, and when the night of the young buccaneer's promised coming arrived, the storm was at its height and the princess still a captive under the parental roof. And that was how it transpired that no girdle of flame greeted the ardent lover's approach to San Juan, and that in the blackness of the night his lugger was dashed upon the treacherous reefs at the entrance to the harbor.

The next morning the hurricane subsided and with it the old grandee's vindictiveness, whereupon he released his daughter from her duress. Immediately upon gaining her liberty the princess, filled with apprehension for her expected lover, hastened to the brow of the cliff, from whence she scanned the surface of the sea in a vain search for a possibly belated sail. Then her gaze chancing to rest upon the angry surf below, she beheld among the cruel, jagged reefs an inert form. Hastily she descended along the pathway leading to the base of the cliff, but when half way down she paused and, peering again at

A favorite diversion with the people of San Juan is sailing on the harbor. This beautiful sheet of water sweeps gracefully inland from the sea, covering an area of between five and six square miles. Every afternoon scores of small craft, from the pescadore's diminutive shallop to the commodious, canopied yacht of the gentility, each with its picturesque lateen sail, so suggestive of the Orient, may be seen plying hither and thither upon its tranquil surface. The dexterity displayed, alike by boatmen of high and low degree, in the maneuvering of their miscellaneous flotilla, is quite marvelous. The intense popularity of this pastime, while doubtless in a measure due to the actual enjoyment derived therefrom, is probably more directly ascribable to its exemption from any demand upon the physical energies.

A memorable feature of my visit to San Juan was the eventide *pasear* around the Plaza de Armas, the principal square, and along the princess promenade, the ultra-fashionable thoroughfare. There the local aristocracy may be seen in all its social exclusiveness, the



MARKET PLACE AND BARRACKS NEAR MORRO CASTLE.

The buildings were damaged by shells from Sampson's fleet, and were being repaired when our artist took the photograph. The group in the foreground is engaged in the sport of cock-fighting, so fascinating to the average Spaniard.

the figure among the rocks, her face blanched with horror as she recognized in its upturned features the dead face of her lover.

When the first passion of grief had spent itself the princess made a vow, in the fulfillment of which that night and each succeeding one throughout the remainder of her life a circle of lights tended by her own hands gleamed from the highest pinnacle of her ancestral mansion, warning the rovers of the deep away from the rocks along the shore. And this is how it came about that long years after the princess had passed away—when the turret in which the nuns from the neighboring cloister had nightly lighted the circlet of lamps as had been her wont, had begun to crumble with age the Spanish friars replaced the castle with the present great stone tower, with its wonderful modern girdle of flame, which, on the darkest, most tempestuous night, is visible leagues away over the billows.

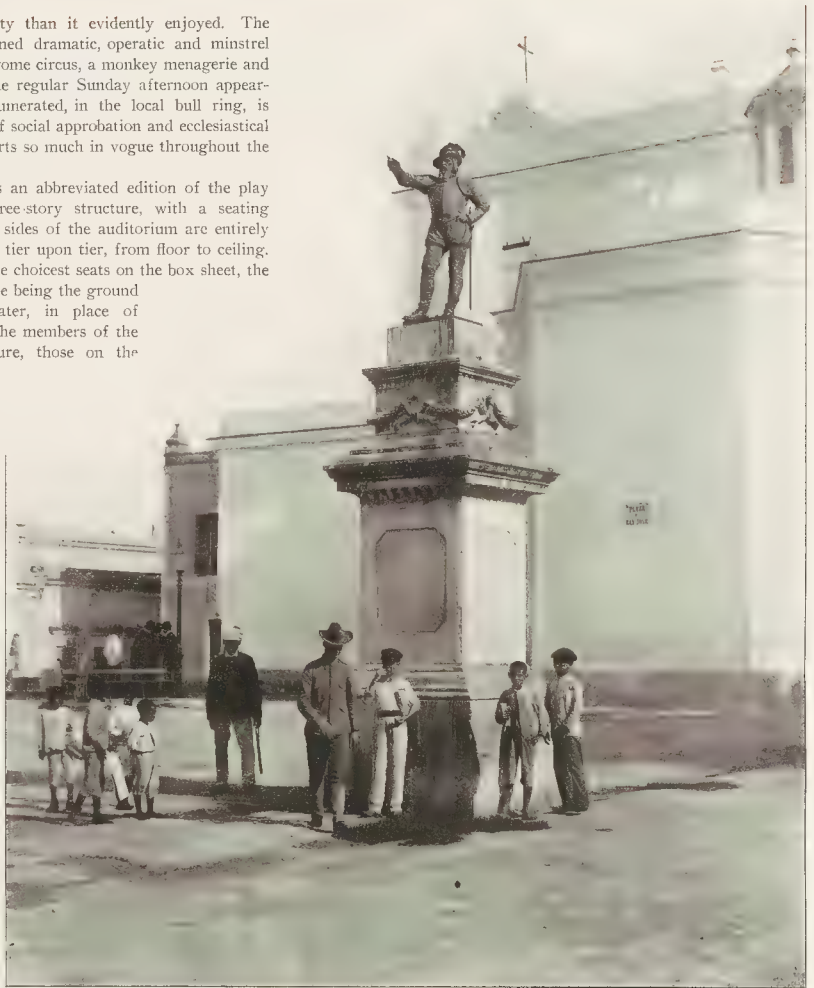
señoritas, with their mammas in constant attendance, constituting one of the ever-moving columns, the other being made up entirely of the masculine element. To and fro they promenade, each section in the opposite direction, the members of each evidently deriving the keenest enjoyment from their sidelong observation of the others.

Wherever a strain of Spanish blood is in evidence, it is quite certain to be characterized by an overfondness for the play, and representing a population of some 28,000 souls of this particular extraction, it is but natural that San Juan should include among her various institutions, a theater. In Porto Rico there is but one regularly organized company of performers, and this divides its engagements among the several large towns on the island, spending about one month out of each quarter in San Juan. The management of this troupe suggested to me a spirit of monopoly and enterprise worthy a

much greater financial prosperity than it evidently enjoyed. The organization embraced a combined dramatic, operatic and minstrel company, supported by a hippodrome circus, a monkey menagerie and a band of native *toreadors*. The regular Sunday afternoon appearance of the contingent last enumerated, in the local bull ring, is accorded quite the same degree of social approbation and ecclesiastical tolerance as are the sacred concerts so much in vogue throughout the cities of the North.

The theater at San Juan is an abbreviated edition of the play houses of Madrid, being a three-story structure, with a seating capacity of about 1,000. Three sides of the auditorium are entirely taken up with boxes, which rise, tier upon tier, from floor to ceiling. These are rated throughout as the choicest seats on the box sheet, the less desirable portion of the house being the ground floor. Upon entering the theater, in place of immediately taking their seats, the members of the audience roam about at pleasure, those on the ground floor chatting with the occupants of the boxes, and the latter exchanging transitory visits from one to another of the adjoining compartments.

The evening entertainment I attended was what is termed a "*zarzuela*," or comic opera, for which there is a marked reference on the part of the general patronage. Upon applying at the box office for a ticket I was informed that the price of admission depended upon the number of acts through which I desired to remain, the tariff on each separate act being one *peseta*—a fraction over nineteen cents—or three *pesetas* for the whole show, comprising four acts. I thereupon availed myself of the commutation rate and purchased an evening franchise on a wing seat in the orchestra. Subsequently, however, actuated by an impulse of combined nervous and financial economy, I regretted that the establishment had not possessed the commodity of a "peanut gallery," upon which



MONUMENT TO PONCE DE LEON, THE FIRST SPANISH GOVERNOR.



QUARANTINE STATION, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

Showing the Doctor and his assistants, and army tents, which were occupied by twenty or more smallpox patients when our artist visited the place

I might have bestowed my patronage to the extent of a single act, for at the expiration of that limit I was glad to make my escape from the premises. The discordant blare of the orchestra band might have been appropriate, in a way, to the atmosphere of the bull pen, where it was likewise wont to officiate, but as an adjunct to an indoor performance it greatly exceeded my capacity for endurance.

The efforts of the players were correspondingly bad, their buffoonery and stage repartee being altogether too much in keeping with their costumes, which were conspicuously the worse for wear. Seemingly altogether oblivious of these shortcomings, however, the magnanimous audience repeatedly manifested its appreciation of the exercises, being at times quite carried away with vociferous enthusiasm. Such outbursts of applause, however, were invariably followed by a storm of hisses, intended as a self-reproach for the interruption and an encouragement to the players to proceed.

As a natural trait, the prevalent adaptability of the people of San Juan to music and art is strongly emphasized, but this latent faculty must necessarily undergo a vast amount of development ere their tastes are made to blend harmoniously with the unique architectural and scenic beauties which distinguish their city.

The future of San Juan, from a progressive standpoint, is problematical. Under the new rule, the city will doubtless experience some changes, a few improvements—as modern tendencies imply, but the customs and traditions of her community are too deeply rooted to be susceptible of any marked alteration, and while the populace hail with unassimilated pleasure the ingress of their brothers of the North, it is questionable if the pacemaking propensities of the latter will be viewed with any degree of enthusiasm, much less adopted.

For my part, I would say: "May her contemporary cities retain their commercial ascendancy, but let San Juan remain as of old, the drawing room of Porto Rico—the city of *"Excelso indolencia."*



PALM AVENUE AND LAWN TO A SUGAR PLANTER'S HOME

This place is located near Santruce, a suburb of San Juan. The group in front is composed of the planter's house-keeper and her family

FACTS ABOUT PORTO RICO.

During the preparation of this work efforts were made by certain influential societies, as well as by some departments of the Government, to attach the Spanish orthography to the name of this island. These efforts met with no appreciable success. There are but few historical instances wherein the language of the vanquished nation was adopted by the conqueror. "Puerto" Rico is un-American, as well as harsh and affected when the effort is made to pronounce it by any one unfamiliar with the Spanish tongue. Moreover, we prefer all things American, without the least taint or coloring of Spanish; and,

therefore, in spite of the Honorable Geographical Society and the Government printers at Washington, we shall adhere to the plain American style in spelling the name of this beautiful insular possession.

The Spanish history of the discovery and settlement of Porto Rico is briefly told. Columbus sighted the island during his second voyage, landing on the northwestern coast, at a point between the present towns of Aguadilla and Aguada, on November 16, 1493. A knowledge of the exact place of landing has been preserved in local tradition, and this spot is reproduced in one of the photographs accompanying this work. Columbus' object in landing was to procure fresh water for his ships, and also to take possession of the island in the

name of the Spanish sovereigns. He remained on shore several days, and marched some distance into the interior and southward along the western coast, camping the second night in the center of what is now the Plaza or public square of the town of Mayaguez. A handsome monument has been erected on the spot where his tent stood, surrounded by carved figures of such of his followers as accompanied him on that expedition. A photograph of the Plaza and monument is given in this work.

If statements of the voyagers are to be relied upon, the Indian population at that time was very dense. These accounts estimate the number of inhabitants at from 600,000 to 800,000, which would be an



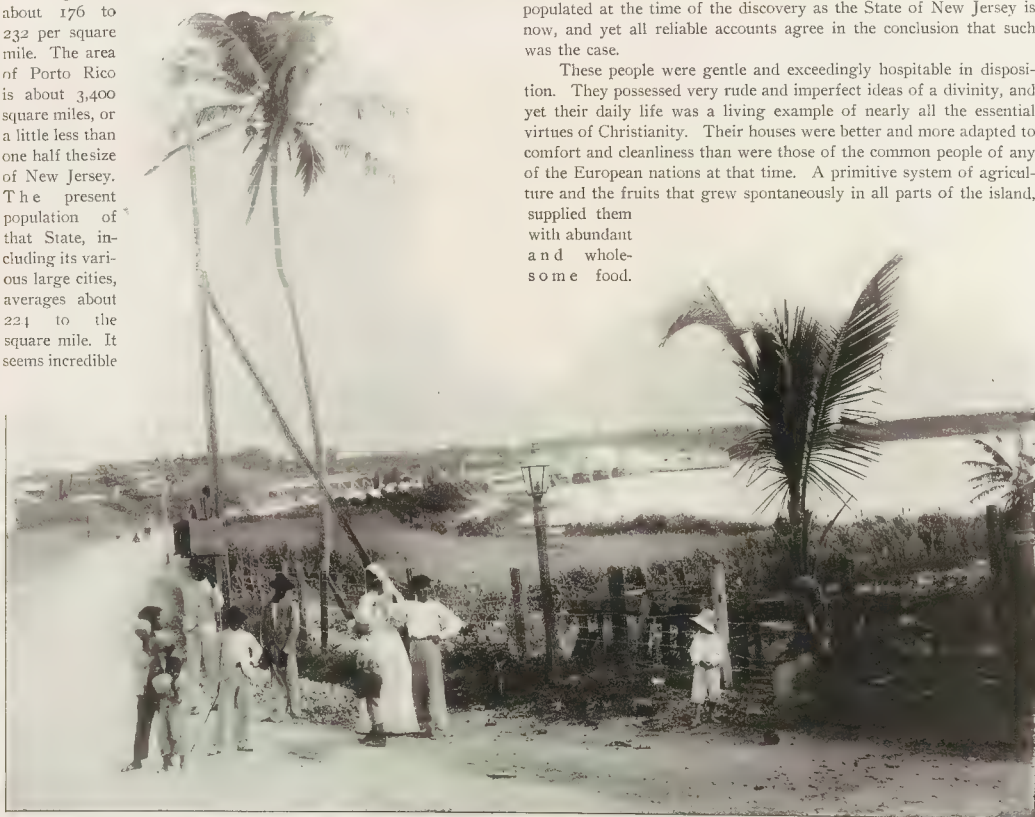
CEMETERY NEAR MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

This cemetery is located immediately back of Morro Castle and outside of the sea wall. A portion of the Castle appears on the hill in the background.

average of about 176 to 232 per square mile. The area of Porto Rico is about 3,400 square miles, or a little less than one half the size of New Jersey. The present population of that State, including its various large cities, averages about 224 to the square mile. It seems incredible

to suppose that the island of Porto Rico could have been as densely populated at the time of the discovery as the State of New Jersey is now, and yet all reliable accounts agree in the conclusion that such was the case.

These people were gentle and exceedingly hospitable in disposition. They possessed very rude and imperfect ideas of a divinity, and yet their daily life was a living example of nearly all the essential virtues of Christianity. Their houses were better and more adapted to comfort and cleanliness than were those of the common people of any of the European nations at that time. A primitive system of agriculture and the fruits that grew spontaneously in all parts of the island, supplied them with abundant and wholesome food.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF SANTRUCE.

Showing a portion of the bridge destroyed during the engagement between the English and Spaniards in 1798.

They were not subject to any of the epidemics that had at various times devastated the countries of the old world, and sickness of any kind was rare among them. Their government was the simplest form of a pure democracy, administered by chiefs, and it was in every respect suited to the needs and characteristics of the people. They were a peaceable people, and knew practically nothing about war. Their home life and domestic virtues were highly commendable, while many of their customs were unique and exceedingly beautiful. A history of this gentle people and their mode of life reads like a romance of fairy land. If similar conditions could exist everywhere, the world would be vastly happier and better.

Into this earthly paradise the Spaniards came with murder in their hearts and the breath of destruction in their nostrils. They were received by the inhabitants with open-handed hospitality. Everything that the simple-minded islanders possessed was freely laid at

in the name of religion. The site of the town and all that remains of the ruins of the buildings are photographed on page 274. But the marshy ground near Capara produced myriads of troublesome insects, and these, with the sickness that came from the miasma of the swamps, and probably also from decaying bodies of thousands of butchered Indians, soon broke up the settlement and drove the Spaniards to seek a new location. De Leon then established himself near the entrance to the harbor, and founded the city of San Juan. During its existence Capara was a model of a modern gold-mining camp. Many rich discoveries of the yellow metal were made, and extensive mining operations were carried on by the enforced labor of the Indians. Expeditions were sent out into all parts of the island, in quest of the shining metal for which the Spaniards thirsted. Within a period of a little more than one year from the date of his second coming, Ponce de Leon had acquired considerable stores of gold, each new acquisition adding



THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE IN PORTO RICO.

The scene is laid in a street of Bayamon, a town a short distance southwest of San Juan. Since the American occupation a line of these automobiles has been put in operation over the military road between San Juan and Ponce, a distance of 82 miles, which they cover in about eight hours. The same trips formerly required seventeen hours with relays of ponies.

the feet of these bronzed, mail-clad visitors from beyond the mysterious sea; and their uncommon kindness was repaid by murder, rapine, degrading and insufferable slavery, the destruction of their homes, and the desecration of every object that was sacred to them. Ponce de Leon, a human monster, whose name should be execrated throughout all future ages, was a member of the party that accompanied Columbus when the Admiral first landed on the island. This man had gained some military distinction and learned the art of murder in the war with the Moors. About 1508 he appeared the second time in Porto Rico, on this occasion as the agent and representative of the family of his former commander. He discovered and entered the bay of San Juan, and landed near the site of the modern village of Catano. Here he established himself and built a fort and laid off a town, which he called Capara. The following year he also erected a church, for these old Spaniards committed all their crimes

fuel to his insatiate greed; and he had also "civilized" the natives by murdering nearly the entire population of men, women and children. Those who escaped the bullet, the axe and the sword were reduced to a slavery worse than death itself. A few of the people survived all their hardships and endured the intolerable cruelties that were heaped upon them, and some of their descendants are still living on the island, debased by servitude and intermarriage with an inferior race.

The story of the butchery of the Indians seems incredible, but it is vouched for by all the writers of that period, as well as by the Spanish leader himself. The imagination revolts at the recital. If the population were as dense as represented, every hillside must have been covered with the dead bodies of human beings. Ponce de Leon's cruelty was so excessive and brutal that the family of Columbus caused his removal, whereupon he set out in quest of the Fountain of Youth, and discovered Florida, the land of flowers.



HUTS OF COCOANUT PICKERS

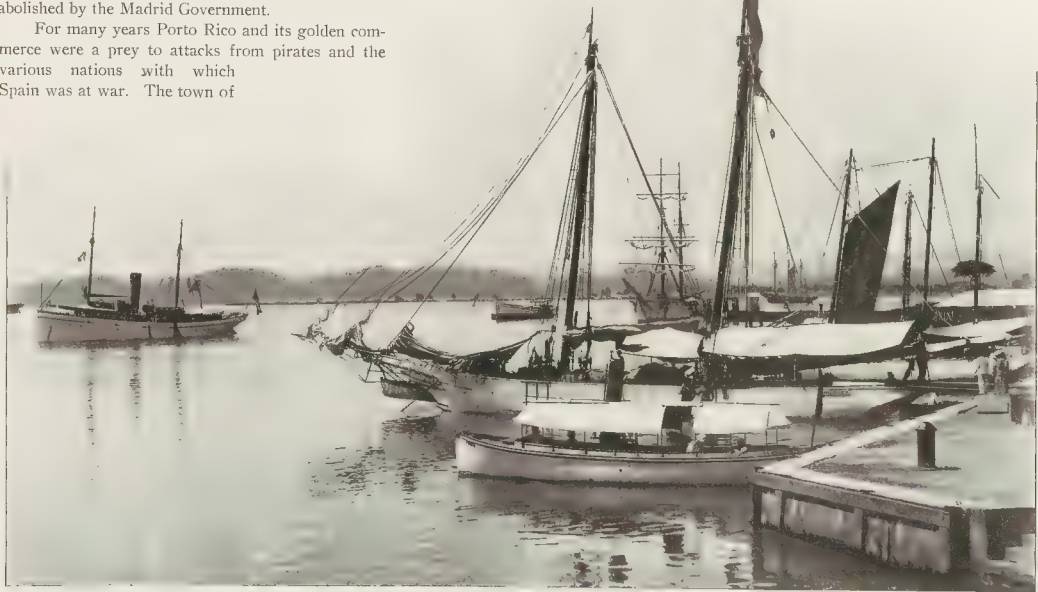
There are several of these coconut plantations near Catano, across the bay from San Juan, and the scene here depicted is in that locality. These pickers become very expert in climbing the trees, as shown on page 275.

The Indians called their island Borinquen, but Columbus, observing in their possession many nuggets of gold, which they claimed to have found in the beds of the rivers, gave it the name of Puerto Rico —rich port. These golden nuggets still exist in the auriferous sands of the rivers, and are washed out by the present natives by the same crude processes that were employed in the days of Ponce de Leon. After the extermination of the Indians the Spaniards imported negro slaves, and the system of African slavery continued until 1873, when it was abolished by the Madrid Government.

For many years Porto Rico and its golden commerce were a prey to attacks from pirates and the various nations with which Spain was at war. The town of

San German was destroyed the eastern provinces the Caribs. Sir Francis to capture San repelled in an and in 1678 the

by French pirates in 1529, and were for a long time ravaged by Drake made an ineffectual effort Juan in 1595; the Dutch were attack on the same place in 1615. English made their second attack on the city and were again de-



VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF SAN JUAN, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN RANGE.

feated, many of their ships being destroyed by a hurricane. But they persisted with that stubborn determination so characteristic of the race, and on three different occasions effected a landing only to be driven back again by the Spaniards. The last attempt by the English to capture San Juan was made in 1798, when a fleet and army under General Abercrombie bombarded the place, but was compelled to withdraw at the end of the third day.

General Abercrombie was a hero who deserves more than passing notice. He was born in 1738, of respectable Scotch ancestry, and adopting the army as a profession, he rose rapidly to the rank of Major-General, which was conferred upon him in 1787. In 1793 he accompanied the unsuccessful Walcheren expedition to Holland, where he won universal esteem by his humanity and soldierly qualities. After the Holland campaign he was made Commander in Chief of the British forces in the West Indies, and it was during this period that he fought the unsuccessful battle of San Juan. The same year, 1798, a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and General Abercrombie was sent there, as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces to restore order. This service, however, was very distasteful to him, and he expressed his disapproval of the Government's methods so unreservedly and boldly that he was relieved and sent to Scotland. In 1800 he went to Egypt as commander of a British army, to resist the French in that country, and effected a landing at Aboukir, March 8, 1801, in the face of a hostile force and with considerable loss. He encamped near Alexandria, where, on the 21st of March, he was attacked by the French army and a desperate battle took place, resulting in the defeat of the French. Abercrombie was severely wounded early in the action, but, concealing his hurt, he remained on the field and issued his orders until the victory was won. His dangerous condition was then made known, and one week later, on the 28th of March, he died from the effects of his wound.

For a period of just two years after the last British attack, San Juan remained in profound peace, no other nation making any hostile demonstration against the city until the 12th of May, 1898, when Admiral Sampson bombarded the fortifications with the American fleet under his command. This was followed in July by the invasion of the American army under General Miles, resulting in the subjugation of the entire island, and its cession to the United States by Spain at the Treaty of Paris, in December, 1898. A large majority of the native population of Porto Rico welcomed the Americans with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, regarding them as deliverers come to set them free from Spanish tyranny and intolerance. Unlike Cuba, which was in an almost chronic state of rebellion against her oppressors for nearly a

century, Porto Rico made but one effort to gain her liberty. This was in 1820, when, after a three years' struggle, the insurrection was subdued, and the island ever afterward remained in humble subjection to the mother country until freedom came under the "flag of the stars."

The present population of Porto Rico is a little over 890,000, and the reader will be struck by the singular coincidence that it required nearly 400 years to replace the number of inhabitants that Spain annihilated in the space of a little more than twelve months. The island is the most densely populated of the entire West Indian group,



GROUP OF SENORITAS OF ARISTOCRATIC SPANISH LINEAGE

and likewise the healthiest, with the exception of the Isle of Pines. It is, however, subject to severe tornadoes, those occurring in 1742, 1825, and again in 1898, being very destructive to life and property. It is an interesting fact that the island is located equally distant from the cities of New York and Cadiz, Spain, and from Newport News and the Canary Islands, the distance in the former case being 1,500 miles, and in the latter 1,300. The climate is warm and humid, and the cool night winds do not prevail to the same degree as in Cuba and the Isle of Pines. The thermometer has never been known to fall below 50 degrees, even in the mountains that run through the central part of the

island, and on the other hand it rarely goes above 90 degrees. There are but two seasons, the same as in Cuba, the wet and the dry; the former beginning about the first of July and ending the last of December, and the latter extending from January to June. Midwinter in Porto Rico is a delightful season. Over all of the north half of the island the rainfall is abundant, and even excessive, owing to the fact that the clouds are driven by the northeast trade winds against the mountains, and their moisture precipitated over the country exposed to them, while the region south of the mountains is subject to severe droughts. In the latter section irrigation has to be resorted to in the production of crops. The mean average rainfall is $64\frac{1}{2}$ inches, being heaviest north of the mountains, for the reasons indicated. Frequent overflows occur in this section, from the excessive downpour and the flooding of the streams.

The mountain spurs and hills branching off from the central range give the whole country an uneven, rolling surface, except along the sea coasts, where there are many level stretches. The most precipitous district is in the northeast, where "El Yunque" or the "Anvil," the most elevated peak on the island, rises to a height of 3,670 feet. The mountains, however, are not abrupt or rocky, and for the most part they can be cultivated all over their rounded tops. These conditions render the scenery of Porto Rico remarkably beautiful and picturesque, as will be observed in the numerous photographs presented in this work. There are many small rivers and brooks, with water clear as crystal, breaking into innumerable waterfalls and cascades as they rush swiftly down from the mountains to the sea. The natural scenery, the quaint old Spanish buildings, the palm leaf huts



TEACHER AND YOUNG LADY PUPIL OF THE GIRLS' SEMINARY AT SAN JUAN.

of the poor, and the quaint costumes of the people, compose a picture of infinite variety and attraction for the painter's

brush and the camera of the photographer. The artist need no longer visit the remote sections of Europe in quest of subjects to inspire his genius, for they can be found in greater abundance and



SAN JUAN CITY CEMETERY.

variety in this quaint island of the Caribbean Sea than anywhere else in the world. While there are government highways and disconnected sections of railroads encircling nearly the whole island, the interior is dotted thickly with towns and villages that can be reached only by foot paths or on the backs of mules, and the habitations are as primitive and quaint in their aspect, and the customs and manners of the people as singularly interesting, as could have been found in the most secluded districts of Spain at any period of the Middle Ages. A majority of the population is found in the lowlands and along the sea coasts, where all the larger cities are located; but a glance at the map will show that the interior is covered with towns and villages, the streets of many of which have never been trod by foreign foot. Here these simple, unlettered, kind-hearted people have lived from generation to generation, happy in their own seclusion, knowing and caring nothing for the great world across the seas, and

in Cuba, and in many instances designated only by local names. The timber interests of Porto Rico are as valuable as those of Cuba, and but little more developed. The coffee tree was brought to Porto Rico from the island of Martinique, in 1722, and grows luxuriantly on the mountain slopes to an altitude of a thousand feet or more. Sugar cane was brought from the Canaries, and it now constitutes one of the most profitable crops of the island. The amount of sugar obtained from a given area is greater than in any other West India island, due to the richness of the soil and the larger degree of moisture. Pineapples, bananas, plantains, and all the tropical fruits flourish in the greatest abundance. Tobacco is grown extensively and with large profit, while two crops of maize, or Indian corn, can be produced annually. Potatoes, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava, and all the tubers and roots, as well as the numerous varieties of vegetables, spices and small fruits that are so productive in Cuba, are equally prolific in



MARKET WOMEN AT SAN JUAN.

Showing samples of small fruits raised in the interior of the island, many of which are unknown to foreigners.

bringing down to the present age the manners and customs that prevailed three hundred years ago.

The soil is exceedingly fertile, producing abundant crops with the rudest kind of cultivation. In the mountains it is a red clay, colored with a peroxide of iron; in the valleys it is black and loamy, yielding readily to the husbandman's implements, while along the coasts it is sandy, but at the same time capable of cultivation. The pasture lands to the north and northeast are very rich, superior to any others in the West Indies. It is said that more than five hundred varieties of trees exist on this island, ranging from the most luxuriant tropical growths in the lowlands to the diversified varieties of the temperate zones in the hills and on the mountain slopes. In these elevated regions are also found numerous specimens of tree ferns and mountain palms, lending both variety and beauty to the evergreen forests. At lower levels are found the mahogany, cedar, walnut, laurel, and many other valuable timbers like those already described

Porto Rico. In fact a description of the varied products of this island would be but a repetition of what has already been written about Cuba.

The mineral resources of Porto Rico are believed to be very great, but so far they are practically undeveloped. Gold is known to exist in considerable quantities. The Indians, as previously explained, exhibited to Columbus many nuggets of this precious metal, which they had obtained from beds of the mountain streams. Ponce de Leon and his followers mined gold in a crude way to a considerable extent, and according to all reports were well paid for their labors. The natives of the present day still wash the nuggets out of the sandy beds of the streams, just as their predecessors did in the time of Columbus. No scientific mining has ever been done in the island. There are undoubtedly rich deposits of gold in the mountains, which will, in the near future, add their stock to the wealth of the world. Copper, iron, lead, coal and marble have been found in numerous places, but no effort has ever been made to develop them. Life is so easy in Porto



MURDERERS UNDER LIFE SENTENCE IN THE SAN JUAN JAIL.

Rico and the means of supporting it so abundant, that the natives have not felt the necessity of attempting to develop the earth's hidden treasures. Considerable quantities of salt for domestic use are procured from lakes, and there are salt works of some importance at Cabo Rojo, Guanica, and Salinas. Hot and mineral springs of great medicinal virtues exist at several places, the best known being located at Coamo, on the National Road to San Juan, a short distance northeast of Ponce. These springs constitute quite a noted resort, and they are visited by invalids from all parts of the world.

One remarkable feature of the island is the almost entire absence of wild animals, birds, and flowers. Cuba is a land of flowers, and also possesses many birds of beautiful plumage, but there was a dearth of these in Porto Rico until they were introduced from other lands. The largest quadrupeds native to the island are the agouti and the armadillo. The common agouti measures about twenty inches in length and stands eleven or twelve inches high at the croup. It is timid and harmless and seems to form a link between the families of the rabbit and the guinea pig. Its head resembles that of the rabbit, its tail is a mere stump, the hairs on the upper part are ringed alternately with black, brown and saffron, producing a beautiful speckled yellow and green appearance on the neck, head, back and sides. Like the rabbit, they breed rapidly, and at the time of the discovery of the island they constituted the principal flesh diet of the dense Indian population, by whom they had been domesticated. Their flesh is white, tender and sweet, and is prepared in the same manner as that of the rabbit. The armadillo is familiar to all students of natural history, and is noted for the peculiar,

shield-like armor that covers the top of its body. It is perfectly harmless, is never known to bite or attempt any defence, but when pursued immediately commences burrowing with such power and rapidity as to almost immediately disappear in the ground. The ordinary food of the armadillo consists of fallen fruits, roots, worms, and the decaying flesh of dead animals. The arrangement of its teeth prevents it from masticating any solid food. When fat the flesh of the armadillo is esteemed a great delicacy by the natives, who roast it and serve it in the shell.

There are practically no poisonous reptiles in Porto Rico; but owing to the constant heat, scorpions, fleas, centipedes, wasps, and other disagreeable and dangerous forms of insect life abound. Horses and cattle were brought to the island and domesticated by the Spaniards, and cattle are now exported as beees in large numbers.

They are of a better quality than those raised in Cuba, owing to the fact that the conditions of peace which prevailed for so many years enabled the people to give more attention to this industry. The horses are small and hardy, like their Cuban kin.

Porto Rico is rectangular in shape, the average length being ninety-eight and three quarters, and the width thirty-seven and one-



SAN FRANCISCO PLAZA AND COLUMBUS MONUMENT, SAN JUAN



METHOD OF CLIMBING COCOANUT TREES.

The scene is near Catano, Porto Rico. The nuts sell at the rate of four for one cent, and are very profitable, as they require no cultivation. The milk of the green nuts is a popular drink and very healthful.



SITE OF THE OLD CHURCH AT CAPARA.
Erected by Ponce de Leon in 1509.

half miles. It is abundantly supplied with harbors, but few of them are good; and the good ones have not been improved to the extent that their importance demands. When the island passed into the possession of the United States, it had 470 miles of telegraph wire, 137 miles of railway, and 158 miles of good wagon roads, the best of the latter being the one that unites San Juan on the north with Ponce on the south. This road, owing to its winding course over the mountains, is eighty-two miles in length. It reaches its highest point at Aibonito, where the altitude is about 2,700 feet, although there are other peaks extending far above this. The road is said to have cost over \$30,000,000, a sum that might have been invested in railroads with possibly better results. In 1896 the commerce of the island amounted to \$36,624,120, the highest point ever attained up to that date, the increase being due to the unsettled conditions in Cuba. The same year, for the first time in the history of Porto Rico, the exports exceeded the imports in value, the former amounting to \$18,341,430, and the latter to \$18,282,690. The principal articles of export are sugar, coffee, molasses, tobacco, fruits, nuts, spices, perfumery, cosmetics, chemicals, drugs, dyes, timber, salt, and beef cattle; while the leading imports are rice, wheat, flour, corn and corn meal, bread, biscuits, meats, dairy products, wooden manufactures, iron, steel, and a large general line of manufactured articles. From this time

forward it is anticipated that Porto Rico's trade will be mainly with the United States, and the change in the class of products demanded by improved conditions and modes of life among the people, will, of course, produce decided changes in the articles of export and import. Our tariff regulations, however, are working a serious injury to the industries of the island. Being no longer a colony of Spain, that country, of course, makes no effort to foster its commercial interests, and the trade that it formerly carried on with the mother country has almost entirely disappeared; while at the same time our tariff practically closes the door of the American markets to all Porto Rican products. The result is that industries of all kinds are languishing, produce rots in the hands of the planters or the merchants, a large percentage of the working people are idle, while want and suffering stalk hand in hand over the island. Such conditions cannot long continue without serious results. In our war with Spain the Porto Ricans were our true and loyal friends; they welcomed the advent of the "flag of the stars" with demonstrations of the most extravagant joy. We should not, therefore, treat them in such a way as to cause them to regret their union with the great Republic. The good work begun by the military authorities should be continued by our legislators at Washington, in order that the Porto Ricans, at the earliest practicable date, may become not only good citizens, but also firm friends of our nation.



RUINS OF PONCE DE LEON'S FORT.

This fort was built in 1508 or 1509, and de Leon established the town of Capara there. It became the headquarters for gold mining expeditions, but was soon afterward abandoned on account of the prevalence of annoying insects and the sickly location. The latter was probably due in some measure to the wholesale murder of the Indians and their decaying bodies.



SITE OF PONCE DE LEON'S RESIDENCE AT CAPARA.

Only a few stones of the foundation remain. The location of the views on this page is near Catano, across the bay from San Juan.

ONE OF THE HEROIC DEEDS OF THE WAR.

One of the most singularly courageous deeds of the late war with Spain was that performed by Lieutenant Thos. D. Griffin, of the cruiser *New Orleans*, in connection with the removal of the immense dynamite mine from the entrance to the harbor of San Juan. Owing to the uncertainty as to its exact location, the existence of this mysterious engine of destruction had been a constant menace to vessels passing in and out of the harbor subsequent to the issuing of the protocol.

From information furnished by the Spanish military authorities at San Juan, it appeared that at the commencement of the war two lines of torpedoes had been extended across the bottom of the channel leading to the harbor at its narrowest point, which measures a fraction less than four hundred feet. Later, upon the theory that these tor-

States navy, an officer whose courage and discretion, combined with a thorough familiarity with heavy explosives, rendered him especially adapted to superintend the dangerous undertaking.

Through the courtesy of the executive officer of the *New Orleans*, the writer was granted permission to accompany the expedition, which left the cruiser at 5 o'clock in the morning in a large sailing launch fitted out expressly for the task in question. In addition to a miscellaneous assortment of nautical surveying and sounding instruments, the party was provided with a complete submarine diving apparatus and a compact, but powerful, lifting windlass. The work of locating and securing the mine was intensely interesting, notwithstanding its peculiarly hazardous nature.

One of the chief perils to which divers in these waters are exposed is from the numerous sharks, of the man-eater variety, which con-



THE MARKET AT SAN JUAN

Next to the Ponce market this is the most important on the island. It is located near Morro Castle, and all the varied products of the island are brought here and exposed for sale.

pedoes had been under water for so long a period as to render them ineffective, additional defenses were introduced at the same point by sinking two vessels, a steamer and schooner, each of considerable size, directly athwart the channel. When this had been accomplished, however, there yet remained a space of about fifty feet between the two hulks. To remedy this defect three large mines, each weighing 1,350 pounds, and containing a bursting charge of 350 pounds of dynamite, were placed at intervals of about twelve feet across the gap. Upon the suspension of hostilities the Spaniards had attempted the removal of these mines, but for some reason succeeded in raising but two of the number, leaving the central, and consequently most dangerous one, still in position.

The party detailed to clear the channel of the remaining mine consisted of nine picked men from the gunner's crew of the *New Orleans*, and was commanded by Lieutenant Thos. D. Griffin, United

States navy. It not infrequently happens that these sea monsters will attack a diver, and, at best, their presence in his vicinity is far from reassuring.

Another danger which menaced our party lay in the perfect network of electric wires traversing the bottom of the channel, for, while many of these were supposed to be harmless, some were known to be connected with the dynamite mine. It was, therefore, necessary that our divers should move about with the utmost caution in handling and following up these wires, as an inadvertent act might result in the annihilation of the entire expedition.

Upon reaching the locality indicated by the diagram in our possession, one of the three divers included in our detail proceeded to array himself in the grotesque diving paraphernalia, consisting of a commodious india-rubber combination suit, surmounted by a huge spherical helmet of white metal, fitted with glass disks, conforming to

the various ranges of vision. From a valve at the top of the helmet a long rubber supply hose extended to the air pumps in the launch, while a second valve was so devised as to automatically regulate the air

tugging at the life line back to the surface. dragging him over the gun-

caused him to be hurriedly hauled As quickly as possible, after drag-



THE RAILROAD STATION AT CATANO. ACROSS THE BAY FROM SAN JUAN.

pressure within and discharge the nitrogen therefrom. The whole contrivance was weighted down by an enormous pair of lead-soled shoes and a leaden girdle weighing aggregately 150 pounds. Having donned this ponderous attire, the first diver was assisted over the side of the launch and slowly lowered into the water by means of a strong line made fast around his body. At this early juncture one of the perils often experienced by divers was all too vividly illustrated. Previous soundings with the lead line had revealed an average depth of six fathoms of water in our vicinity, but before the diver had descended one-half that distance, a violent

wale, one of the disks was unscrewed from the face of the helmet, which act was accompanied by a rush of imprisoned air from within—a sequence of the escape valve failing to work properly. The circumstance came very near resulting fatally to the diver, who was discovered to be in a fainting condition from the effect of the tremendous pressure of air to which he had been subjected. How-



OUTER WORKS OF MORRO CASTLE, SAN JUAN.

ever, with the aid of stimulants, he was speedily revived, but was unable to immediately attempt another descent.

A second diver was thereupon habilitated in the same costume, and, the defect in the escape valve having been remedied, was dispatched upon his submarine mission. From the boat we could easily follow his course on the bottom, by the myriads of air bubbles which arose in continuous, effervescent volume to the surface, directly over his position. At the expiration of an hour, his efforts to locate the mine proving unsuccessful, the diver was raised and a third sent down.

The waters of San Juan harbor are exceedingly turbid, with powerful currents playing throughout their depths, which are ordinarily considered the two greatest impediments a diver has to contend with. Hence, it was not surprising that fully two hours should elapse before the last diver stumbled upon the object of his search.

The mine, a huge pear-shaped contrivance, with an outer shell of riveted iron plates, and as large in circumference as a hogshead, was shackled to a massive anchor of the mushroom pattern. Having detached it from its moorings, a strong tackle, known as a cat fall, having at the lower end a large,

Had the mine exploded beneath us the effect could hardly have proved more fatal to the mental tranquillity of all hands than did this disheartening intelligence; but Lieutenant Griffin was quick to realize that should the big dynamite bomb strike the bottom of the channel with sufficient force, the result would be equally disastrous to our anatomies. Therefore, the order "Out oars and away" was instantly given, and as quickly executed, while I trained my camera on the spot we had lately vacated in the hope of catching a snap shot of the spectacular eruption which would naturally accompany an explosion of the mine. Fortunately, the opportunity was not forthcoming, for I was subsequently informed by Lieutenant Griffin that, had such an event transpired, my ambition would most probably have gone up with the remainder of our expedition—in smoke and water.

Now that the mine had been lost, one alternative alone was left to us, which was to find it again. This proved to be a much more arduous undertaking than the previous search, in that the current had drifted the mine a considerable distance away from its original position. Some time after the work had been resumed the second diver, who had



THE BAY AND A PORTION OF THE CITY OF SAN JUAN.

white block fitted with a claw-like hook, was sent down to the diver, by means of a sliding loop around his life line, and caught into a ring at the apex of the mine, thus enabling the crew above, with the aid of their windlass in the stern of the launch, to hoist it to the surface of the channel. Much satisfaction was felt, alike by Lieutenant Griffin and his men, over the success which had thus far characterized the undertaking, and a messenger was at once sent back to the ship in the small tender belonging to the launch for further instructions as to the disposition of the mine.

Our exultation, however, was of short duration, for, while lounging about the boat awaiting the messenger's return, we were suddenly disconcerted by the announcement from one of the men, who had chanced to glance over the stern of the launch, that the mine had disappeared. A hasty examination showed that the rising and falling of the ocean swells had disengaged the ring from the hook by which it had been suspended, thus allowing it to sink again.

been down but a few minutes, signaled to his mates by an agitated twitching of the life line to hurry him back to the upper world. His signal was hastily complied with, and upon getting him above the surface and removing his helmet plate he was found to be in a state of abject terror, declaring that a shark of fabulous proportions had glided directly up to him and deliberately glared into the glass disks of his helmet. No amount of persuasion could induce the diver to make another descent, and his mates looked hesitatingly at one another, each waiting for some one else to volunteer in his place.

During this brief pause, Lieutenant Griffin quietly laid down his quadrant, and without a word began divesting himself of his outer garments. The crew looked on in wonderment as they realized that the commanding officer was preparing to make the perilous descent. Not a trace of fear was apparent in the determined features of the nervy officer at the dangerous prospect in store for him, but, on the



GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PALACE, SAN JUAN, FROM THE LAND SIDE.

This structure is located directly across a small bay from the White Castle, and was formerly occupied as the palace of the Spanish Governors-General. It is now used as the headquarters of the American military commander.

contrary, he evidently relished the possibility of an encounter with the voracious denizen of the deep. Having attired himself in the diving suit, Lieutenant Griffin paused for an instant to examine the short sword bayonet which, slung to his side, formed part of the equipment; then, throwing the end of the catfall over his shoulder, so that the block hung suspended before him at the height of his waist, he stepped from the short ladder attached to the side of the launch and disappeared beneath the surface. An hour passed by and the suspense had become almost unendurable. when suddenly there was a terrific jerk at the catfall, and its slack

parts, which lay coiled in the launch, began running out with the swiftness of an A dozen hands

bottom of the over the side anchor chain.



CITY HALL AND PLAZA OF ALFONSO XII, SAN JUAN.

quickly laid hold of the hauling part of the tackle and hove it taut. No sooner had this been accomplished when the line began switching back and forth through the water with a rapidity which clearly indicated that a terrible struggle was being enacted at the other end. At this a deadly pallor overspread the face of every occupant of the launch, for not one of us doubted that Lieutenant Griffin had been attacked by sharks, and, becoming entangled in the cat-fall, was being dragged about through the water at the bottom of the channel. With an energy born of despair the men hove in on the tackle, while three of their number continued hopelessly tending the air pumps and life line. As I stood gazing with horrified expectancy at the rapidly shortening fall, the surface of the water suddenly became violently agitated, and in another instant, instead of the mutilated remains of the brave naval officer, the huge head of a monster shark arose to view. Leading straight upward out of its yawning gullet and through the

what had seemed to him an unconscionably long time, he had come upon the elusive mine. The end of the cat-fall was still resting over his shoulder, while the block, being of wood and only partially weighted down by the iron hook, floated out before him. He was just on the point of reaching for this when he suddenly became conscious of a violent agitation of the water near him, but before he could turn to ascertain the cause a huge, dark object had swept down upon him, throwing him over upon his back. An instant later a smooth, serpent-like figure glided across the face of his helmet and, as it disappeared, the cat-fall, upon which he had partially fallen, was violently wrenched from beneath him. When he succeeded in regaining his feet both the object and tackle had vanished. In another moment he was being hauled upward by the life line into the launch.

Notwithstanding the appalling nature of the experience through which he had just passed, and which was sufficient to dishearten any ordinarily courageous man, Lieutenant Griffin insisted upon again descending to the bottom with another tackle, which he hooked into the mine. The process of raising it was then carried out, and the intrepid diver again hauled back into the boat.

Meanwhile, the steam cutter had arrived from the *New Orleans*, with instructions to tow the mine out into deep water and sink it. While heading out to sea with the elephantine bombshell wallowing and straining at the end of a tow line, and the mammoth shark thrashing about in a vain effort to disgorge his distressingly indigestible



THE BAY FRONT OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S PALACE AT SAN JUAN.

hideous gnashing jaws were the three parts of our cat-fall, showing that the heavy block, with its sharp, talon like hook at the end, had been bolted as a trout would a fly.

Here an awful thought assailed me. Could it be that the Lieutenant was in there along with the cat-block? Certainly that cavernous maw amply justified the fear. In the midst of these uncanny reflections I was aroused by a shout from the forward end of the launch, and turned about just as Lieutenant Griffin, still intact in every limb and safely incased in his submarine armor, looking every inch the valorous knight he was, clambered up the side of the launch and dropped his arms wearily over the gunwale. His huge helmet was speedily removed, and gathering around we overwhelmed him, first with congratulations upon his safe return to us, and then with inquiries concerning his encounter with the shark. In explanation the Lieutenant informed us that, after having wandered about on the bottom for

feline repast, one of the scale-like plates constituting the outer surface of the former became detached, and the dynamite charge within, escaping through the aperture, left a long, inky trail over the white-crested waves in its wake. Aside from our knowledge as to the quantity of this explosive it had contained, the interior mechanism of this grewsome infernal machine will always remain an insoluble mystery to us, for, having arrived with it at a point upwards of a mile off Morro Castle, one of the crew was ordered to sever the tow line, which was accomplished by a few well-aimed blows from a boat axe, and, with a last mighty lunge, the iron monster plunged downward in eighty fathoms of brine. But the shark was towed back into the harbor and alongside the *New Orleans*, where he was hoisted upon the vessel's guards. It was necessary to cut him open for almost half of his length in order to recover the cat-block, and upon being measured from tip to tip he was found to be 11 feet and 9 inches long.

JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.



RAILWAY STATION AT BAYAMON, PORTO RICO.

AN EMPIRE OF ISLANDS.

The American people do not yet fully appreciate the extent of our insular possessions acquired by virtue of the treaty with Spain. In the first article of the treaty, Spain "relinquishes all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba." The second article cedes to the United States "the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies." Under the provisions of this treaty all the Spanish West Indies, except Cuba, became a part of the territory of the United States, and subject to our laws. Cuba was specially excepted in accordance with the declaration of Congress at the beginning of the war, "that the United States hereby disclaim any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof; and assert their determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the

government and control of the island to its people." In accordance with the terms of this declaration, Cuba remains free to seek association with the States of the American Union, or remain an independent republic as her people may decide.

But there are more than 1,300 smaller islands in the West Indian group, including Porto Rico, that became territory of the United States on the ratification of the treaty. There are nearly as many more in the Philippine and Sulu archipelagoes, several of them almost large enough to be classed as continents. When to these are added the twelve large islands of Hawaii, two of the Samoan group, the island of Guam, and perhaps others not embodied in this enumeration, the size and importance of this vast insular empire will be appreciated. What its influence will be on the future destinies of our country remains to be demonstrated by experience. Many of the small islands of the West Indies are mere dots on the ocean, covering



PRINCIPAL STREET AT BAYAMON.

only a few acres of land and generally uninhabited. Two of this class, La Cruza and La Ramon, lying off the coast of Cuba, were recently purchased by an American syndicate for \$1,000,000. It is supposed that vast treasures of gold and silver were buried on their shores by citizens of Panama during the lawless sway of the buccaners. At that time Panama was an important place, rich with the spoils of Mexico and Peru, and it afforded an attractive prize for the freebooters of the Spanish Main. On several occasions, when hard pressed by the pirates, the citizens fled to the smaller islands of the Gulf or the Caribbean Sea and buried their treasures there for safe keeping. Many of these people were subsequently captured and killed, and others were prevented by various circumstances from returning; so that the belief that many of these small islands contain hidden treasures is well founded.

But La Cruza and La Ramon have a distinct value of their own, the wealth that lies secreted in their tropical soil being supplemented

and six miles wide. It is beautifully green, and the low mountains rise and fall, forming a rolling country, in which are some of the most fertile lands of our West Indian possessions. The soil is such that it will grow all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The island has a number of large sugar plantations, and it raises the best cattle of the West Indies.

"The chief harbor is that of Isabella Segunda, although there is a port on the south which gives a better landing place. The harbor here is surrounded by hills, and it is unsafe at the time of the northerly winds. As it was, our little steamer had to anchor far out from shore, and I climbed down a rope ladder into a boat which carried me to the wharf. It was a ride of perhaps two miles, and the landing at the little pier which runs out into the ocean was by no means easy.

"Isabella Segunda nestles among the hills right on the beach. At one side of it there is a lilac colored lighthouse, and on the hill back of the town is a moss-grown fort, built by the Spaniards, which



INTERIOR OF SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

Like everything else, the method of slaughtering cattle in Spanish towns is peculiar. The jugular vein of the animal is cut, when a couple of natives jump on the beast and press the blood out, after which the carcass is hung up. The meat is cut with the muscles, not across them, as with us, which adds to its natural toughness.

by immense deposits of a very fine quality of iron ore." The latter was the principal inducement for the Americans to make the purchase, and their enterprise will no doubt be amply rewarded.

One of the most important of the numerous small islands in the West Indian archipelago is Vieques, sometimes called Crab Island, lying immediately east of Porto Rico. It is about twenty miles long by five in width in its widest part, and embraces an area of less than forty-five square miles. Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the distinguished correspondent, visited this island during the summer of 1899, and his published description of his trip contains some highly interesting information.

"It took us little more than an hour to come from Porto Rico into the harbor of Isabella Segunda," says Mr. Carpenter. "This is on the north coast of the island, about midway between its two ends. Vieques consists of a mountain ridge about twenty-one miles long

and is now a barracks for our soldiers. The town has about 1,000 population. It is made up of square one-story cottages, with galvanized iron roofs. The houses are built along wide, unpaved streets, which cross one another at right angles. The streets are shaded beautifully by great trees. Many of the homes have pretty gardens about them. There are benches on the sides of the front doors, and, altogether, everything looks thrifty and clean. In the center of the town there is a plaza, with a public cistern for the poor.

"The people of Vieques number, all told, about 6,000. They are not like the Porto Ricans. The island during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries belonged to the English and French, and, although for the past 100 years it has been under Spanish rule, it still has English and French among its people. It has many negroes, who speak English, most of whom have come from the island of St. Thomas to labor on the plantations. The richest of the planters are



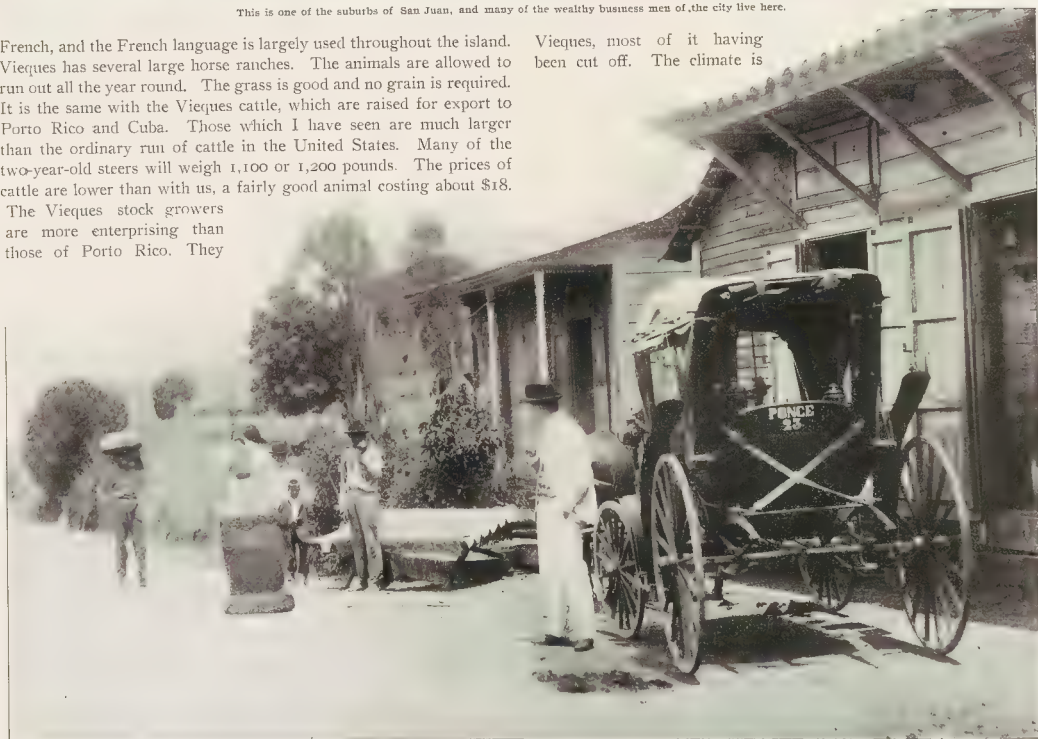
RIO PIEDRAS, PORTO RICO.

This is one of the suburbs of San Juan, and many of the wealthy business men of the city live here.

French, and the French language is largely used throughout the island. Vieques has several large horse ranches. The animals are allowed to run out all the year round. The grass is good and no grain is required. It is the same with the Vieques cattle, which are raised for export to Porto Rico and Cuba. Those which I have seen are much larger than the ordinary run of cattle in the United States. Many of the two-year-old steers will weigh 1,100 or 1,200 pounds. The prices of cattle are lower than with us, a fairly good animal costing about \$18.

The Vieques stock growers are more enterprising than those of Porto Rico. They

Vieques, most of it having been cut off. The climate is



COFFEE PLANTER'S HOME NEAR GUAYANABO, ON THE MILITARY ROAD SOUTH OF SAN JUAN.

said to be excellent. There is no sickness whatever, and such epidemics as attack Porto Rico do not seem to come here."

The island of Vieques is sixty-four miles distant from San Juan, and is reached by a small steamer, which sails from the latter place once a week. On the way down the boat passes a number of other small islands belonging to the United States, some of which are also described by Mr. Carpenter.

"We began to pass islands which belong to Uncle Sam as soon as we left San Juan. We sailed by several on our way out of the harbor, and then turned to the east and steamed for hours along the north coast of Porto Rico, just outside a reef of low coral islets, upon which the blue waves dashed themselves, casting up a line of white foam. Behind this snowy fringe we could see the blue mountains rising in a rolling line of beauty which was now and then lost in the

now, because it has been chosen as a home for the leper population of Porto Rico.

"There are a number of lepers scattered throughout the country, and Uncle Sam is doing all he can to gather them together and isolate them. The lepers are very secretive, and it is difficult to find out just who they are. The poor herd together to such an extent that the danger of contamination is great, and so the Government has chosen this island as the exclusive home of the lepers.

"As we passed the Culebra group I could see the island which has been chosen. It is known as 'Louis Pena.' It rises about 400 feet above sea level, contains 400 acres, is covered with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. About one-half of it can be cultivated, and there are now cattle and goats upon it. It will raise all kinds of vegetables, and the tropical fruits peculiar to Porto Rico. There are plenty of



THE BREAD MARKET AT SAN JUAN.

The bread is made in very large loaves, as shown in the photograph, and sold for about two cents per loaf.

clouds. We saw more clouds as we proceeded. They hung about the islands, wrapping the mountains with their nebulous humidity. This region is very moist, and clouds are one of the peculiar features of all Porto Rican scenery. They are full of rain, which now and then drops down in a needle-like spray, and at times full of sheets and streams. There are clouds everywhere. They hang so close to the mountains as to make you think that you could, by climbing the hills, turn on the spigots of the heavens and have shower baths to order.

"We saw islands in front of us shortly after we left the capital, and after steaming for several hours we passed Cape San Juan at the northeastern end of Porto Rico proper, and had the Culebra Islands almost directly in front of us. The Culebra Islands are quite large. Some contain hundreds of acres of rolling land rising like mountains out of the sea. One of them is of especial interest just

fish in the waters about it. Its woods contain parrots and also game birds much like our American pheasants. There are also turtles and shell fish in the waters about the coast, and it is believed that the leper colonies will be largely self-supporting. The Government expects to build a hospital on the island. It will give the lepers houses and will supply them with seeds and farming tools, and will stimulate them in every way to form a society of their own.

"Sailing by this island, our little steamer skirted the Island of Palominos, steaming southward toward Vieques. A far off in front of the ship we could see Vieques, a hazy blue line of low mountains floating, as it were, upon the sea, apparently about twenty or thirty miles away. We did not go direct, but first entered the harbor of the town of Fajardo, on the northeastern coast of Porto Rico, and then made our way south to the harbor of Humacao. We were so close to



PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF BAYAMON.

the mainland that we could see the sugar plantations which line the shores. They were great squares of light green shining out of the brown fields about them. Back of the green rose the navy blue mountains of the Porto Rican backbone, with the peak El Yunque, the highest mountain of the island, towering above them. At the port for Humacao we came to anchor in a bay sur-

rounded by coconut trees. Here we landed a hogshhead of ice for some of our army officials, who are stationed



OLD CATHEDRAL AT BAYAMON.

This is one of the oldest buildings on the island, the exact date of its erection being unknown. The interior is magnificently furnished, and contains a number of valuable paintings.

about six miles back from the coast, and then turned and steamed eastward toward Vieques."

About forty-two statute miles to the westward of Porto Rico lie Mona and Monito Islands. The former, between 500 and 600 feet high, has an area of but fourteen square miles and is uninhabited. It is frequented by fishermen and is a great resort for turtles. This island is of volcanic origin, and formerly contained large deposits of phosphates, which were mined and shipped to foreign markets. The island has not been fully surveyed, and it is probable that other similar deposits exist there, to reward some future discoverer. The shores rise in immense white cliffs, presenting a grandly picturesque view to passing vessels. Only a small portion of the island is wooded, but most of its area is rich grazing land. Mona lies immediately west of the city of Mayaguez, and is easily reached in small boats from that place. Monito, a little to the northward of Mona, and

lime and the other similar to our South Carolina rock phosphate. They have been enriched for centuries by the manure of millions of birds and bats that find homes in the caverns.

The remainder of the 1,300 small islands adjacent to Cuba and Porto Rico are unimportant, but their rich soil and salubrious climate will doubtless lead to their occupation at some future time. Both Cuba and Porto Rico are capable of sustaining as dense a population as England or Belgium, and when that point is reached the former alone will contain 25,000,000 of people, equal to one-third of the present population of the United States. During the progress of this marvelous development, which has already commenced, there will be opportunities for American enterprise and the profitable investment of capital greater than were ever known in the whole previous history of our country. At the same time it must be admitted that these advantages cannot be enjoyed by the masses of the people to the same degree that characterized the settlement of territories that were contiguous to the older States, because the islands are not so accessible. The citizen seeking a home or an investment in these new possessions cannot take his rifle, or his ox-wagon and his "yellow dog," and depending upon the wild game for sustenance, journey into the wilderness to



BRIDGE OVER THE BAYAMON RIVER, NEAR BAYAMON, PORTO RICO.

possessing the same general characteristics, is so small that only maps of the larger scale show its location.

Lying about four miles south of Ponce and visible from the harbor of that city, there is a little island called Caja de Muertos, "Chest of the Dead," whose gruesome history adds materially to its interest. In former times it was used as a hospital for persons afflicted with incurable diseases, who were sent there to die. A trip to the "Dead Man's Chest" was accordingly the next thing to a journey across the River Styx. The island is only about a mile long by one-half that distance in width, and so insignificant that none of the ordinary maps deign to give it a location. Its shores rise abruptly from the sea and its diminutive surface is covered with fine grazing land. But the beds of phosphates, which are found in caves and in the soil back from the seashore, constitute its principal treasures. It is claimed that more than 100,000 tons of valuable phosphates exist in a single cave in this island. There are two varieties, one of pure

clear a field and build a cabin for his wife and children. He must have the means to pay the cost of an ocean voyage, more or less expensive according to the location of his objective point, and still have enough left on his arrival to purchase a title from some previous owner. For it must not be forgotten that the islands are already owned and occupied by a population in many instances more dense than our own, and neither humanity nor good policy will permit the dispossession of these people. Still, in every one of the principal islands there are vast tracts of unoccupied lands as fertile as the sun ever shone upon, and these may be purchased, now before the era of general improvement sets in, for a mere song in comparison to their real value. The occupancy of these lands by a thriving and industrious population, and the development of their boundless mineral, timber, agricultural, and other natural resources that exist in absolute prodigality, will benefit not only the newcomers, but the present inhabitants as well. The proper government of the islands,



THE BAYAMON RIVER NEAR GUANABO, PORTO RICO.

now and in the future, is a problem that requires the exercise not alone of profound statesmanship, but also of a kindly spirit and the best instincts of civilized humanity. And it is pleasing to note that, with some unhappy exceptions, this is the policy that generally prevails.

In Porto Rico the civil administration is entirely in the hands of boards of health, charities, education, public works, etc., in all of which the natives have representation. The customs are collected by army officers, assisted by natives, and the rule is everywhere to give the natives the preference in all kinds of employment. They are willing to work and eager to learn.

It was a part of the Spanish policy to keep the people in ignorance. When the Americans came there was not a public school house on the island of Porto Rico. A year later there were upwards of 700, and more than 30,000 children were enrolled in these and other semi-public schools, while it was estimated that fully 250,000 were eager to attend, but could not do so on account of poverty. There were a few parochial schools under the Spanish administration, but these had no books. They had nothing but



COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE MILITARY ROAD SOUTH OF SAN JUAN.

blackboards, and such information as they disseminated was imparted by object teaching. The teacher would talk while the children played, or went to sleep, and sometimes the children went to sleep, also. Similar conditions existed in all the other islands. The task that lies before the American people is one that will tax their energies and good will to the utmost. A mass of human mind lies dormant in these beautiful islands, waiting for the light of intelligence to lift it into a new existence. The census statistics show that 85 to 90 per cent of the people can neither read nor write. The intelligent American, to whom the school house is as familiar as his own domicile, can neither understand nor appreciate such conditions. The finest pictures that art can paint may represent the inhabitants correctly in their outward appearance and their humble homes, but they cannot reveal the density of ignorance that prevails among the masses, and by no fault of their own.

seem to come of their own accord and to shift for themselves. The mildness of the climate, as well as the usages of juvenile society, render clothing unnecessary, while food grows spontaneously on every shrub and tree.

Catholicism was the state religion under the Spanish administration, and every village and town has its church or cathedral, many of the latter being richly furnished with fine paintings and costly altars; but a majority of the churches are bare and seatless. There was only one Protestant church in Porto Rico at the time of the American occupation—the Protestant Episcopal church at Ponce. Another small Protestant congregation existed at Isabella Segunda on the island of Vieques.

In Porto Rico, as in Cuba, there are no social distinctions on account of color. The people do not know what the color line means. In a population of a little over 800,000, there are 70,000 negroes and 250,000 mulattoes. These conditions within themselves show the absence of all prejudice on account of color. But the African race is declining, and will eventually either disappear or be amalgamated with the white race. Whether this will produce a higher or a lower type of humanity is a question for the sociologists to settle.

Conditions with regard to population in Porto Rico are very different from those already described in Cuba. The latter has been engaged in an almost ceaseless struggle for liberty extending over a period of nearly a century, and ending in the brutal destruction of more than half her population under the orders of the inhuman Weyler. Porto Rico, on the other hand, has been at peace during all this time, and the population has increased almost to the limit of the island's capacity. Practically every foot of land is under cultivation.



CONVENT IN SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

This convent is more than two hundred years old, and is regarded as one of the best schools on the island. The brightest pupils from the other schools are selected and sent here.

Crime, however, is not excessive. In fact there are certain kinds of lawlessness which, like the barnacles of the deep, seem to adhere to and grow upon the body of increasing intelligence. An ignorant population, so environed as not to be under the necessity of struggling for an existence, is rarely vicious. The Porto Ricans are polite, sociable, kind-hearted and patient. Their disposition inclines them to be just to all men, and they are not easily driven to violence. While the statistics of births show that 48 per cent are illegitimate, this fact is attributed to the excessive expenses which the church has thrown around the marriage ceremony, rather than to a criminal disposition. The people are poor and unambitious; their social relations are not exacting, and being unable to meet the expenses of the wedding ceremony, they love and mate like the birds, and are said to be singularly true and devoted in their domestic relations. Children are neither a burden nor an expense to their parents. They

and while in Cuba millions of acres can be purchased at the price of public lands in the United States, in Porto Rico the average price of good land ranges from \$100 to \$200 per acre. Even on the tops of the mountains, where a goat has to hold on with his teeth to keep from falling, the land is worked. Strangely enough, the frightfully heavy rains during the rainy season do not seem to wash the soil or impair its fertility. The natives do not try to plow it, but dig it up with a hoe and get wonderful crops from it. This fertility will be greatly increased by improved machinery and modern methods of cultivation, which in turn will enlarge the capacity to support a still denser population. But the conditions do not offer flattering opportunities to the small capitalist or the enterprising citizen whose only capital consists of the usual American pluck and good health.

According to well-authenticated traditions the mountains of Porto Rico are rich with gold. Many of the well-to-do natives wear

OUR ISLANDS AND THEIR PEOPLE.



ornaments made of this metal in its virgin state, picked up in nuggets from the beds of mountain streams. But no gold mining has been carried on in the island for years, owing to a decree of the Spanish Government, which

Since the American occupation our troops have occasionally been called into service to aid the "guardia civil" in the suppression of bandits, who formerly infested some of the mountain districts. The officer commanding one of these excursions furnishes us the following description of a night spent by him and his men in the mountains of Porto Rico:

"A rare provision of Nature in countries bordering on the equator is that, no matter how blistering hot the day may have been, the nights are, as a rule, cool enough to require for sleeping covering of some kind. Here was a chance to dry our clothes, and every one took advantage of the opportunity. What a strange, unearthly sight it was, and what an odd situation for American troops to be placed in. Many of them nearly nude, or only half clad, and

dancing about from blaze to blaze like so many ghostly forms; flitting back and forth beneath the massive trees; lifting a coat here, rearranging trousers or underwear there; and added to it all the homesick braying of the pack mules, who could not understand their weird surroundings in this wild country! American troops are used to strange situations, and are generally equal to any emergency that may arise; but this camp in the forest by the light of rosewood fires, the clouds of mosquitoes and the skipping about of half-naked forms, is one of the curious spectacles that no civilized man is prepared for."

The spirit of lawlessness had its origin in the petty tyranny and lack of capacity of the Spanish Government, and both disappeared simultaneously. Now one can

travel all over Porto Rico in perfect safety, and be received everywhere with generous hospitality by this kind-hearted and grateful people.

DESCENDANTS OF THE ABORIGINES.

These people are direct descendants of the original Indian inhabitants of Porto Rico, and although some of them have African blood in their veins, they are interesting as the last remnants of an extinct race.

forty years ago made it a capital offense to hunt for or mine the yellow metal. Though a man might know the exact location of a hunk of gold in his back yard, by digging it up he exposed himself to the rigors of Spanish criminal law. The Government reserved the island as a natural treasure house, from which it could draw supplies as need or occasion made this necessary or desirable



COFFEE PICKER'S HUT AND FAMILY AT GUANARO, PORTO RICO.





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SCENE NEAR SIBONEY, CUBA.

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THE JASMINES ON THE CAPE.

BY JOSÉ DE OLIVARÉS.

Chapter XV.

VIEWED from the decks of a blockader, six miles off shore, the tall stone tower rising from the bluff headland of Cape San Juan, appeared little more than a counterpart of the average lighthouse, to be seen the world over. True, the otherwise severe, unadorned aspect of the column-like structure was a trifle relieved by the narrow chaplet of green at its very apex; but so vague was this embellishment, at such a distance, that, even when viewed through a binocular, its nature was indeterminable.

Ordinarily, the feature would have awakened little interest on the part of the casual observer. But in time, as day after day the "New Orleans" rounded the sheer promontory in her lonely vigil along the coast of Porto Rico, not a few on board fell to wondering at that mysterious, verdant wreath on the brow of the sentinel tower.

Hence, when subsequent developments found me ashore in the city of San Juan, with a preponderance of time on my hands and the Cape Light but thirty miles distant, it was but natural that I should one day set out on a visit to the old landmark. Long before the first half of the trip had been accomplished, the lofty tower, silhouetted against the turquoise sky, came into view, and as the intervening distance gradually lessened, I began looking for the emerald nimbus about its summit.

At length but a thousand yards remained to be traversed; and now, without the aid of a glass, I stood regarding the colossal structure, towering gaunt and austere before me, but from foundation to turret stones not a vestige of color, apart from the dingy gray of its scarified walls, was visible.

Inwardly marveling at this seemingly illusive vagary, I rode up to the low, arched entrance at the base of the tower, on the threshold of which stood the Spanish *ferolero*, or light keeper. A simple but affable welcome in his native tongue greeted my approach, and as I acknowledged his courtesies in the same language, the pleased expression on his sallow countenance was ill-concealed.

"I had almost mistaken you for a foreigner, señor," was his effusive comment. "You understand," he explained, apologetically, "there are so many strangers on the island now-a-days, and some of them visit me almost daily."

"And are you pleased at their coming?" I inquired.

"A *ferolero's* life is a lonely one, señor," was the reply, "therefore, his visitors are a welcome diversion. But, ah, señor! the questions that are asked would fill many volumes, and," significantly, "some of them are not a little embarrassing."

"Alas, then, *amigo mio!*" I rejoined, in assimilated despair, "if



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, ROSARIO RIVER, PORTO RICO

These falls are located near the town of Maricao, in the province of Mayaguez. The scene is entrancingly beautiful. The island of Porto Rico is a wonderful scenic region, and as this fact becomes better known, tourists will be attracted there by the thousands, instead of to the less inviting fields of foreign countries.

you are averse to questions, then my journey here from San Juan was ill-conceived. Indeed, even as you vouchsafed your sentiments, a query concerning this very lighthouse had arisen to my lips."

"In which case," responded the keeper, with ceremonious reassurance, "the señor will hesitate no longer, but make known

his inquiry immediately, knowing that his servant, the *ferolero*, will gladly inform him to the utmost extent of his humble knowledge."

In the presence of such extreme urbanity, I half regretted that the information I was about to desire was not of more pronounced importance. However, I remembered that the average scion of Castile is nothing if not ceremonious, even in matters of the most minor significance. Wherefore I observed—

"It's nothing of much consequence, patron—merely a matter of idle curiosity. I chanced to be rounding this cape, some distance out at sea, about a month since"— "A month since!" interrupted the keeper, in surprise. "Why, señor, that was before the protocol took effect, and while the Yankee warships were still cruising

off our coast. Ah, I understand!" he suddenly exclaimed, archly contracting the lids of one eye while he regarded



MODERN DOMESTIC SCENE ON THE OLD ENGLISH BATTLEFIELD NEAR SAN JUAN.



VUE IN CAGUAS, PROVINCE OF GUAYAMA, PORTO RICO.



This is an important town on the Military Road south of San Juan. The citizens are very proud of their cathedral, which is one of the most imposing in the interior towns of the island. The plaza is well kept and serves as a playground for the children, as well as a general resort for the inhabitants.

me significantly out of the other, "a blockade runner, doubtless!"

I affected not to notice his half scrutinizing comment, and, sticking close to my subject, resumed—

"While passing this point a month ago, my attention was attracted by a certain feature in connection with your light-tower, which detail I now observe has quite disappeared."

"And that was?"

"The slender circle of green about its topmost parapet."

As I uttered the words, a look of sadness came into the face of the light keeper, and, without speaking, he quietly took the halter strap from my hand, and, leading my horse to one side, hitched him to a staple in the outer wall. Then, returning to where I stood, he said, simply, "Come with me, señor."

I followed him through the deep-cased doorway and up a narrow spiral stairway within. It seemed an almost endless climb. The higher we arose the smaller grew the circumference



NATIVE GROCERY STORES IN BAYAMON, PORTO RICO.

A large proportion of the transportation of food and products in the mountainous regions of Porto Rico is done with pack animals, hardy little ponies like those represented in the photograph. They are nimble and surefooted, and easily make their way where no wheeled vehicle would venture.



ON THE BANKS OF THE BAYAMON RIVER, PORTO RICO

of the tower, in consequence of which the winding of the stairs became steadily more tortuous. Finally, however, the dizzying flight terminated and I found myself inside the light-turret. This feature of the tower was of a most antique order, consisting of a massive superstructure of masonry, supported by a stone colonnade with glass windows set between.

In the center of this enclosure was the great lamp, the penetrating beams of which I had so often discerned leagues out at sea.

The ascent, however, was not yet entirely accomplished, and after a momentary pause my guide led the way up a second flight of stairs which arose obliquely to a scuttle overhead, from which we stepped out upon the flat, tiled roof. Leaning against the weather-stained rampart which arose waist-high about the outer edge of the small circular area, the light-keeper crossed his arms over his meager chest and said—

"Señor, it was here that you beheld, from your passing ship, the cluster of green to which you have referred. It was a garden

center of the roof was a smaller circle of the same beautiful shrubs, for no other flowers were so dear to the heart of the little Dolores—the child who passed so much of her time amidst them.

"Their delicate foliage mingled overhead in a miniature arbor, and hither each day the child would climb, to spend her leisure hours. The idea of a garden here, together with its arrangement, was entirely her own, though, to be sure, I carried the heaviest jars and the larger of the shrubs up the long stairs for her.

"She was a frail, sweet child, señor—frail and sweet as the white, clustering flowers that bloomed about her; but notwithstanding her health, which had always been delicate, nothing ever marred the sunshine of her life, until the warships came.

"She could never understand why there should be war. To her pure, guileless mind there could be no reason why the relationship between all mankind should not be the same as between herself and her flowers. Hence, friend and foe shared alike in her sympathies.



FALLS OF RIO LOCO, CACIQUE RIVER, PORTO RICO.

Located near Citaúdo, in the province of Arecibo, and known locally as "Carriz Falls" on account of their erratic character. Porto Rico doubtless possesses a larger number of beautiful waterfalls and other attractive scenic features than any other region of similar size in the world.

plot, señor—the ethereal bower of an equally ethereal child—my child, señor."

"A garden—a child's garden at such a height!" I exclaimed, marveling at the uniqueness of the idea. "And where"—but something in the faraway look in the light-keeper's eyes arrested my question, and I paused in respectful forbearance.

My hesitancy seemingly aroused the Spaniard from his momentary abstraction, for, with an impulsive gesture, indicative of self-reproach, he turned to me and exclaimed—

"Your pardon, señor, for my absence of mind! But this spot is so different now, to what it was when you viewed it before from a distance. Then, the inner side of this parapet was completely hidden with potted flowers, while from a circle of jardineres around the top arose a dense hedge of cape jasmynes. These, señor, were what you saw above the summit of the tower. In the

"With myself it was different. As a servant of the Spanish crown, I endeavored to aid its cause in every possible manner. By prearranged signals with the light in the tower, I kept the troops on the island fully advised concerning the movements of the warships off the cape.

"It was not long, however, before the Americans became aware of these tactics, and one night, while I was engaged in flashing a message, a report like a great clap of thunder sounded to seaward, and something went shrieking past the turret in which I stood. The next instant there was a terrific explosion in the hills close by, and I knew the warships had fired a shell at the light-tower.

"At this, I immediately extinguished the lamp and descended from the turret. Then, fearing the place would be attacked as soon as it became light, I took the child and our one servant and left

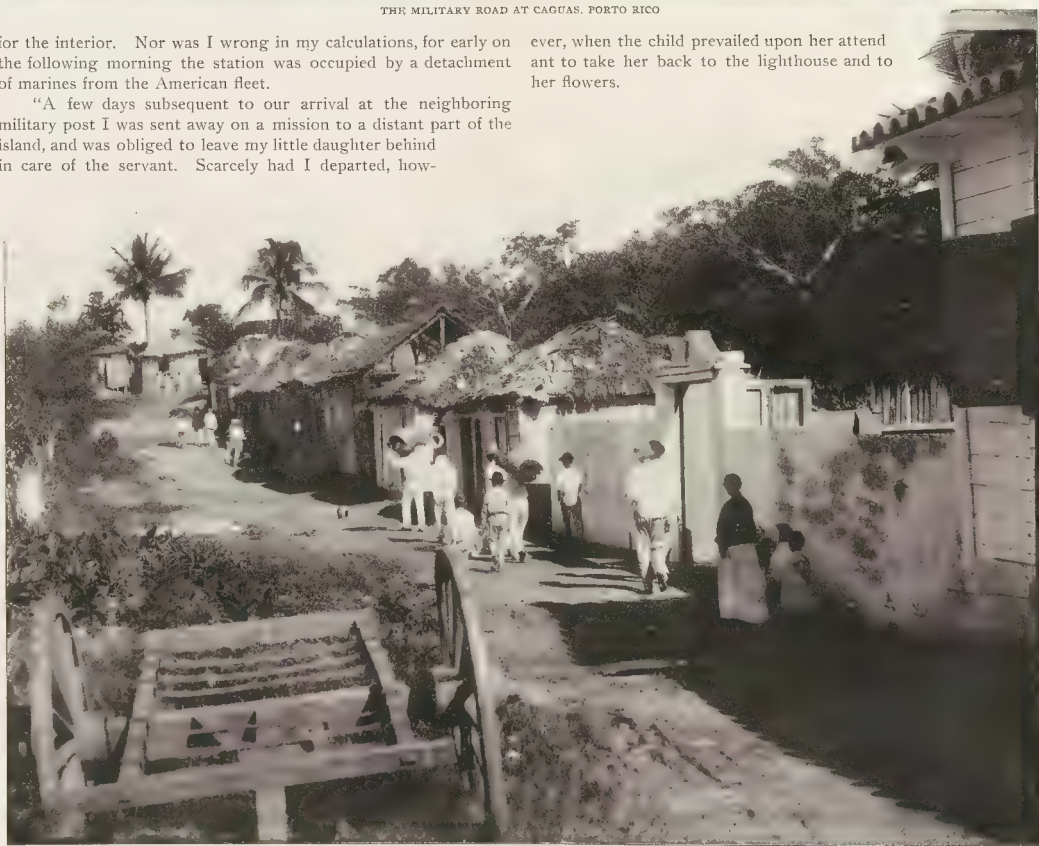


THE MILITARY ROAD AT CAGUAS, PORTO RICO

for the interior. Nor was I wrong in my calculations, for early on the following morning the station was occupied by a detachment of marines from the American fleet.

"A few days subsequent to our arrival at the neighboring military post I was sent away on a mission to a distant part of the island, and was obliged to leave my little daughter behind in care of the servant. Scarcely had I departed, how-

ever, when the child prevailed upon her attendant to take her back to the lighthouse and to her flowers.



TRANSPORTING TOBACCO FROM THE PLANTATIONS TO THE WAREHOUSES.

This photograph shows a scene in the village of Caguas, Porto Rico. The tobacco is put up in small, tight rolls weighing about 150 pounds each, and carried from the plantations to the warehouses on the backs of the natives. This tobacco is not so good as that grown further inland, on the mountain slopes.

"Upon arriving here they found the place abandoned, and the child immediately climbed to the top of the tower, where, to her joy, she found her garden uninjured.

"It soon transpired that the Americans had only temporarily withdrawn from the station, for that same night, shortly after little Dolores and the servant had retired, they were aroused by a tramping of feet in the adjoining room. At the noise the servant, overcome with dread, arose and shrank terrified into a corner; but the child, fearing no danger, hurriedly dressed herself, and, taking a lighted candle, opened the door.

"Señor, it would require more than an average man's courage to thus step forth into the very midst of an invisible peril. Hence, only the implicitness of her faith in all things, human and spiritual alike, can explain the child's action.

"As she paused with uplifted candle on the threshold of the outer room, she found herself in the presence of a group of Amer-

sought to alleviate his sufferings. All through the hours that followed, and until he could be removed to his ship, she remained at his side, ministering to him as best she could.

"Poor child—for her it was a sad awakening to the cruel realities of life. Two days later they bore the sailor lad back to the shore and laid him beneath the sod, on the hillside overlooking the sea. And when his comrades had gone, the child, who had stood in nervous wonderment, likewise turned away, and, climbing to the top of the light tower, gathered her apron full of white jasmine blooms, and, returning, strewed them over the fresh-turned mold.

"Day after day she performed this gentle tribute, and when at length there remained no flowers to gather, she bade the servant assist, and brought her cherished plants, one by one, down the long, winding stairs, and grouped them about the spot.

"It was while thus engaged that I found her, the signing of the protocol having made it possible for me to return.



AN OLD SUGAR MILL ON THE CACAO RIVER, PORTO RICO.

This is an ancient structure, Latin, back a century or more, the propelling power being an immense water-wheel with connecting machinery of the most primitive character. The mill and its surrounding scenery, with the quaintly attired and genial inhabitants, form a picture that would inspire the brush of the most talented artist.

ican seamen, commanded by a mere youth—a midshipman*, I think they called him. The members of the party were in the act of removing their side-arms when the child appeared, and, before they could manifest their surprise, there was a deafening crash, and their youthful leader sank prone on the lighthouse floor.

"Near by on the marble tiling lay a smoking revolver, which had been dropped from a broken holster, thus causing the accident.

"Until that moment little Dolores had never witnessed violence in any form, much less mortal injury, and the noise of the explosion, together with the sight of the stricken youth, was a severe shock to her childish sensibility.

"But even over this, señor, the child's beautiful nature prevailed, and, sinking on her knees beside the wounded lad, she

"I never realized until then, señor, the startling change that was fast coming over my child. Frail as she had been before, she was now but a shadow of her former self, and at the knowledge a profound apprehension came over me.

"It was but a fortnight hence when the final shadow fell. A dispatch boat had just anchored off the cape and a party of men had been landed on the shore. I was standing beside little Dolores as she sat among her pillows—she was too weak to walk now—outside the door of the light-tower. We watched the men as they left the beach and slowly climbed the hill. Finally, they paused among the jasmynes about the sailor's grave and, bending down, two of their number began tossing the beautiful plants carelessly to one side.

* Naval Cadet W. H. Boardman, mortally wounded in the manner described, at Cape San Juan, 1895.



TOBACCO FARM AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY NEAR RIO PIEDRAS, PORTO RICO.

"As they did so a faint cry fell from the lips of little Dolores, and as I anxiously bent over her she raised her eyes for an instant appealingly to mine; then the tired lids

drooped and she sank quietly back among the pillows.

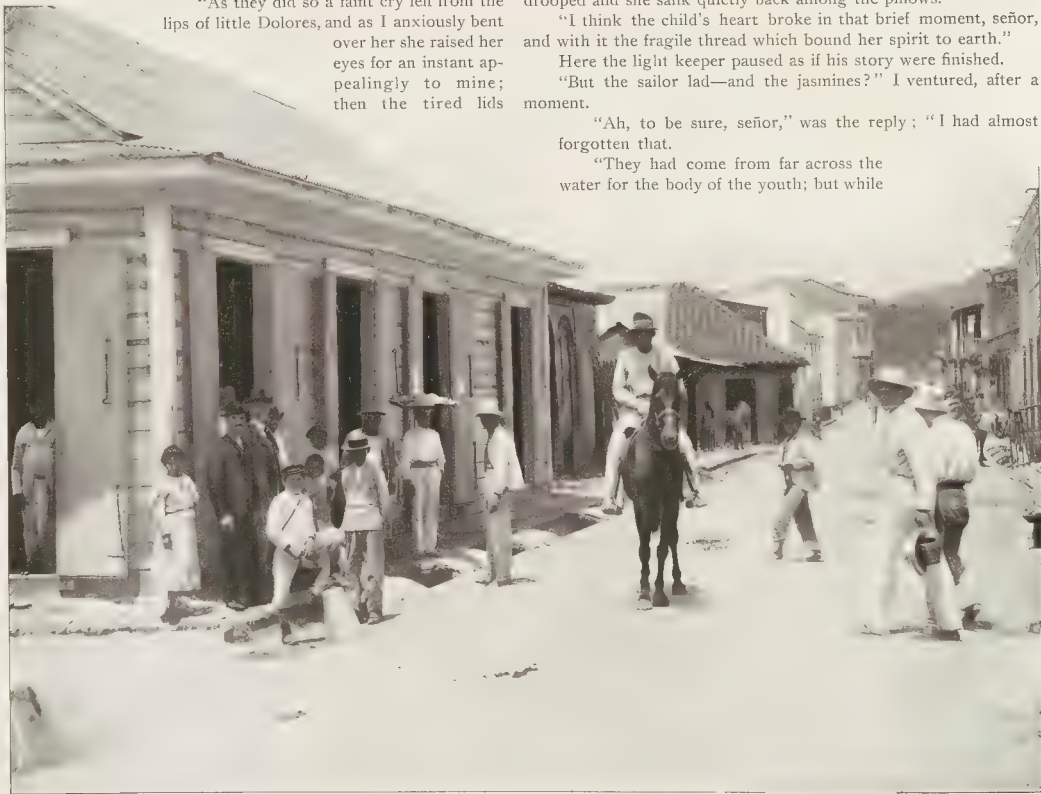
"I think the child's heart broke in that brief moment, señor, and with it the fragile thread which bound her spirit to earth."

Here the light keeper paused as if his story were finished.

"But the sailor lad—and the jasmynes?" I ventured, after a moment.

"Ah, to be sure, señor," was the reply; "I had almost forgotten that.

"They had come from far across the water for the body of the youth; but while



CIGAR FACTORY AT CAYEY, PORTO RICO.

The tobacco grown in this region is noted for its superior flavor, and the cigars made by the factory shown in the photograph are celebrated in the Porto Rican markets.

returning to the ship the boat capsized among the reefs and the metal casket sank beyond recovery.

"We laid the child to sleep on the hillside, close by where the sailor boy had lain, and above her grouped the jasmines she loved so well. If you will come to the edge of the tower, señor, you may see them growing there."

I stepped to the side of the low parapet and followed the direction indicated by a gesture of the light keeper's hand. Yes, there among the rocks on the bleak headland beneath, was that same cluster of green I had so often viewed before, with here and there a blending of snow white blossoms. Then, for an instant, my gaze wandered to the white-crested waves where they rose and fell among the coral reefs beyond—an instant only, but when I again sought for the jasmines on the cape, a mist that was not of the sea shrouded them from view.

Spanish. They are honorable, honest, and, in the Spanish way, God-fearing. Their home feeling is especially strong, and family ties seem to be regarded with a sacredness unknown among the colder-blooded races. The people are neither dull nor stupid. The children are especially bright. Suddenly the current of history has separated them from Spain, one of the most illiberal and tyrannical of governments, and has joined them to the United States for the future, which we believe is leading mankind forward along the most liberal lines known among men. Some of the islanders cannot see in this any gain, either for piety, liberty or the characteristics of civilization. They will go to Spain or obstruct any change, but the most of the educated class see their opportunity. Their eyes are not behind their heads. They look to the future, and, with different degrees of alertness, are ready to go forward.



VIEW IN RIO PIEDRAS, PORTO RICO.

This view shows the Military Road in its passage through the village. Rio Piedras is a suburb of San Juan, and a noted resort. The inhabitants are primitive, hospitable and polite to such an extent that it is a pleasure to be among them.

VARIETY OF RACES IN PORTO RICO, AND CONDITIONS OF THE POOR.

There are several distinct types, or races, in the island. First is the Castilian, the land-holding, dominating and wealthy class. Every man and woman of them is as proud as Lucifer and vain of their Spanish blood. All, or practically all, however, are native-born, and no distinction can be made between the Spaniard by ancestry, but Porto Rican by birth, and the Spanish office-holder or speculator who came to the island but to make money, and hopes to return to the soil of old Castile when his pockets shall have been lined. Between the two classes of Spanish there is but little real sympathy, and that founded on a common origin.

Then there are the peons, white or light mulatto in color, and showing their African origin more or less plainly. Third, comes the pure-blooded African, black as the ace of spades, and ordinarily of magnificent physique. Few of these people are to be seen, though there is a colony at one end of the island. Among the higher classes, the people are refined and cultivated, able to talk on the topics of the day, as such topics are understood by the

The Spanish language is the special obstruction to all that is to come from America. English must be acquired as the medium for all that the new conditions are to accomplish. Reason and conscience will become active in the movement, while it will not leave out of consideration the lower motives, such as selfishness and fear. The time has not passed when "fear is the beginning of wisdom." The child will easily learn language, but affairs can not wait for five years, an elementary school generation; adult minds must act. The initiative of education must be adapted to all ages.

The system of education instituted by the American authorities embraces the following features: (1) The establishment of an American library to receive documentary publications published by the Nation, by the States and cities, and all officers and publishers are invited to contribute of their books and magazines. It is to be administered under the superintendent of education, and after the plan of the New York State Library, making loans to different cities to benefit all the people. (2) Elementary readers in English have already been ordered. The teacher in charge will see that the



VIEW ALONG THE NORTH COAST OF PORTO RICO

Showing coconut grove and general appearance of the beach and surf. Surrounding nearly the entire island there is first a strip of level land, which soon rises into hills, and as these approach the mountains they become broken and precipitous

regularly assigned work is done by the pupils, and an expert American teacher, speaking Spanish, will visit each school twice a week and see that this work is faithfully done, the English correctly written and pronounced. (3) Maps of the United States will be placed on the walls, together with pictures of men and marked events, and patriotic song books introduced. (4) All teachers now employed will learn English, and new teachers will be preferred who understand English, and examinations for teaching and for diplomas from the normal school and the collegiate institute will

include English. (5) Going to the United States by students for their education, and by teachers to improve their qualifications, is encouraged. For adults, in addition to the American library, the plans include public lectures on persons and events in

American history, with the use of the stereopticon, and the organization of night schools for instruction in English, for clerks and others in need of its daily use.

As a general rule, the Americans did not interfere with the municipal governments of the island, making but the few necessary changes to conform them to the American idea. These were fewer than would be supposed, as Porto Rico has been the least governed, and therefore the best governed, of the Spanish possessions. The educated people of the community were permitted to choose their own officers and elect them, as in this country. Incidentally, while it is admitted that the franchise must be extended to the peon class in time, the American officers are all in favor of an educational qualification. With this safeguard they do



ON THE MILITARY ROAD NEAR RIO PIEDRAS

not anticipate a jar with the native residents. All seem to be anxious to be free from Spain and under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

The majority of the peons are whites, although there are many mulattos, and not a few negroes. They have good faces and are naturally intelligent. They are very quiet and peaceable. They are kind to their families, and are, on the whole, good citizens. Americans who have employed them say that they are excellent workers, and that they are glad to do all they can to earn their money. They work from sunrise until sunset, and are as reliable as the average American workmen. Some trouble is had as to the numerous holidays and feast days which have been customary, but the most of the men will do their work irrespective of these, asking for Sunday only.

Nine-tenths of the people of Porto Rico are miserably poor. Their rude huts, scattered over the country, are meaner than the

Take, for instance, San Juan. We have here an average population of 400 to the acre, and I venture there are more than a thousand souls sleeping to-night on this acre where I am writing. San Juan is surrounded by walls, and by the count of our health officers, there are more than 16,000 people inside the walls. A large part of the 37,000 citizens are housed outside. The space inside comprises eighty acres, but considerably more than half of this is taken up in streets and plazas and the grounds of Morro Castle and San Cristobel. Another large part is devoted to stores and other buildings, so that the people are crowded into a very small section.

"They live, in fact, in quarters which are more like caves or catacombs than the homes of human beings. The town is made up of two-story houses built in blocks close to the streets, each house having a hall running through the center. The houses are of vast extent. The upper stories are the homes of the rich and well-to-do, who go through the common hall to reach them. The



CHURCH AND PLAZA AT RIO PIEDRAS, PORTO RICO.

The tents are occupied by hucksters and small dealers in fruits and "dulces" or sweets. All tropical peoples are fond of confections, which are sold in various forms on the streets, in the parks and all places of public resort, as well as in the shops and stores, to a much larger extent than with us.

mud hovels of Egypt, and the rooms which form their tenements in the towns are more thickly crowded than the slums of the cities of China. All the property of the island is owned by a few families. It is estimated that at least 700,000 of the 890,000 population live from hand-to-mouth, never knowing one day what they are going to have the next. One writer asserts that during a large part of the year half a million of the people go to bed hungry every night. These conditions are due entirely to the evils of the Spanish system of government, which can only be dispensed with gradually. The island is marvelously fruitful, and capable of sustaining a population at least twice as dense as that now in existence.

Naturally, the conditions in the cities are worse than they are in the country, for in the woods and among the fields the people can manage to pick up enough to live on. Mr. F. G. Carpenter, the well-known correspondent, writes of these matters in the following interesting style: "We talk about hard times, but we really do not know what poverty is. Our fashionable girls who go about slumming should take a trip for their sympathy and their curiosity.

upper stories have large, airy and well-lighted apartments, and the well-to-do live very comfortably.

"The lower stories are made up of little dens, the homes of the poor. In them are scores of rooms from ten to twelve feet square, many of them without any light except from the door, and with no ventilation at night, except through holes cut out of the tops of the doors. In such rooms families of six, ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, live, sleeping upon the floors, or upon cot beds, which are taken outside during the daytime.

"In going along the streets of San Juan, you can look through the halls, and you see that every hall ends in a court at the back. About this court open numerous rooms, each of which is the home of a Porto Rican family. Most of the rooms are so small that the people do their cooking out in the court. It is in the court that they wash their clothes, and it also forms their lounging place. The inmates of these courts are as cleanly as could be expected in their crowded condition, and, considering everything, they are remarkably peaceable. Few of them have any furniture,



VIEW AT CAMUEY, ON THE NORTH COAST OF PORTO RICO

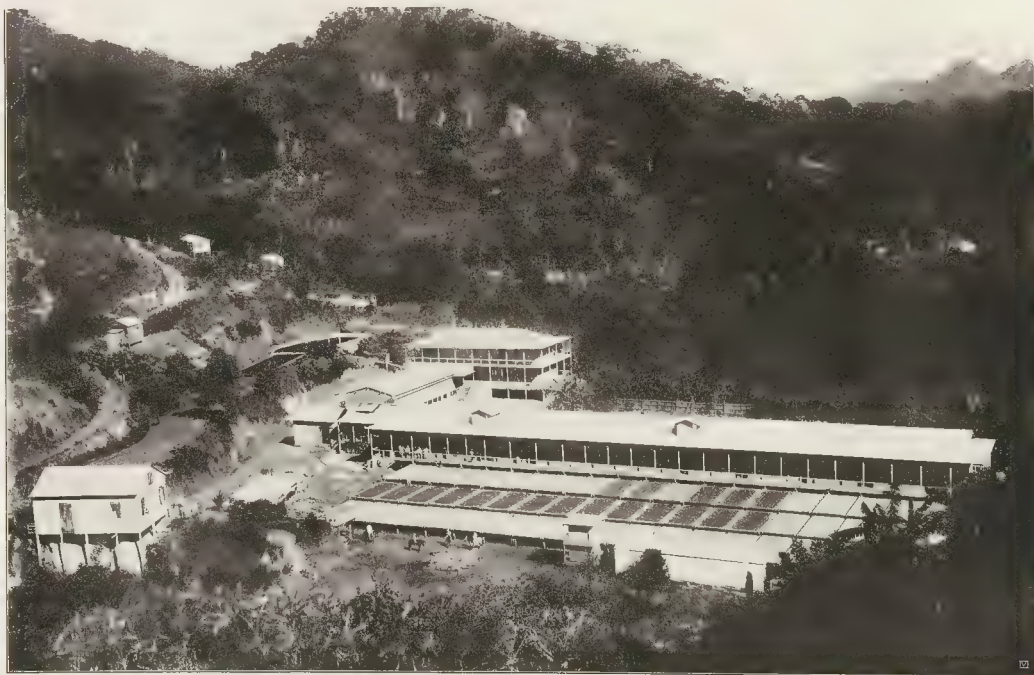
with the exception of, perhaps, a single table and chair. The cooking is done in little iron bowls filled with charcoal. The bowl is about as large as a good sized wash basin. It has a hole in the bottom for draft, and it is so small that only one thing can be cooked at a time. Each family has a cook stove of this kind, and in some of the courts, in the evening, a dozen little stoves will be going at once.

"The people who inhabit the courts live upon the work which they get in San Juan. Few of the men receive more than 30 cents a day, and many of the women who are servants get much less. When the Americans first came, many of the children in the

courts were naked, but the nudity is now confined to the babies. "The population of some of the courts is largely made up of beggars. They are filled with the lame, the halt and the blind.

"San Juan has more professional beggars than any town of its size in the United States. Indeed, beggars fare better here than they do with us. The well-to-do people of the island are very charitable, and those who have money will always give something to those who have not.

"This is especially so as to the blind. Blindness prevails very largely and it is considered an affliction of Providence. I have seen men borrow money to bestow it upon the blind, when out of



A PORTO RICAN COFFEE PLANTATION

The coffee trees grow in a comparatively wild state on the hills back of the planter's home and factory, and also among the banana bushes in the foreground. It is a Spanish custom to let the seed grow where it falls.

change at the time they were accosted. Some of the blindness is caused by the pollen of the sugar cane getting into the eyes while working, and I am told that the laborers on the plantations are especially liable to it. I have seen blind children in all parts of Porto Rico, and doubt not that it largely comes from insufficient food and hereditary diseases.

"In the cities of Porto Rico there is one day of the week when the beggars are expected to go about asking alms. This has always been the custom, and it is so well established that our Governor General has sanctioned it under American rule. The day is Saturday. On this day every merchant and business man expects a call from the beggars, and puts a pile of *centavos* (coins each worth six-tenths of a cent) on his counter or desk. The beggars come in one by one. They each take one coin, and no more, and then depart, blessing the giver."

The same writer, referring to the environments of the farm laborer, says: "The meanest negro of our Southern States is

way to market. Each man carries a bottle, holding it by a string tied to its neck. The usual bottle is a half-pint, and it is taken to bring back the man's supply of rum for the following week. A half-pint is not much, but this is all he wants, although rum is the national drink, and he takes some every morning before breakfast. Indeed, I have been surprised to see so little drunkenness here.

"I wish I could transport one of these Porto Rican huts to the United States. The house I should choose would be one of a common laborer on a rich sugar or coffee plantation. There are thousands like it all over Porto Rico. Here is how it looks. It is made of poles about as big around as your arm, and palm leaves as thick as the average book cover.

"The framework, including the bridge roof, is of poles, tied together. Then the palm leaves are laid on, and other poles, of about the thickness of a broomstick, are tied horizontally across the walls of the house, to keep the palm leaves together. The floor of the hut is of poles, so loosely put together that all the dirt drops



CHURCH AT RIO PIEDRAS, PORTO RICO.

Every village has its church or cathedral, all more or less pretentious in appearance, and some of them dating back into past centuries. Many contain valuable paintings and richly decorated altars, but they are usually unfurnished with seats, and the worshippers stand or kneel on the bare floors.

richer than a score of the farm laborers of Porto Rico. His cabin is worth a dozen Porto Rican shacks, and his monthly wages are equal to the earnings of many of these people for a year.

"The nominal wages of the laboring classes are 50 *centavos* a day, or 30 cents of our money. This is for first-class labor, and is the highest sum that has been paid.

"The average planter, however, does not pay his men in money. He pays them in tin disks the size of a nickel, which are only good at his little store on the plantation. Each of the disks is labeled with his initials. It represents a *centavo*, and can be spent nowhere else. Upon some of the plantations money is not paid at all. The people are given so many bananas for their day's work, and their steady work lasts only for about five or six months of the year.

"Sunday is the peon's market day. On this day you will see the country roads lined with men, women and children, on their

through the cracks. The roof is so poorly made that the rain drips through, and at night the cold breezes whistle through the walls.

"The hut has no windows. Its door of palm leaves can be lifted away during the daytime. It has absolutely no furniture. The family sleep on the floor. The cooking is done in a little lean-to at the back, upon a fire-bed of earth, the pot being raised upon stones above the coals.

"In this house, which I have described from notes made in the hut itself, there were eight children, three of them stark naked, and one of the three was five years old. It was deformed, and could only crawl over the floor in its nakedness. All the children were exceedingly lean, although their heads and eyes were good.

"As I looked about this hut, which belonged to the peon of a rich coffee planter, I asked its owner why he did not have a garden. He replied that the planter did not allow his laborers to have

gardens, for then they could raise what they wished to eat, and would not have to buy at his store.

"By inquiry, I found this was so almost everywhere. These people are surrounded by good land, but they dare not use it. Many of them may be working among the bananas all day, and at the close have to take the tin disks they receive in pay, and walk a mile, perhaps, to the stores, and buy the bananas which they use for their evening meals. The streams are full of fish, but they are not allowed to fish in them, because the waters belong to their masters. They will be arrested if they steal vegetables, and they dare not cut a stick without the consent of the men for whom they work."

The houses of the poor are wholly unfurnished. They sleep on mats or on the bare ground, and have neither tables nor chairs. In the huts of the middle classes, a few rude beds, and now and then a hammock, can be seen, but the dwelling places of the peons are as bare of furniture and the common conveniences and comforts of life as the stables in which an American farmer shelters his horses. They need no stoves or cooking utensils, because the mildness of the climate requires no artificial warmth, and bananas, eaten raw, constitute practically their only food. Not one man in a dozen has any meat to speak of, and the faces of the people are bloodless. They look anæmic, and are so. As it is the mortality is very great. The poor have so little strength, owing to insufficient and improper food, that when they grow sick they die. The prolific character of the race is all that keeps up the population. The babies fairly swarm. And such babies! After they have reached the banana-eating age, they get what is called the "banana stomach." They have to fill themselves so full, in order to contain enough to sustain life, that the average child has an abdomen which protrudes like that of a beer-drinking alderman. It is as tight as a drum, and his legs below it are so weak that they look like pipe-stems walking around with the great load above.

The population of Porto Rico is so dense that, in spite of the astonishing productiveness of the soil, if anything should occur to destroy or materially shorten the banana crop, it would produce a famine among the people. And here we have a contrast between primitive savagery and Spanish civilization.



MAYAGUEZ RIVER AND OLD TRENCH BRIDGE

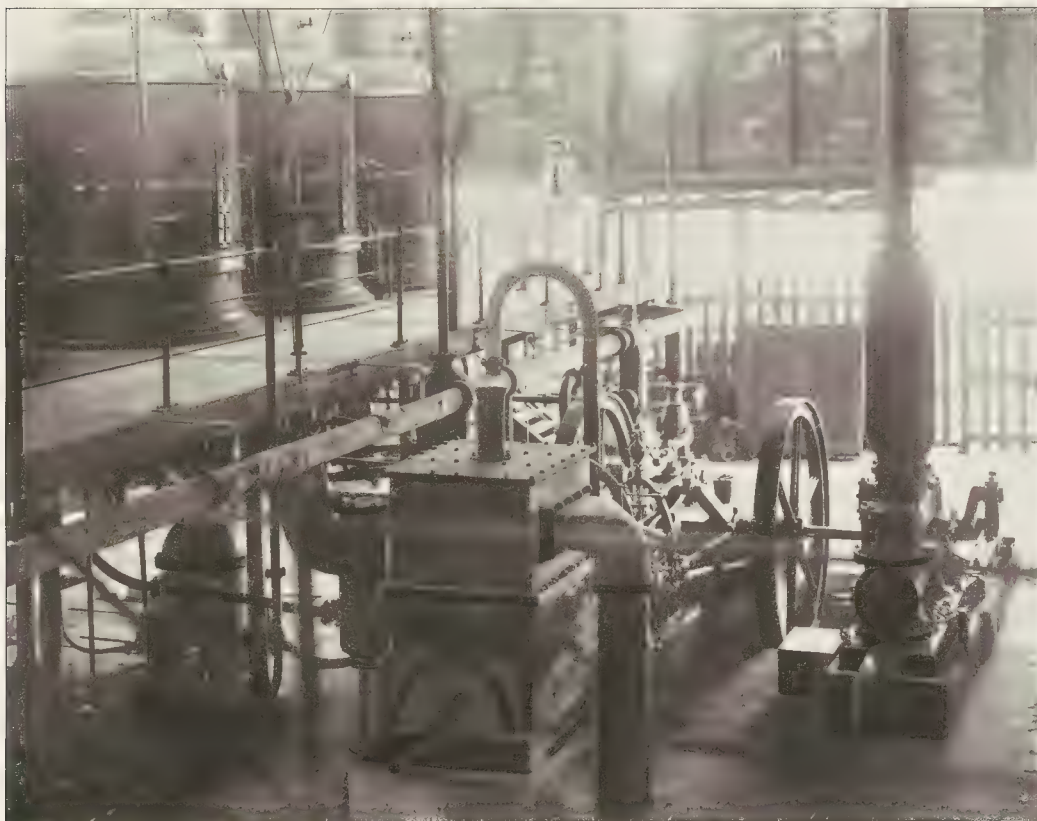


UNLOADING SUGAR CANE AT THE MILL

When Columbus discovered the island, the population was almost as dense as it is now, but the people lived in comfortable houses, had an abundance to eat, and were healthy and happy. They had as food a greater variety of fruits and vegetables than the island now affords, while the agouti and the armadillo furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of good meat. Their government, which answered every purpose of their primitive civilization, was of the patriarchal character and incurred no expense, so that the tax gatherer was an official unknown to them.

The Spaniards taxed everything. They levied an annual tax on every article of furniture that went into a house. An incident is related of a poor man who bought two chairs and a table for his home, and when the tax gatherer came around he increased his assessment accordingly. The man remonstrated, but the official replied: "You have furniture now. See those chairs and that table. You have become a rich man and must pay more taxes." This oppressive system explains the absence of comforts

the chairs they wanted. They then asked if they could have one for each member of the family, and were delighted on being informed that they could fill their houses with chairs if they desired to do so. It seems as if these people will never get over the sensation of receiving actual money for their work, and spending it at their own pleasure. Thousands of them never saw so much money before in all their lives as they receive in one lump for a single week's wages, and they hardly know what to do with it. The world has taken on a new and brighter aspect for them. They are like children of the poor suddenly enriched by a visit from some beneficent Santa Claus. On pay days, crowds of gamblers, peddlers, cock fighters, etc., follow the peons, hoping to get their newly-acquired wealth, but the Government has taken precautions to protect them as much as possible from the intrigues of these classes. The Spanish Government was run for the exclusive benefit of the rich. The poor were degraded and kept in ignorance by every means within the power of their rulers, with the evident

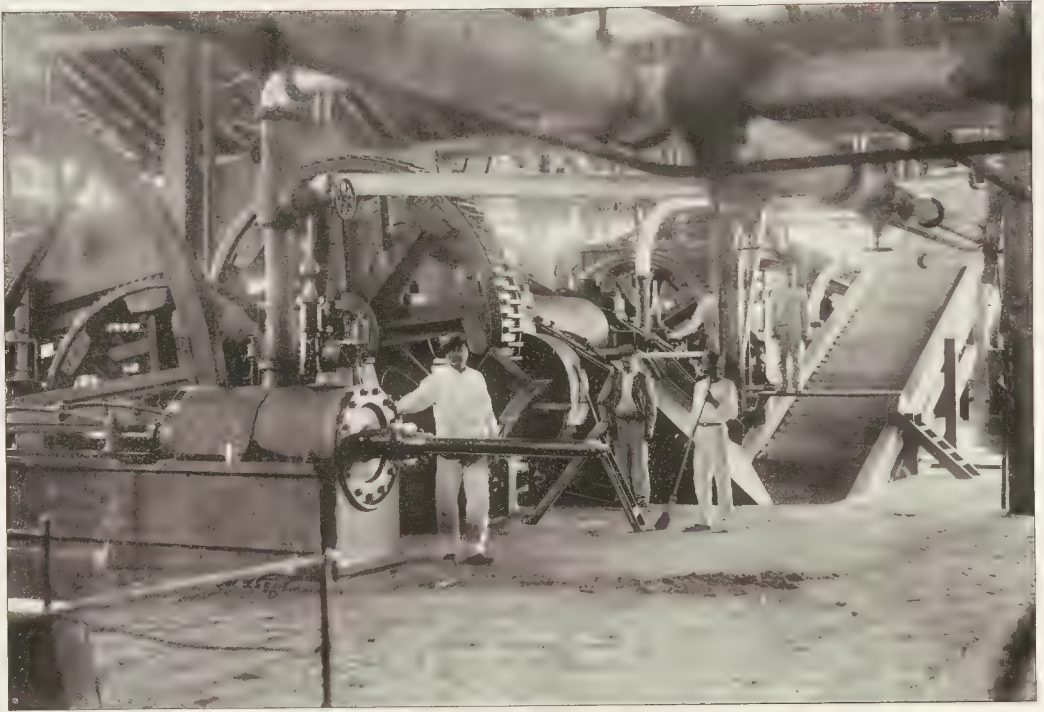


MACHINERY OF A LARGE SUGAR MILL.

among the people. They were taxed out of existence. Now it is different. The people are beginning to learn that under the American system they can supply themselves with a few chairs and tables, or any other conveniences, without increasing their burdens of taxation; and they gladly avail themselves of the opportunity. They have also begun to experience the pleasure and enjoy the independence of having money of their own to spend. The military authorities have employed thousands of idle men to work on the roads and in other public improvements, paying them better wages than they ever received before, and making the payments in cash, instead of tin checks or orders on company stores. These men were told by the American overseers that they could spend their money as they pleased, for furniture or anything else, and that they would neither incur a penalty nor increase their responsibilities by so doing. They came back again and again to ask if it was really true that they could buy chairs for their homes without being taxed for them. They were told they could get all

purpose of establishing a permanent serving class and preventing them from ever aspiring to anything higher or better.

Among the women of the poor there is little chance for a girl of humble parentage to make her own living. Outside of school teaching or acting as governesses, there are no openings whatever. Women are not employed in the stores. Up to 1900, Porto Rico had not a female typewriter, and the work in the post offices and telegraph offices was done exclusively by men. There are women, of course, in the dressmakers' shops, but these are poorly paid. Most of them use hand sewing machines, and it is said that they sew beautifully with the needle. The wages are such, however, that the American dressmaker could not live upon them. Sewing women who come into the house and sew all day, from 7:00 in the morning until 6:00 at night, are paid 15 cents a day, including their breakfast and dinner. You can get a fine dress made for \$2.40, and a lady's linen night dress, including the material, tucked at the yoke and trimmed with lace and insertion, with buttons as



CANE THRESHERS IN AN EXTENSIVE SUGAR MILL.

desired, costs only 45 cents. This represents more than one day's work. Linen is very cheap, and the American women who visit Porto Rico fit themselves out with linen underclothes, getting them for about one third the prices they pay for them at home. The wages of servants of all kinds are very low, especially women servants. Maids get from \$3 to \$3.60 a month, and for



FIRST AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL IN PORTO RICO.

This school is located at Cangrejos, near San Juan, and was established by a young lady from New York immediately after the American occupation. Both Spanish and English are taught in this, and all the other public schools of the island, and the children, who manifest an eagerness to acquire knowledge, are rapidly advancing.



A MOUNTAIN TOWN IN PORTO RICO.



SCENERY AT GUAYNABO, ON THE MILITARY ROAD SOUTH OF SAN JUAN



FARMERS RETURNING FROM MARKET AT CAYEY, PORTO RICO.

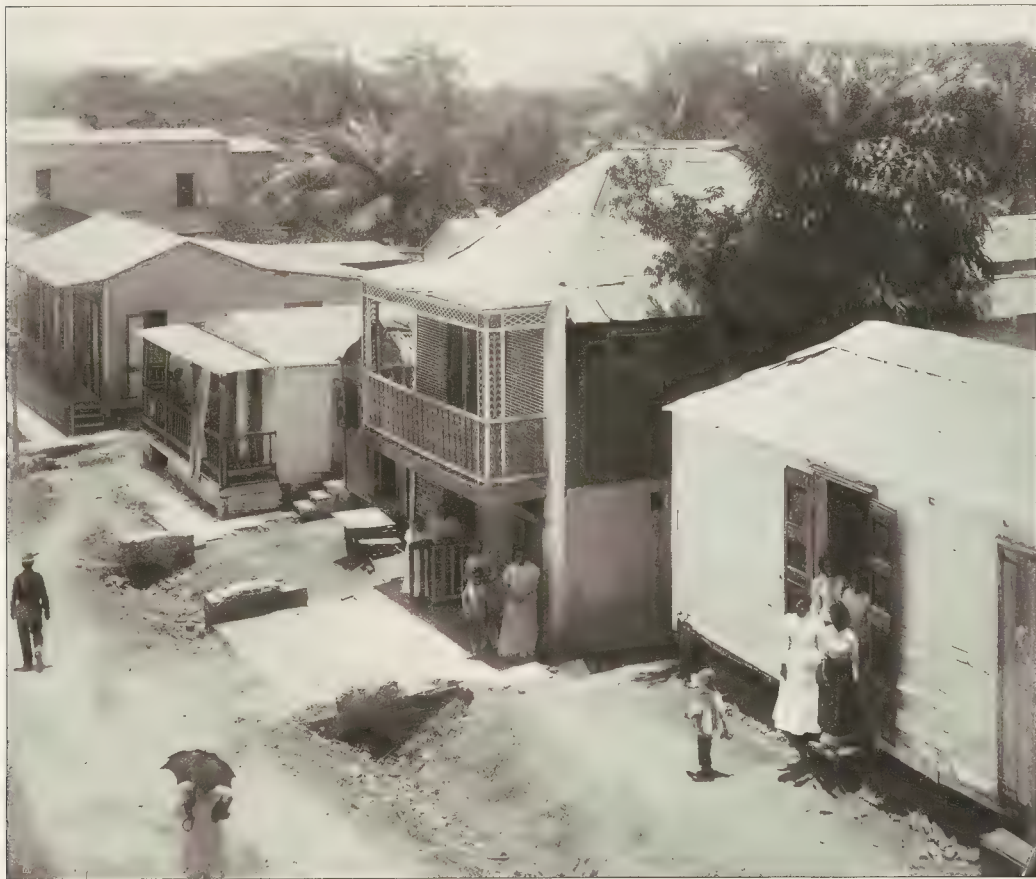
this sum they will do anything. Some of them are white and some colored. Some speak a little English, and all, as a rule, are clean and nice-looking. Servant girls receive from \$3.60 to \$4.20 per month; and first-class cooks, who also do the marketing, from \$6 to \$7. But the cook will not wash and iron. This is done by professional washerwomen, who carry the clothes to the streams and wash them in cold water. There is no such thing as a clothes-line on the island. The clothes are dried on the grass or hung on cactus bushes or wire fences. They are sprinkled while drying, and usually come back beautifully white. The Porto Rican wash-tub is a box made of pine, about a yard long, half a yard wide and about six inches deep. It has sloping sides, and the woman puts the clothes in it, dips it in the water and rubs them between her hands with soap. Sometimes she tilts the tub against a stone, so that half of it is in the water, and then, kneeling beside it on the

on which the city is situated. They also extend about three-quarters of a mile along the western shore of the island, at the entrance to the harbor. Thus the city was supposed to be protected both from the sea and from vessels attacking it in the harbor entrance. The channel leading to the harbor is very narrow, a good part of it not being an eighth of a mile in width.

It was in the early morning of May 12th, 1898, that Rear Admiral Sampson appeared with his fleet of war vessels off San Juan, and engaged the forts on the bluffs overlooking the sea.

The ships taking part in the action were the "Iowa," "Indiana," "New York," "Terror," "Amphitrite," "Detroit," "Montgomery," "Wampatuck" and "Porter."

Admiral Sampson had transferred his headquarters to the "Iowa," which was temporarily, at least, the flagship of the squadron.



ENTRANCE TO THE TOWN OF CAYEY, PORTO RICO.

This is an important market town on the Military Road east of Albion and near the central range of mountains. It is a typical Porto Rican town of the interior. The people are courteous to strangers, saluting them politely as they pass, but manifesting no offensive curiosity.

edge of the stream, she rubs and scrubs to wash out the dirt. On the banks of every stream near the towns and cities these women are to be seen at work, and so numerous are they that our artists found it almost impossible to photograph a picturesque stream without including from one to a dozen washerwomen.

In concluding this subject, we desire again to express our acknowledgment to Mr. Frank Carpenter, from whose entertaining letters we have gleaned many items of interest.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.

Much historic importance attaches to the city of San Juan, from its having been, during the recent war, the scene of the first naval demonstration against the island of Porto Rico.

The fortifications at San Juan extend along the sea-front for about a mile and a half on the north coast of the little coral island

on which the city is situated. They also extend about three-quarters of a mile along the western shore of the island, at the entrance to the harbor. Thus the city was supposed to be protected both from the sea and from vessels attacking it in the harbor entrance. The channel leading to the harbor is very narrow, a good part of it not being an eighth of a mile in width.

Two hours before the war-ships came within range of the San Juan forts, all hands had been called, breakfast was eaten, and the men took their places of duty, eager for the coming fight.

At 3:00 o'clock in the morning all hands were called on the "Iowa," a few final touches in clearing the ship were made, and at 5:00 "general quarters" sounded.

The engagement began at 5:15 a. m. and ended at 8:15 a. m.

The "Detroit" was leading the squadron as it came into action, but the first gun was fired by the "Iowa," which followed her, the shot being directed upon Morro Fortress. The line of vessels then steamed to the east along the coast, each delivering its fire as it passed the fortifications, and when the head of the line reached the end of the fortifications, it turned and traveled back to the starting point, the whole circuit making an ellipse. All the vessels of the squadron made this round three times.



PARK AND PLAZA AT CAGUAS, PORTO RICO.

This park is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful in the island. Our artist succeeded in getting an excellent view, as well as a very artistic grouping of the figures. The two timid little girls behind the tree detract nothing from the interest of the picture.



A COMPANY OF MOUNTED CIVIL GUARDS PASSING THROUGH A PORTO RICAN CITY.

During the first shots the firing was a shade too low, but in the second round the ships got the elevation of the forts, and, for a time

at least, silenced the guns of Morro and of some of the batteries further along the shore.

Before the line got around for the second assault nearly everything was hidden by the clouds of smoke, and in most cases it was impossible to tell where the shots took effect or how much damage was done. It is known, however, that the Spaniards were repeatedly driven from the guns, and that some of the shots did damage in the town beyond the line of forts.

The cannonading was terrific and awoke thunderous echoes from the hills. The rate of firing from all the ships was rapid. The fire of the "Detroit" was particularly so, and the "Porter" at short range drew the Spanish fire in a fearless manner.

The Spaniards mounted seven very good guns, but their marksmanship was inferior, while it was evident that our shots were hitting the forts repeatedly. The tendency of the enemy was to deliver his fire too high.

It was not long after the fighting began before our men felt perfectly indifferent to the shots of the enemy. They attended to

their duties with the utmost coolness, quickly washed away the little blood that was spilled on the decks, and went about their work as though they were at target practice.

The Spaniards fired hundreds of shots and hit the "New York" once, killing seaman Frank Widemark, breaking one of the legs of Samuel Feltman, ordinary seaman, and wounding three other men slightly. They also hit the "Iowa" once.

An eight-inch shell came through one of the "Iowa's" boats and struck M. G. Merkle, a marine, on the elbow, shattering his arm. Seamen R. C. Hill and John Mitchell were slightly hurt by the splinters from the boat. One of the ventilators on the "New York" was penetrated by a shot, and the only marks on the "Iowa" were a shattered rail on her bridge and a dent in the iron plate against which the shot struck that injured Merkle.

There is no room for maneuvering in the entrance to San Juan Harbor, and scarcely a vessel in the squadron draws so little water that it would not ground if it got out of the channel. So the fight was carried on against Morro Castle, the strongest fortifications, which on the point are washed on one side by the ocean and on the other by the waters of the harbor entrance; and the line of attack extended to the east, the fire being directed upon the fortifications stretching along the sea.

While the "Amphitrite" was traveling in the ellipse, delivering her fire as rapidly as possible, her after turret got out of order, and she was unable to use it again during the engagement. She, however, kept banging away with her guns in the forward turret.

The "Detroit" and "Montgomery" made the first round in front of the forts, and then were ordered to retire, as their guns were of too light caliber, it was thought, to do much damage.

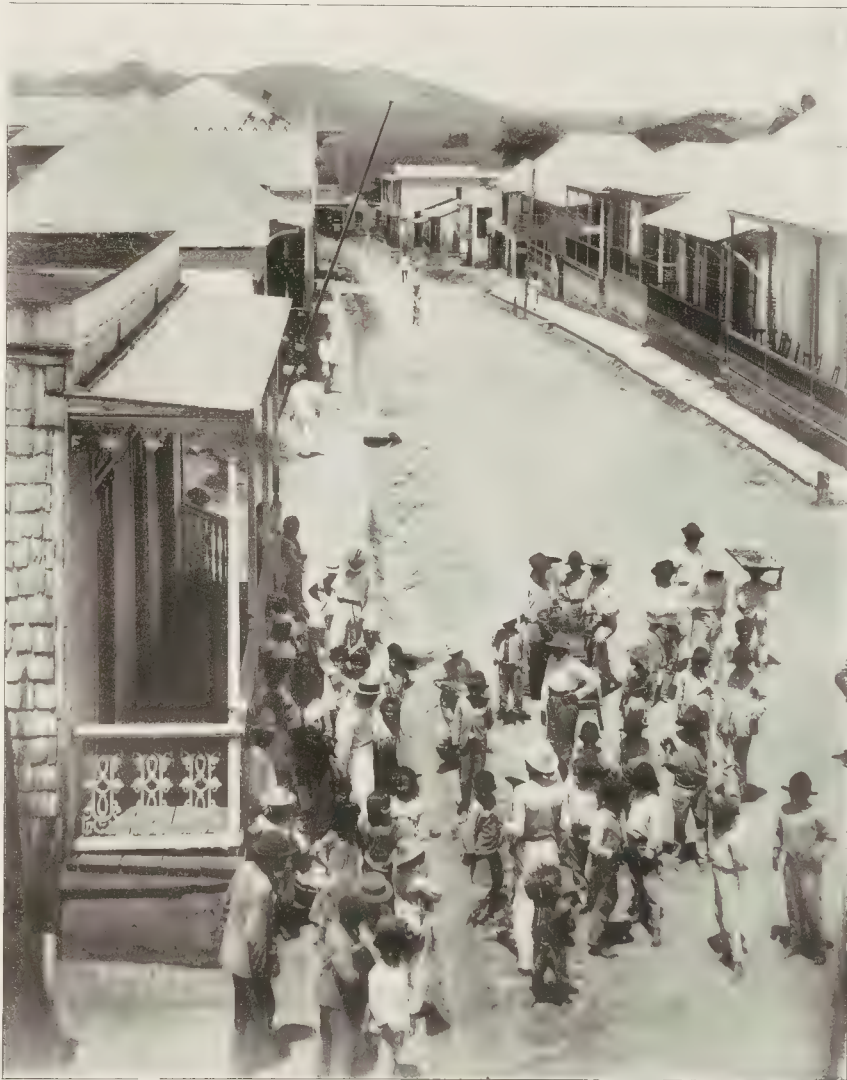
The last shots fired came from the heavy guns of the "Terror," which kept on landing her shot among the forts for some time after the order to cease firing had been given, as the signal had escaped her attention. When she finally retired, the other vessels were getting very nearly out of range, and the "Terror" followed, firing as she went.

Excepting Morro Castle, which fronts both on the sea and on the harbor entrances, all the fortifications were literally attacked in the rear. In building her forts at all of her settlements in the West Indies, Spain's idea has ever been that she needed defense more against rebellious subjects than external enemies. This is the reason

why the Cabanas at Havana, the largest fortress there, is faced toward the town. It is the same way with the fortifications on the heights above the sea at San Juan. They were built to face the town, and the guns which were fired at our squadron had been planted at the rear of the fortifications.

When the squadron withdrew, the firing had occupied almost exactly three hours.

So fierce was the American fire that, had the intention been to bombard the residence part of San Juan, the damage could hardly have been greater. The lighthouses were demolished soon after



VACCINE STATION AT BAYAMON, PORTO RICO

As a precaution against the spread of small-pox, the Government, immediately after the American occupation required the whole population to be vaccinated. The photograph shows a crowd of patient people awaiting their turns in front of the doctor's office.

the firing began. Later on the houses in Bellaja Square, in San Christopher Street, in San Jose Street and in San Sebastian Street were in flames. The St. Catharine Institute, the ancient palace, the government house, the orphan asylum, the old theater and several old churches were burned or almost demolished.

The American officers, through their glasses, could see the Spaniards at work in many places where the fortifications had been broken down. The Spaniards seemed drunk with fury. They loaded and fired like madmen, without aiming, without any appearance of discipline or direction. At times their crazed condi-



THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN BAYAMON, PORTO RICO.

tion led them to many absurd acts, such as waving swords, shaking fists and discharging pistols at the American line, which was barely within reach of their guns of longest range.

Having bombarded the forts, the American squadron departed on its way west again, to carry out the further purposes assigned to it.

The object of the expedition against San Juan was to discover the location of the Spanish fleet under Cervera. In his official report Admiral Sampson said that upon approaching the harbor it was seen that the Spanish vessels were not there. He then decided to attack the batteries defending the port, in order to develop their positions and

strength. Having accomplished his object, he proceeded on his way westward. Commodore Schley subsequently located the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba, where, on the 3d of July, 1898, he gained the most brilliant naval victory of modern times.



GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN AND A NATIVE TEACHER. AT CATANO, PORTO RICO.

NATURAL RESOURCES OF PORTO RICO.

COMPILED FROM OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Chapter XVI.

THE facts contained in this article are derived principally from official reports and statements of our own correspondents, who wrote from personal observation. Some of the most important items were supplied by Gen. Roy Stone, who spent considerable time in traveling over the island and carefully investigating its various products and resources. We have endeavored to cover the subject fully, and at the same time to present only such facts as are susceptible of verification.

The opportunities for small capitalists are not so favorable in Porto Rico as they are in Cuba and the Isle of Pines, because the population is very much more dense and but little of the land is unoccupied. There are some public tracts, the crown lands of the Spanish Government, but they are small and, we believe, nearly all improved, so that they do not offer any inducements to

and will soon be a State of the Union, with Senators and Representatives in Congress. Any past or present injustice regarding the tariff, or other invidious discriminations, will soon disappear, for the island is a part of the United States and entitled to all the privileges conferred by the Constitution.

Some idea of the density of population in Porto Rico, and the extent of the improvements, may be gained from the fact that in the entire island there is an average of more than seven farms to the square mile. Of course many of these farms are small, embracing only a few acres; while on the other hand some of them cover vast tracts. Such conditions can exist only in a country that has practically reached the limit of its expansion. Comparatively little of the original forests of the island remain. It is estimated, in fact, that the remnant does not exceed ten square miles, and the



A RELAY HOUSE ON THE MILITARY ROAD.

This house is located in the midst of the rich coffee growing district between Guayabo and Caguas, an industry in which nearly all of the inhabitants of that region are engaged. A Spanish custom will be observed in the location of the stable under the living rooms.

preemptors. Unoccupied land in Cuba, as good as any that exists in Porto Rico, can be purchased now at from \$1 to \$5 per acre, but every acre in Porto Rico is worth from \$50 to \$150, and a great deal more if well improved. An observant writer claims that no one should attempt to make a start in this island with less than \$5,000 cash, and if he has four or five times that amount it will be all the better. But small syndicates can be organized among personal friends, and the work carried forward on the co-operative system. This has already been done to a considerable extent. Porto Rico has a decided advantage over Cuba on account of its settled government. In this respect the future of Cuba is uncertain, and investors are timid about placing their money where some possible revolution may destroy its value; but Porto Rico is a territory of the United States, under the protection of our laws,

principal part of this is said to be on the tops of the insurmountable mountain peaks of El Yunque. The soil and climate are well adapted to tree growth, and in a few years, with proper care, valuable forests can be created to take the place of those which have been destroyed.

To one of our own countrymen perhaps the most wonderful thing in the island is the depth of the soil on the faces of the steep mountains, and its cultivation to their very peaks. Anything short of a vertical cliff is considered tillable and is actually tilled and made productive. Why the mountains are not washed bare by the torrential rains, and why there are few or no landslips except where cuttings are made, are puzzling questions. The secret of it may be in the fact that there is no frost to dislodge the accumulation of the decaying rock on the mountain sides, and that the



NATIVES GATHERING WILD COFFEE IN THEIR HATS.

great depth of soil and porosity of the underlying rock absorb the rain as fast as it falls; but there is undoubtedly great art in the tillage and judgment in the planting of these lands so as to secure their preservation from erosion. Fortunately, the soil is so rich that very little tillage is required, and in the coffee districts, especially those of the highest lands, the only cultivator used is the machete, or short sword, which clears the fields of the wild growth, but leaves the roots alive to help hold the ground.

The waste lands of the island are few, but those that do exist could be made useful by attention to the proper means for their improvement and a scientific study of the adaptabilities of their various soils. There is not properly any one soil that is characteristic of the island. Even the coast lands will show different kinds. The coastal plains are generally rich alluvium. Many of the plains of the south coast, especially of the eastern section, have never been cultivated, owing to the lack of rainfall, and one of the greatest benefits to be conferred upon the island will be the encouragement of irrigation in that section. No irrigation is needed north of the mountains.

The landowners are mainly white people, residents of the

towns during most of the year, but a few owners in some parts of the island, as in the district of Ponce and on the north side, live in Europe. The landed property is well distributed, most of it being in small holdings. Only in the valleys and plains are there many estates of great extent. The owners who live in towns spend a portion of the year on their plantations, where, during the season of gathering the principal crops, there are numerous entertainments and general festivity. In fact, the life of a Porto Rican planter, after his crops begin to bear, is one continuous round of pleasure, similar to the conditions that existed in our Southern States during their most prosperous era.



SUGAR CANE CUTTERS AT WORK.

Many erroneous ideas prevail regarding the climate of Porto Rico. Tropical hurricanes do occasionally visit the island, and when they come they carry destruction in their path; but there is no more danger from this source than there is in the United States. The only hurricanes that have produced widespread disaster were those of 1742, 1825, and again in 1899, more than two generations elapsing between each of these visitations. The temperature is uniform, with no sudden changes, and the range from the highest to the lowest is very narrow. The heat is never so great as in the cities of the North American coast, ranging from 78° to 90° in the summer and from 60° to 80° in the winter.

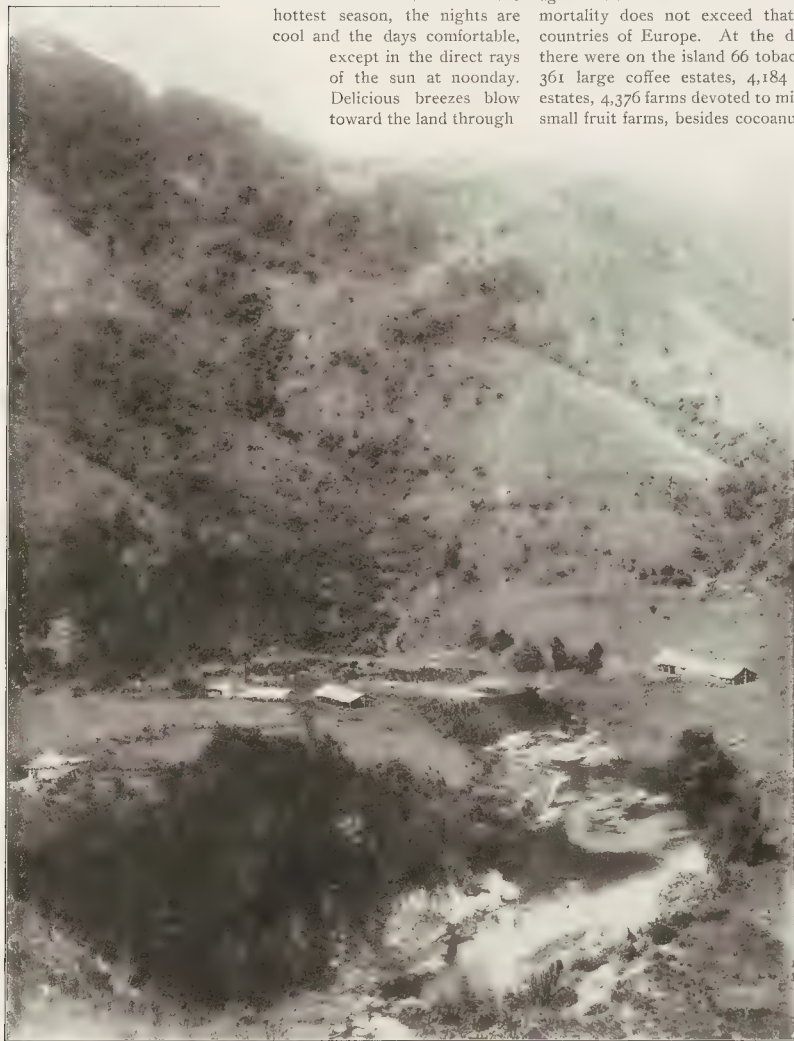
In the mountains, even in the hottest season, the nights are cool and the days comfortable, except in the direct rays of the sun at noonday. Delicious breezes blow toward the land through

No other part of the Antilles is so susceptible of cultivation and diversified farming. Possessing every variety of tropical landscape, fertile from the mountain tops to the sea, rich in pasture lands, shaded with beautiful groves of magnificent palms, moistened with 1,300 streams, with here and there a hot spring, Porto Rico's agricultural possibilities are immense. The island is almost entirely free from those noxious reptiles and insects which infest most tropical countries. The natives enumerate twenty-eight medicinal plants, twelve of which are used as condiments, as many used for dyeing and tanning, eight resinous trees, and many large trees which have edible fruits. The climate, though warm, is more agreeable and healthful than that of any of the other Antilles. The mortality does not exceed that of some of the more healthful countries of Europe. At the date of the American occupation there were on the island 66 tobacco farms, 240 large cattle farms, 361 large coffee estates, 4,184 small coffee farms, 4,333 sugar estates, 4,376 farms devoted to miscellaneous cultivation, and 16,988 small fruit farms, besides coconut orchards and other industries.

The plains along the coast are adapted to sugar cultivation, except in those parts where drought will not allow anything but pasturage. They will also produce excellent tobacco, corn, bananas and pineapples. Coconut trees line the seashores. In the interior, besides the growing of coffee, the soil and climate are adapted especially to such fruits as oranges, lemons and limes. The banana flourishes even to the mountain tops. The quality of the oranges is very high, equal to the best Florida product, with the great advantage that they ripen much earlier. Excellent oranges are found ripening at Utuado early in August. The orange, so far, grows almost entirely wild, and there are many varieties. It needs the fostering care of American agriculture to develop the best kind of fruit for export. Naturally the early fruit will be most desirable, and a careful development of such varieties as would ripen in convenient localities in August and September would be of immense value to the agriculture of the island.

Crops in general on the island begin to ripen much earlier on the coast than in the mountains. The coffee crop begins ripening along the coast in August and September, and is all gathered by November, when the crop begins to ripen in the mountains, where its gathering continues until February. A small amount of cocoa is produced, but it is not likely to increase very largely, since it does not yield so well in elevated ground from the level of the sea.

The dense population promises abundant labor for many years, and producers will thus feel secure against outside competition. It will, of course, be no place for laborers from the United States, but for families of moderate means, who seek a mild climate for health or comfort, in a country where frost will never come to ruin them, Porto Rico will be the Mecca. A few acres in fruits or vegetables, well tended, will furnish an easy support, and whatever extra labor is needed can always be readily procured. The exports of the island will be varied and increased by the cultivation of



SCENE IN CAYEY VALLEY, PORTO RICO.

The cleared spaces on both sides of the stream are occupied as a tobacco plantation the buildings and sheds being the homes of the peons and the necessary drying houses. The hillside, rising up from the valley, is covered with coffee trees. The prevailing lack of system and neatness is observable in all the surroundings.

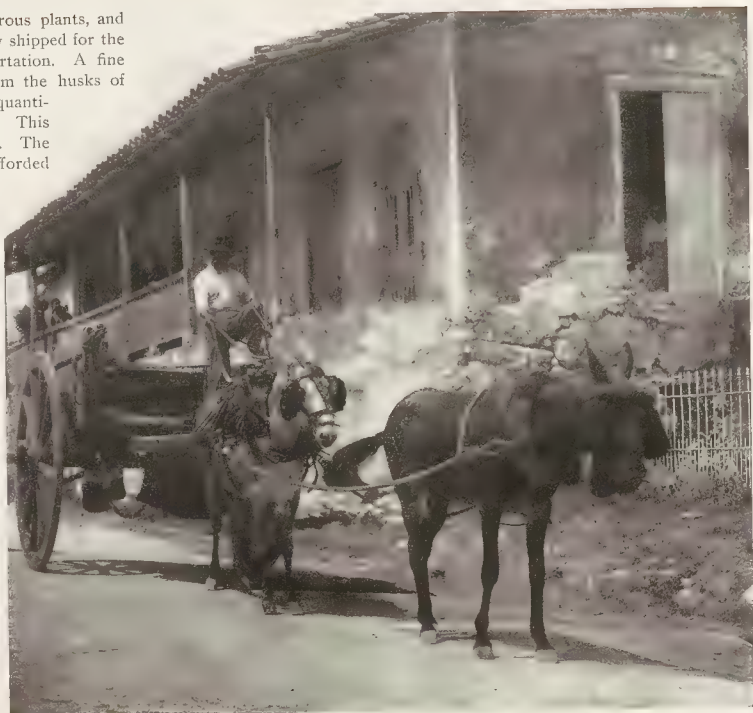
out the day and toward the sea at night. Even in what is called the rainy season there is scarcely a day without sunshine. In fact, what is called the rainy season is only a season of showery weather. The trees are always green, as also the grass and vegetation, except in time of prolonged drought. Among other fallacies about Porto Rico is one that the climate is so damp that iron cannot be used for construction on account of rust, but the fact is that iron bridges exist throughout the island, and all sorts of tools of iron and steel are used, as are many small iron tramways. The air is probably no more damp than it is elsewhere in equally close proximity to the sea.

medicinal plants and condiments, fibrous plants, and many kinds of tropical fruits not now shipped for the want of the necessary quick transportation. A fine quality of paper is manufactured from the husks of cocoanuts, which are shipped in large quantities to Germany for that purpose. This work should be done on the island. The peculiar facilities for manufacturing afforded by an abundant supply of labor and ample water power, will lead to the establishment of many factories for working up the productions of the island, such as cotton, hemp and other fibers. Water powers can be constructed at a very low cost as compared with those in the United States, and power can now be transmitted by electricity to a distance equal to the width, or even the length, of the island without serious loss. The establishment of domestic manufactures will, of course, greatly enlarge the home markets for agricultural products.

The people raise corn, rice, beans, and various kinds of peas and vegetables, though not in sufficient quantity to provide for their subsistence, and are obliged to supply their additional requirements in these articles by importations from the United States. With quick transportation facilities, the people of the island would probably engage more extensively in the cultivation of the more valuable products, as sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, bananas, oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, pineapples and early vegetables, and take from the States the flour, corn, rice, bacon, salt fish, etc., required as daily food.

The cattle industry is very profitable in the island, as various grasses and nourishing plants grow in profusion, and a good mar-

ket for the surplus stock is found in Cuba and other islands. The cattle are of large size and of a uniform light red color, and they seem to fatten easily. The cows are nearly as large as the oxen, but do not yield milk in proportion to their size. On account of the heat the milk can only be kept by boiling, and cream and butter



A PORTO RICAN CART AND TEAM



SPANISH OFFICERS STATIONED IN PORTO RICO BEFORE THE AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

are unknown. A very coarse cheese is made, but otherwise there is very little use for the milk. Whenever it becomes possible to establish refrigerating plants, a very good local dairy business can be inaugurated. These cooling plants could be operated by electric power derived from the abundant waterfalls in the island as soon as capital can be found for their exploitation.

The following interesting items regarding the mineral wealth of Porto Rico are supplied by Dr. R. T. Hill, of the United States Geological Survey. Dr. Hill is skeptical about the possible gold production of Porto Rico, but he believes iron mining will be an important industry in the very near future:

"Nine-tenths of the rocks of the island," he says, "are of a basic nature, containing a large proportion of iron. Inasmuch as these are and have long been undergoing oxidation and alteration, the conditions are theoretically favorable for the occurrence of

could be done quickly and at little cost. The shipping port, Naguabo, is said to admit ships of twenty feet draft. It has been estimated that the deposit contains 10,000,000 tons of metallic iron, but I am not in a position to verify this estimate."

While Dr. Hill places a low estimate on the probable gold production of the island, facts previously enumerated regarding the successful mining operations of the early Spaniards, and the abundance of the metal in the possession of the natives at the date of the discovery, indicate that this feature will prove to be far more valuable than he anticipates.

"Almost since the date of the discovery of the island," says Dr. Hill, "gold has been washed in small quantities from many of its rivers, especially those of the north and east end, notably the Luquillo and Loiza. Gold also occurs in the streams near Corozal, a village on the north-central side of the island. It has never been



Vaults in the Cemetery at San Juan.

The custom of renting vaults for a specified time and afterward depositing the remains in a common bone pile, prevails in all the late Spanish colonies. But it is a custom that will not long continue under American influences.

valuable iron deposits, and in one or two instances these undoubtedly exist, notably north of Juncos. At this place there is a large deposit of magnetic iron ore of great purity, containing 66 per cent of iron and less than .023 of phosphorus. A French engineer has calculated that there are at least 25,000,000 tons of this ore in sight. At present it is many miles from a seaport, and its development will necessitate the construction of a railway. In my opinion this deposit is the most valuable metallic resource of the island at present in sight, and American capital will develop it as soon as allowed to do so legally. It is said that the conditions of this deposit could not be more favorable. The ore is encountered in compact masses, easy of extraction and covered only by a light layer of earth. It constitutes a small hill, about 150 meters high, at the opening of a plain, which leads to a port by a 2 per cent grade. The construction of a railway fifteen kilometers long

found in great quantities, 50 cents to \$1 a day representing the average product of a hard day's labor. The gold is obtained by the natives from the river sand and gravel. The mother rock of this metal has never been determined. Lately a great many American prospectors have been seeking for quartz veins toward the heads of the streams. It is my opinion, however, that such will not be found, as there are no evidences of their existence upon the island; at least no visible quartz veins could be detected by me anywhere, although there may be small stringer veins. It is more probable that the vein material of the gold in the mother rocks is pyrite, as this is quite frequently encountered along the contacts. While it is impossible to reach any positive conclusion as to the quantity or value of the gold of the island, experience has shown that the placer deposits are not rich or extensive. The question of its occurrence in the mother rocks is a problem which will



OUR ARTIST IN PORTO RICO.

require careful and patient exploration by scientific methods. The prospector from the United States will find that the matrix is entirely different from that with which he has been familiar, the general geologic conditions resembling those of Colombia and Panama more than those of the North American gold fields.

"Copper and zinc have been found at various places, but not in sufficient quantities to justify expectation of large deposits. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the island is of mountainous character. The remaining tenth is composed of foothills and seashore. The central mountains are of volcanic production. The foothills are composed of rocks of sea origin.

"Material for construction of every kind exists upon the island and is utilized with great skill by the inhabitants. Brick and tile clays, building stone, lime, sand, cement, gypsum and paving blocks occur. The natives, like all people of Spanish descent, are expert in masonry construction, and especially that kind which includes the manipulation of mortar, cement and rubble.

The excellence and durability of the works of this character upon the island are everywhere noted. The cement and mortar work of old fortresses constructed 200 years ago shows remarkable durability, and in some of the cities the mortar seams of the brick-laid pavements stand up in sharp ridges between the bricks, which have been worn thin."



A PORTO RICAN CIGARETTE GIRL.



PINEAPPLE PLANTATION NEAR SANTURCE, PORTO RICO.

This plantation is noted for the fine quality and large size of its pineapples. A large number of coconut trees also grow on the place without order or arrangement, but they add materially to the owner's income.

Dr. Hill was much impressed with the great abundance of natural fertilizers. "In my travels upon the island," he says, "I was struck by the occurrence in close proximity to this mountain region of great beds of greens, and gypsiferous marl, shell marl, chalk marls and lime phosphates, of a nature apparently specially adapted for the revivification of the exhausted mountain lands. Green sand marls occur in great abundance on the road from Lares to San Sebastian, immediately adjacent to a rich and most productive coffee region, in which many abandoned acres of 'ruinate' (as exhausted lands are called in the tropics) are already observable. Lime marls abound everywhere around the coast. The gypsum marls occur near Juana Diaz, adjacent to the Rio Portugues, and near Ponce. Inasmuch as the future of this beautiful island depends entirely upon its scientific agricultural development, in my opinion, these natural fertilizers, when appreciated, will constitute one of the most valuable sources of wealth. Agricultural methods have heretofore been somewhat primitive, and the products have been largely plantation crops. Within less than ten years the whole island will be devoted to growing oranges, bananas and other export fruits for the American market, and higher and more scientific methods of agriculture will be initiated, and I venture to predict that the amelioration and improvement of the soils will be one of the first results of the island's renaissance.

"A large area of the southern coast consists of rocks similar to those of Sombrello, Navassa and other islands, which abound in phosphates. So far as I am aware, the industry has been developed only upon Mona Island, lying off the west end of Porto Rico. There is reason to believe that much of this material may be found in the rocks along the southern coast of the main island. In the vicinity of Ponce and elsewhere there are numerous caves filled with rich deposits of guano, which are now being worked and prepared for shipment to the United States."

The attractions of the island for tourists and for health seekers will add a large population of non-producers, and will also increase the home demand for many products. Moreover, as the people of the island improve in their condition and circumstances

they will develop new and increased wants, as well as the means for satisfying them, and the home markets will thereby be largely extended.

PORTO RICO AS A FRUIT GARDEN.

The time is not far distant when Porto Rico will be a veritable fruit garden. Oranges, lemons, limes, pineapples, bananas, cocoa nuts, coffee, and a variety of other fruits and spices adapted to the climate, grow there now in a practically wild state. Nothing like thorough or scientific cultivation has ever been attempted. Orange



THE BAKER AND HIS BREAD.

A familiar scene in all the island towns. The bread is baked very hard, in long, slender loaves, and delivered by the baker or his assistant in the manner indicated. No wheat is grown in the island and all flour is imported.

trees, for instance, are scattered all over the island. They have sprung up from the seed wherever the latter happened to drop, without the least effort at budding or cultivation. Naturally there are many varieties, some as juicy and sweet as the best oranges grown in California or Florida, while others are inferior and hardly fit for use. The trees grow promiscuously all over the island, and are exceedingly thrifty, improving in this respect as they recede



VIEW IN THE SUBURBS OF BAYAMON.

Showing huts of the peons in the foreground, and the entrance of the National Road into the city over the Imperial Bridge.

from the coast. Everything has been permitted to grow in a semi-wild state, so that the island is covered with fruit, but none of it improved by cultivation. When practical, scientific methods are introduced, the quantity will be doubled or trebled, and the quality improved without extending the area or the cost.

The people of the United States expend annually more than two hundred millions of dollars for tropical products. Heretofore this vast sum has been sent out of the country in cold cash, but now we will raise our own supplies and keep the money at home. It is a trade, too, that increases by use. People readily acquire such a taste for tropical fruits that they soon become a necessity instead of a luxury. More people live on bananas than on wheat, and the custom grows with the use. We are now entering upon an era when we will raise our own bananas by improved methods, that will insure a better quality of fruit than we have ever had in the past; and this fact alone will vastly increase the consumption.

Some idea of the magnitude of our trade in these tropical products may be gained from the following list of annual imports. We import every year \$6,000,000 worth of bananas. We buy from abroad 26,000,000 pounds of cacao beans, from which chocolate is made—not counting the numerous preparations of chocolate which are gaining in favor and increasing in volume of use annually. This item of cacao beans alone represents a value of \$4,000,000. Of vanilla beans, largely utilized to flavor the chocolate, we brought from foreign parts \$281,459 worth in 1899. We purchased in the same period \$1,152,000 worth of cork bark, \$4,398,000 worth of lemons,

\$1,097,000 worth of oranges, and \$897,974 worth of cinnamon bark. The quantity of cinchona bark imported was 4,371,000 pounds. Of sago the imports were 1,161,426 pounds, and of cassava (tapioca), 11,877,635 pounds—both of these last



SCENE IN QUEBRADILLAS, PORTO RICO.

being exclusively tropical products. During the same fiscal year we imported into this country 14,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco, representing a value of \$10,000,000. A few years hence there will be no reason for depending in any degree whatever upon foreign supplies of the herb nicotian.

Consider the single item of coffee, of which we import about 900,000,000 pounds per annum, representing a value of more than \$65,000,000. We can grow all of that for ourselves if we choose to do so. The demand for gutta percha, of which we bought 519,000 pounds in 1899, now greatly exceeds the supply. There is no acceptable substitute for it. Ten million pounds of dates, more than 1,000,000 gallons of olives and 2,445,000 pounds of "chicle" were included among our purchases from foreign parts the same year. Chicle, by the way, is what chewing gum is made of. We can raise these things now, and we must set about doing so. Think of our investing in \$1,000,000 worth of palm leaf fans from abroad, when palm trees sprout by billions in our own territory.

Our imports of commercial gums—copal, shellac, gambier, etc.—are colossal, reaching a total of about 72,000,000 pounds per

imported 51,582,000 pounds of rubber, valued at \$31,875,000. There are few tropical products more valuable than this, and its uses are increasing so rapidly, with a limited area of production, that the demand will always be in excess of the supply. With all the marvelous progress that our country has made in the past, we have scarcely arrived at the beginning of a development that will surpass anything ever known in the history of the world.

In Porto Rico, as elsewhere, conditions of elevation and of soil naturally govern the distribution of the various agricultural products. The plains near the sea are the home of the sugar cane wherever it has sufficient rainfall or can be irrigated, the cane requiring a large amount of water for its successful cultivation. Advancing into the interior, the growth of coffee begins at the foothills and continues to the tops of the highest mountains, but its best habitat is at an elevation of 500 to 1,000 feet. Bananas, like oranges, grow everywhere. They cover the lowlands and are found on the summits of the mountains.

Banana cultivation will be one of the most productive agricultural industries. There are many different kinds of



SAN FRANCISCO STREET, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

annum. They are largely producible in our own domains. Spices are another great item, running up to 32,000,000 pounds. They include chiefly cassia, cinnamon, cloves, ginger root, mace, nutmegs and pepper. Of nutmegs alone the annual imports are about 1,530,000 pounds, and of pepper (black and white), 12,332,000 pounds. Our annual imports of tea amount to nearly 75,000,000 pounds, and experiments now in progress lead to the belief that within a few years we will not only grow our own tea, but become exporters of the herb. The idle children of Porto Rico and the little negroes of the South will supply precisely the kind of labor that is needed to gather the tea leaves. Rubber is another important article to be considered in this connection. Heretofore we have been dependent upon foreign countries for our supplies, but within a few years the home demand can be largely met from our own domain. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1899, we

plantains, the banana, the one most usually brought to the American markets, being the kind which grows best on the island and yields the most fruit. It requires good soil and little water, for it brings humidity to the ground, perhaps because of the large leaves sucking the moisture of the air, which runs through the plant, or because it brings up the underground deep waters to the surface. Whatever be the cause, the ground is always moist in a banana plantation, however great the drought.

When planted in new soil the banana does not require any plowing, but it does when the lands have been much used and have, of course, lost their natural state of porosity. When once the soil is ready, holes are made one yard in diameter, two or three yards distant from one another, and about one-half a yard deep. In rich lands and new lands no fertilizer is required, but otherwise a basketful of some kind is useful; a sprout is then

planted, which in three months' time will grow to eight and ten feet high, and nine months or a year after planting, according to the variety, will yield fruit in the form of a bunch, which will count as many, sometimes, as 200 bananas. In the first two years the weeds have to be removed, but afterward the shade will prevent their growth.

In most places no water is required, but half a dozen irrigations a year will be enough in the driest lands. Once the plantation is in full growth and producing condition, it does not require more attention than the cleaning of the plants of their dry leaves and the keeping of all the detritus from the plants well gathered round the trunk to fertilize it, allowing plenty of space for the new sprouts to come out. Sometimes these come in such profusion that the expert laborer has to extirpate them and only allow a certain number to grow up. When the plantation is in full growth and production the collecting of the fruit is constant, and every week the plantation can be gone through to collect the ripe bunches. As if nature had provided it, the largest bunches contain fruit of the most delicate flavor.

Banana plants will bear several years without replanting. The stems frequently grow to the size of six or eight inches in diameter, with leaves as many feet long and more than a foot wide. This fruit constitutes the principal food of the Porto Ricans, and it is the only crop whose destruction would create a famine. The peons eat bananas in place of bread or potatoes; they eat them raw and cooked, and the children gorge themselves on the fruit until their little stomachs frequently become extended like the abdomen of an excessive beer drinker.

It is difficult to determine just what a banana crop is worth, or to estimate its value with anything like accuracy. A wide difference of opinion is expressed on this subject by various writers. The lowest estimate we have seen is \$50 per acre, and the highest \$1,500. The latter seems extraordinarily large, and the former very much below any rational expectation. Taking a reasonable average of the various statements, we are inclined to believe that with proper cultivation and care in handling the fruit, it would be safe to estimate a net annual income of \$200 to \$300 per acre.

The value of an orange grove can be estimated with more accuracy, because this industry has been reduced to a science in our own country. Good orange lands can be purchased in Porto Rico for \$50 to \$100 per acre, and when the trees reach a bearing age they will net the



THE PRINCIPAL FOOD OF THE PORTO RICANS.

owner about \$200 per acre every year. They grow much more rapidly in this climate than they do in Florida and California, and there is never any danger of frost killing the trees. Several crops of bananas or vegetables can be raised on the same ground while the trees are coming on, so that no time is lost. In order to succeed in this or any other business, the owner must remain on the ground himself, at least the greater part of the time; but he should not attempt to do any of the work. He can hire peon laborers for 25 to 30 cents per day, American money, and that is cheaper than he could do the work himself. Besides, the proper management of the estate will afford him employment enough, and if he should attempt to labor in a tropical climate his health would soon fail.



SPANISH BARRACKS AT SAN JUAN.

Showing some of the effects of the bombardment by the American fleet. This photograph was taken by Mr. Olivares immediately after the occupation by our troops.





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VIEW NEAR CAGUAS, PORTO RICO.

DIRECT REPRODUCTION FROM COLORED PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW COLORTYPE OR NATURAL COLOR PROCESS

One man can superintend several hundred acres, so that a company of friends going into the business together could arrange for one of their number to manage their combined interests. It is asserted that oranges can be grown with a big profit in Porto Rico at \$1 per thousand, and that they can be sold profitably in the United States at one cent apiece. But there is not the least probability that they will ever be that low.

For some years to come orange nurseries will be very profitable in Porto Rico. Oranges can be purchased by the thousand as they drop from the trees and planted in rows like potatoes. The seeds germinate quickly, and within two or three

over Porto Rico, and are especially large and juicy. You find great beds of them in the valleys and on the foothills, where they spring up and grow at their own pleasure. They are sometimes as large as a peck measure, and it is no uncommon thing to see single pineapples weighing as much as twenty pounds. No other region of the world, except the Isle of Pines, produces this fruit in finer varieties or such prolific quantities. The Porto Rican pineapples have never been seen in our markets, and when they are introduced here the demand will be very large, because there are none superior to them.

It is estimated that a Florida pineapple orchard will afford an

annual yield of \$250 to \$500 per acre. An equal or greater amount can be produced in Porto Rico with less expense, and the fruit, being of finer quality, will command a better price. Pineapples must be carefully cultivated. They are planted from suckers, slips or buds, which come out of the base of the fruit and upon the top. These slips are set out about three feet apart, so that you can grow about 5,000 pines on one acre. A pineapple field looks very much like a field of cabbages. It is of a salmon color mixed with green. The whole ground is covered, the leaves or blades about the pineapple reaching out and enveloping one another. Every leaf is covered with thorns, or spines, so that you have to use buckskin gloves in working the crop.

In Florida the plants have to be shaded from the sun, which is usually done by large arbors made of slats or laths. This of course increases the expense. In Porto Rico the sun is not so hot, and there are more clouds to temper its rays on their way to the earth, so that as a rule pineapples grow there without shade. The plants are cultivated like cabbages, which they somewhat resemble at one period of their existence. At first a blossom appears as large as a Missouri apple, with a little pineapple below it, about the size of a peach. It grows rapidly until it attains an average size of a gallon measure, and frequently much larger if well cultivated. No effort has ever been made to improve the Porto Rican varieties, yet they are delicious in their juicy sweetness. In

Florida there are several popular varieties, the favorites being the Cayenne, the Queen and the Abak. The first is smooth as an apple, and so juicy and mellow that it can be eaten with a spoon. Such a variety grafted on the native Porto Rican stock would produce a fruit fit for the gods.

Cocconut trees, as stated elsewhere, always grow near the coast. They love the sea and the salt air, and are frequently seen lifting their graceful columns in clusters and groves on little islets barely large enough to make room for their roots. The coasts of Porto Rico are lined with them. There are planters on the island who cultivate hundreds of acres in these trees. A million and a



SCENE ON GUABAS RIVER, PORTO RICO

This is a small river in the northern part of Mayaguez Province, and is a part of its course is through a mountainous region. It presents many scenes of rare beauty and grandeur. Its banks are lined with tropical plants and trees, such as limes, lemons, mangoes, coconuts, coffee, rose apples, bananas, etc. It traverses one of the richest and most beautiful sections of the island.

weeks the young plants will push their way through the ground. When they are six inches high they should be transplanted in rows, six inches apart, and after they are a year old they can be budded to the best varieties, the result being tens of thousands of the finest young orange trees at comparatively little cost. It is claimed that these young trees can be sold for \$1 to \$5 each, and even more for special varieties and large sizes; but the demand will of course regulate the price.

Pineapples are even more profitable than oranges, and they can be marketed the second year after planting. They grow all

half of the nuts are shipped from Mayaguez every year. The only expense incurred is the gathering and shipping of the nuts, for the trees require no cultivation. The ground under them is thickly covered with native grasses, upon which cattle graze and fatten. Bananas, pineapples, and other crops are produced on the same soil, and the like shade trees temper the sun and needed protect the tender plants. The trees begin to bear about the sixth or seventh year, and will continue for three-fourths of a century, each tree producing an average of 80 to 100 nuts per year. An annual income of \$1 per tree



A PRETTY SPANISH GIRL OF MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

is considered very low, and 193 trees will grow on a single acre of ground. When to this you add the income from other products, or from cattle, which cost nothing to raise, you will readily understand that a coconut grove is a piece of property well worth owning. These facts also explain why the finest beef cattle in the world can be bought in Porto Rico for \$18 to \$25 per head.

It is not difficult to start a coconut grove. The only things needed are the land and the nuts. The latter are laid upon the top of the ground a few inches apart. The air is very moist, and after a short time each nut sends out a sprout from one of the little eyes at its end. The sprout grows up into the air, and at the same time a root shoots out of its base down into the ground. Within a few months the sprout has grown as high as a table. The root is now broken off and the sprout and nut are planted where the tree is to stand. The nut is buried about six inches in the earth, the sprout remaining above. The earth is now pressed tightly down over the nut, and the planting is done. The trees should be set about fifteen feet apart, as in



A PORTO RICAN TOBACCO MERCHANT.

Chewing tobacco is plaited into large rolls, or ropes, and sold by the yard. It has an excellent flavor and is highly prized by all who are accustomed to its use.

a peach orchard, and no additional cultivation will be needed. The nuts ripen all the year round and drop off as they ripen, so that the work of gathering consists simply in picking the nuts up from the ground as they fall. The green nuts are highly prized for their milk, and these are gathered from the trees by expert climbers, as shown in several of our illustrations. A man or boy clinging to the trunk with his hands and balancing himself on his feet, will climb, or walk, rapidly to the top of the tallest tree. Here he pulls the nuts from the stems and casts them to the ground; then, descending by the same means, he slices off the top of the nut with his machete or knife, until a small hole is made through the rind and inner pulp large enough to draw the milk through like drinking out of a bottle. The fluid is always cool and delicious, and it makes a drink which needs only to be tasted to be forever afterward relished.

Visitors, as well as the natives, are exceedingly fond of this milk, or juice, and drink it as an appetizer in the morning before breakfast. The green coconuts are peddled in the streets and sold in all the markets at two to three cents each.

But one of the greatest industries of Porto Rico is coffee-growing. The coffee exports amount to nearly \$10,000,000 a year, and they constitute the principal feature of external commerce, being about 60 per cent of the total export trade. Sugar comes next, 20 per cent, and tobacco, about 5 per cent. The coffee tree requires elevated ground, but the



AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG SPANISH LADY OF MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.



(43)

SCENERY IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR ALBUQUERQUE PASS.
A battle took place here between a fort and the Spaniards in 1846. The photograph affords a fine view of the National Military Road and the mountains of the country.

surface of Porto Rico is so abrupt that the plantations begin almost as soon as you leave the narrow strip of plain that fringes the coasts, and continue over the foothills and up the sides of the mountains nearly to their tops. In some districts you ride for miles and miles through nothing but coffee, the bushes growing among other trees. This is especially so in the eastern end of the island, where at blossoming time the air is so full of the perfumery of the flowers that it almost overcomes you. Most of the coffee lands are in comparatively small tracts. It takes money to operate a coffee plantation, and for this reason the ordinary man cannot manage a large crop. The average estate is not over fifty acres, although there are some which are much larger. The total area of the island embraces about 2,500,000 acres, and yet in spite of

the great profits derived from coffee-growing, the plantations devoted to this industry aggregate only about 120,000 acres. Large sections of good coffee lands are given up to pasturage, because stock-raising requires less capital. It is a rare thing to find a well cultivated coffee plantation in Porto Rico. Most of the plants spring up from seeds that fall to the ground in gathering, and the young trees are set

out promiscuously wherever it suits the convenience of the planter, frequently in the midst of other trees; consequently they grow tall and spindling and do not bear to their full capacity. Yet the

Porto Rican coffee is the finest in the world, with a flavor like the best Mocha and Java combined. The favorite variety brings 25 cents per pound at wholesale.



SPANISH MILITARY HOSPITAL, AT SAN JUAN.

The wounded and convalescing patients and some of the officers of the institution appear in the photograph.

and has a special market in France, Germany, Italy and Spain. It has never been introduced into the American market and is unknown here. This delicious coffee is one of the luxuries that

we captured with the island, and, with free trade and fair dealing, it will soon come into general use among our own people. Money put into a Porto Rican coffee plantation now will return a good percentage after the third year, and within five years it will bring an annual income of more than one hundred per cent for twenty-five to fifty years, without any additional capital or replanting. Under the Spanish law,



SPANISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS AT ARECIBO, PORTO RICO

Showing the staff officers of the 25th Alfonso Guards, and some of the privates. This is one of the most famous of Spanish regiments.

still in force in the island, coffee farms are exempt from taxes for the first five years.

The berries do not all ripen at the same time. They can be gathered at almost any time in the year, though there are two, and sometimes three, regular coffee harvests. It is in the picking season that the peons make the most of their money. They have regular work at this time for from three to four months, and men, women and children are seen among the bushes picking the berries into baskets and carrying them off to the factory on their heads. The little ones pick the berries on the lower stems, while the men and women bend down the taller trees and gather the ones higher up. The picking upon many of the plantations is done by the pound, the usual price being about a cent and a half per pound. It takes a good picker to average fifty pounds a day, but as the whole family can work at it, the peon does fairly well in the coffee regions at picking time.

factory you find women picking over the coffee grains and separating the good from the bad. In the smaller factories the picking is done sitting on the floor before a low box covered with cloth. In the larger ones, there are long tables cut up into little boxes by many partitions, and before each box a Porto Rican girl sits with a pile of green coffee beans before her. She picks these over and over, handling coffee from sunrise until sunset. Some of these brown-skinned maidens are quite pretty, with large, languishing black eyes and teeth of pearly whiteness. They laugh and sing as they work, and no doubt get as much enjoyment out of life as many of their fashionable and more fortunate sisters.

At the time this article was written the coffee industry of Porto Rico was greatly depressed. The markets of Spain had been closed to the island, and the tariff duties exacted by our Government prevented the finding of new ones in the United States. But these unhappy conditions cannot long continue, and



A COCOANUT GROVE NEAR ARECIBO.

The photograph shows a party of natives gathering the green nuts and drinking the milk, which is always cool and very refreshing. Coconut trees grow near the salt water, and their slender stems are usually inclined by the ocean breezes.

Most of the hulling is done by men pounding the berries in large wooden mortars, which are to be seen everywhere in the island. This is hard work, but labor is cheap and the capital needed to procure improved machinery is hard to get; so the Porto Rican planter adheres to the primitive methods of his fathers and casts worry to the winds. After the hulling has been done the berries have to be assorted, for the best is worth so much more than the common that it does not pay to mix them. The sorting is done by women and girls, who receive less than 25 cents a day, but they appear to be satisfied with their lot and are happy and light hearted. Bananas are cheap, and the cost of women's clothing in this mild climate is a small matter. In fact many of them are satisfied with a wardrobe but little more elaborate than the traditional costume worn by Eve. In every large Porto Rican

when the American markets are once opened they will be permanent and far better than any previously known to this fruitful island. The Insular Commission has recommended that Porto Rican coffee be issued to the army and navy, not only because it is the best that can be procured, but also because it is good policy to encourage what is now an American enterprise. In this connection the commissioners say: "We suggest that as a measure of immediate relief, and as a stimulant to the production, and for the purpose of giving employment to its people, the Government of the United States shall take measures to supply the army and navy of the United States with the coffee produced in Porto Rico. This will assist materially in consuming the product of the island, will give our soldiers and sailors the best of coffee for consumption, and will afford instant relief to this paralyzed industry, while it will

give employment to thousands of Porto Rican laborers in the coffee fields. The spectacle is now presented of the Government of the United States actually sending coffee produced in foreign countries to Porto Rico to supply its own soldiers, while the coffee fields of Porto Rico are languishing for want of the necessary market to consume their productions, and the laborers in these fields are on the verge of starvation for want of the labor and employment which should come from this most important industry."

The obstacles that now stand in the way will all be removed before new orchards reach a bearing state, and the future market will be larger and better than any previously known. There is no reason, therefore, why any one desiring to engage in this fascinating industry should hesitate on account of present discouragements. Looking beyond the immediate present into the near future, one can readily perceive that Porto Rico has an unusually bright commercial horizon. A land that grows so many valuable products in such luxurious abundance can never be otherwise than prosperous. In this short article we have not even referred to a tenth part of the food products that can be profitably grown in the rich soil of this fertile island. For instance, there are melons and nuts of infinite variety, and fruits and garden vegetables without limit. New potatoes, onions and cabbages can be produced all the year round. Tomatoes as large as a quart cup, and egg plants the size of pumpkins are common sights in the Porto Rican markets every day in the year; and by their side are squashes, cymbings, cucumbers, beans, corn, yams, sweet potatoes, cassava, and a hundred other good things, all of the largest size and most delicious flavor. A grove of English walnuts, soft-shell pecans or almonds would supply an independent living for the owner, who could literally sit under his own vine and fig tree with none to make him afraid.

THE BLOCKADE AT SAN JUAN.

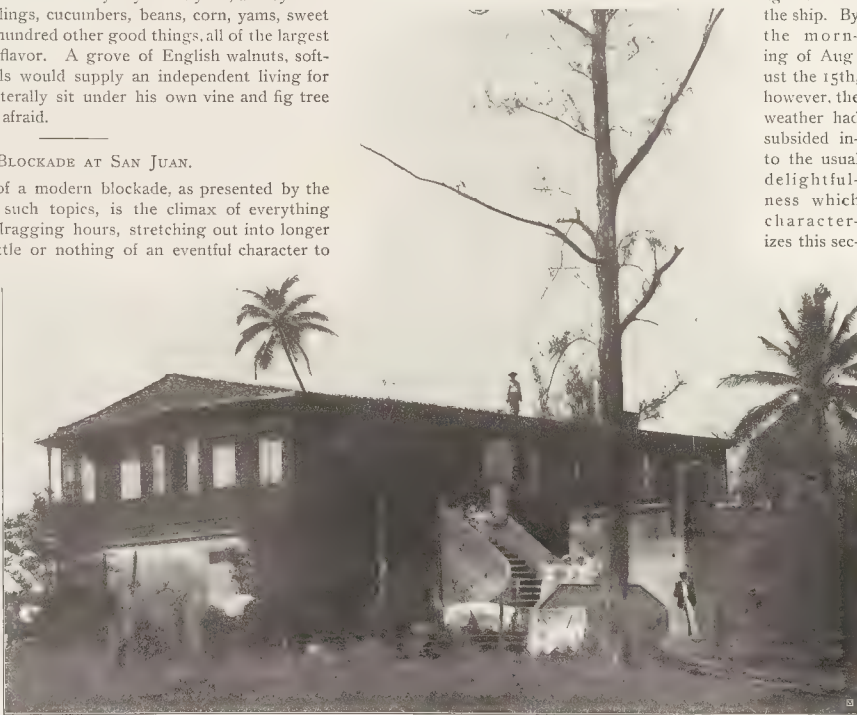
The popular idea of a modern blockade, as presented by the majority of writers on such topics, is the climax of everything monotonous—of long, dragging hours, stretching out into longer and duller days, with little or nothing of an eventful character to relieve the ordeal of its tediousness. With us off Porto Rico, however, it was altogether different. There was no such element of monotony associated with the blockading of an important city, such as San Juan, by a single man-of-war. Every moment of our time subsequent to the arrival of the "New Orleans" was characterized by various forms of activity. During the first few days following upon our engagement with the Spanish cruiser, "Antonio Lopez," the weather



GROUP OF NATIVES ON THE BEACH NEAR ARECIBO.

was very squally, admitting of little else on our part than the close surveillance of the harbor entrance, coupled with the man-

agement of the ship. By the morning of August the 15th, however, the weather had subsided into the usual delightfulness which characterizes this sec-



HOME OF SEÑOR MANUEL B. PIERCE, ARECIBO, PORTO RICO.

This gentleman owns a large sugar plantation, and our artist states that he also raises the only hay that is baled in Porto Rico.

tion. But we had little time to revel in the climatic charms, for at an early hour the lookouts in the tops reported a sail hugging the shore away to the westward, and we immediately headed in its direction to block any attempt to enter the harbor. On came the sail, and presently she was made out to be a double topsail schooner sailing wing and wing before the wind. We waited until she had approached to within three miles of us, and then sent a shot from one of our forward six-pounders flying across her bow. But not the slightest attention was paid to our challenge by the stranger, who still continued to bear down upon us like a whole Spanish armada. A second shot went screaming through the air, striking directly in her course, and within less than thirty feet of her. Still no signs of recognition. Could it be possible that she had a sane crew aboard of her? If so, they little reckoned upon the chances they were running. I glanced aloft in the direction of the bridge whereon stood our captain. His hands were complacently folded behind him, and there was no relevancy in the look of composure he bent upon the defiant little craft, now less than 3,000 yards off our port bow. "What next?" I asked myself. The captain inclined his head the fraction of a degree and addressed a word of command to the gunner on the fore-castle beneath him. A third time the vicious six-pounder declared itself, but this time the shot didn't skim the water across the schooner's bow. Instead, it struck within an oar's length of her port beam, completely deluging her with an avalanche of sea foam. An instant later the peaks of her foresail dropped and she swung around with her head into the wind. It had at last dawned upon her skipper that possibly we meant business. Everybody on board believed that we had captured a prize, and but for the magnanimity of our commander toward the little sea rover, she would probably have been retained. She proved to be the Clifford, sixteen days out from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, with a cargo of provisions for Arecibo, a little Spanish town a few miles farther along the coast from where we were. As it was, she was allowed to go, with a warning not to attempt the landing of her cargo anywhere on the island of Porto Rico.

Early on the following morning two vessels were simultaneously reported, one a large steamer, approaching from the eastward, and the other a square rigger looming up over the western horizon. The former, although further distant of the two, when sighted, approached with much greater rapidity, and within thirty minutes was close enough to enable us to determine that, whatever else her character might be, she was undoubtedly French. It was likewise evident from the direction in which she was heading that her design was to run past us and get under the guns of Morro before we could intercept her. Huge volumes of black smoke

rolling from her smokestacks and the great torrents of foaming water turned aside by her prow showed that she was crowding on every attainable pound of steam in her effort. But her commander had greatly miscalculated the magnitude of his undertaking, of which he was suddenly convinced by the sullen roar of our star-board fore-castle gun and the plunging of a steel projectile uncomfortably close under his vessel's bow. So peremptory a summons could be neither mistaken nor ignored, and slowly and reluctantly the newcomer swung round and sheered off her course. Our whaleboat was quickly lowered and manned and an officer sent over to inspect the steamer, which, in size and appearance, bore

every proof of being a trans-Atlantic liner. We watched our whaleboat as it swept around her stern and pulled up alongside of her



A SUGAR PLANTATION NEAR ARECIBO

The photograph shows a portion of the laborers on the plantation going home to dinner, one of whom seems to be especially interested in the coconuts on the trees at the side of the road. The incidents related in the accompanying article occurred just off this coast.

gangway, and we watched the officer in charge as he clambered over her side and until he disappeared behind her bulwarks, anxiously abiding the result of his investigations. We had not long to wait, for within a very few minutes he reappeared at the gangway and signaled over to us that the steamer was the "Olinde Rodriques," of Havre, France, bound, ostensibly, for St. Thomas, but from various indications other than her attempt to run past us, for San Juan. Immediately upon receipt of this intelligence, Capt. Folger, of the "New Orleans," signaled to the commander of the "Rodriques" as follows: "Were you not warned on July 5th to keep out of these waters?" After a moment's hesitation, the



A BALCONY AT ARECIBO, PORTO RICO

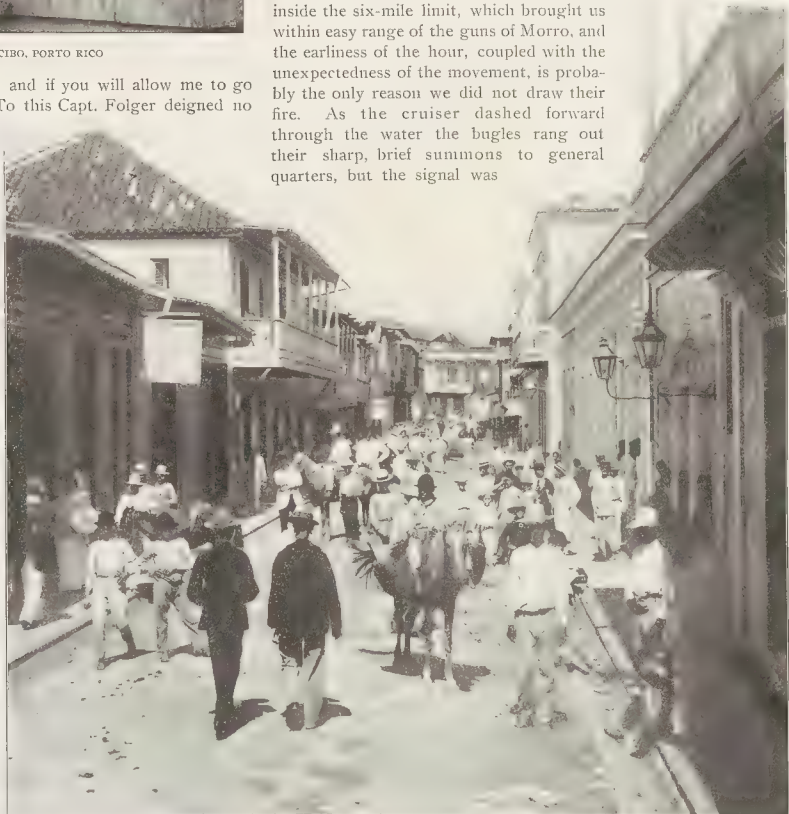
reply was signaled back: "I was, and if you will allow me to go I will sail at once for France." To this Capt. Folger deigned no reply, but signaled his boarding officer to proceed with his investigations. These revealed the fact that in addition to a general cargo the "Rodriques" carried a consignment of ammunition and a number of passengers who had paid their fare to San Juan. The evidence as to her character was now conclusive, and a prize crew was immediately organized and ordered aboard of her. It consisted of a quartermaster and three seamen to act as helmsmen, and a detachment of marines, numbering a sergeant and ten privates, for guard duty, all of whom were under command of Lieut. L. C. Russell, U. S. Navy. The officer was instructed to take the prize to Charleston, S. C., and no time was lost in getting her under way.

She was a beautiful vessel, being something over 3,000 tons displacement, and valued, cargo excluded, at about \$200,000.

The "Rodriques" disposed of, we next turned our attention to the sailing vessel, which by this time had approached to within half a dozen miles of us. By the aid of glasses she was made out to be a small bark

flying the Norwegian flag, and as she betrayed no intention of attempting to elude us, we dispensed with the usual proceeding of firing a shot across her bow, merely throwing ourselves athwart her course and awaiting her approach. As she gradually drew nearer she aroused no little interest on the part of our ship's company by reason of her antiquated design in rig and general make-up, her lines bearing much resemblance to the old-time caravel. Her hull, which was extremely diminutive in proportion to her immense spread of canvas, arose high out of the water forward and aft, while amidships, between her forecabin and poop deck, she was cut down to within a few feet of the water's edge. She lacked only a skipper attired in high-plumed hat, belted tunic and wide topped sea-boots to complete a picture commonplace enough in these waters a couple of centuries ago. When within a quarter of a mile of us she hove to in a matter-of-fact sort of way, showing that she was thoroughly familiar with the situation. An inspection of her ship's papers and cargo by one of our officers, who subsequently boarded her, revealed her identity as the "Elizabeth," of Christiansand, Norway, with merchandise for the Dutch Guianas. Her papers were found to be in shipshape, and she was allowed to proceed on her voyage.

On the morning of the 17th a terrible marine disaster which would unquestionably have resulted in the sacrifice of a large percentage of the complement of troops on board the United States transport "Panama," together with the ship's company, was narrowly averted through the timely intervention of the "New Orleans." Shortly after daybreak smoke was sighted low down on the southwestern horizon, and very shortly afterward a large steamer loomed into view, heading directly for the entrance to the harbor of San Juan. The "New Orleans" was at the extreme limit of her patrol before the city at the time the vessel was reported, and immediately it became apparent that the stranger was bent on running the blockade. A heavy head of steam was crowded upon the cruiser and we headed obliquely in shore across her course, with the object of intercepting her. In order to accomplish this it was necessary to run well inside the six-mile limit, which brought us within easy range of the guns of Morro, and the earliness of the hour, coupled with the unexpectedness of the movement, is probably the only reason we did not draw their fire. As the cruiser dashed forward through the water the bugles rang out their sharp, brief summons to general quarters, but the signal was



THE NOON HOUR IN THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF ARECIBO, PORTO RICO

purely a formality, as every man was voluntarily at his station, whether it were below in the magazines or aloft in the fighting tops, within two minutes after the chase began. Every eye was fixed upon the strange vessel as she approached the point where her course would bisect our own, and the great volumes of black smoke which rolled from her funnels showed that she was doing her best to outrun us. Suddenly, when a distance of about three miles intervened between us, our forward six inch gun broke the stillness, sending a shell whirling over the waves across the steamer's path. Notwithstanding the challenge, she still held to

and just as we were on the point of delivering a shot which might have had a far different effect from the first one, she swung round broadside to us, exhibiting as she did so the stars and stripes floating from the staff at her stern. Many a cheek blanched on board the "New Orleans" as we realized how near we had come, through no fault of ours, to firing upon one of our own vessels.

She proved to be the "Panama," recently captured from Spain and now doing duty as a U. S. transport. Her decks were thronged with troops, who cheered us heartily as we approached. We learned on inquiry that the "Panama" was bound for Cape San Juan, with reinforcements for General Miles' army, and by some strange miscalculation her captain had lost his bearings and mistaken the Spanish capital for the point of his destination. Within less than half an hour, had we not intercepted her, the gunners at Morro would have riddled her like a sieve. After explanations and with united cheers for the narrow escape of our brave countrymen, the two ships parted company.

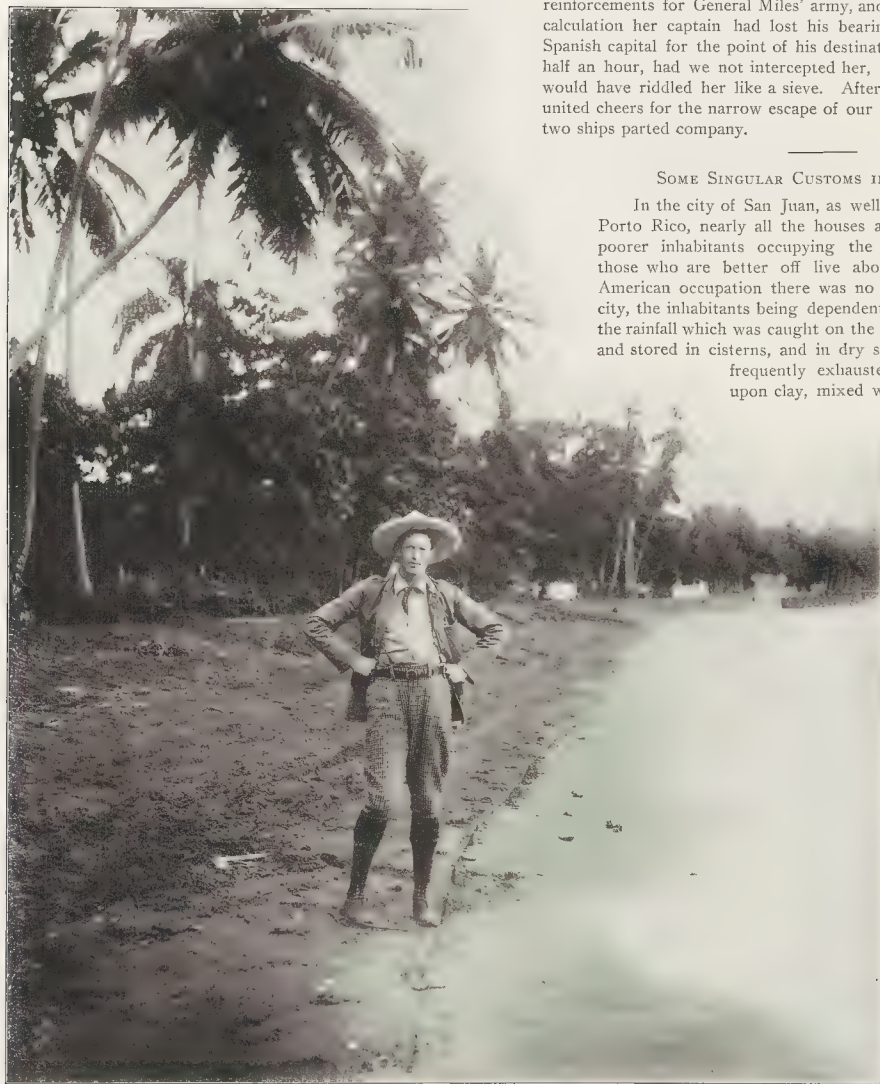
JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

SOME SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN PORTO RICO.

In the city of San Juan, as well as the other cities of Porto Rico, nearly all the houses are of two stories, the poorer inhabitants occupying the ground floors, while those who are better off live above them. Before the American occupation there was no running water in the city, the inhabitants being dependent for their supply upon the rainfall which was caught on the flat roofs of the houses and stored in cisterns, and in dry seasons the supply was frequently exhausted. The city is built upon clay, mixed with lime, packed hard

and impervious.

Under Spanish rule there was no systematic street cleaning, and the city was foul beyond description. Americans cannot imagine the conditions that prevailed. Now the streets are cleaned and the air fairly sweet and healthful. The horrible odors that could be endured only by the senses becoming deadened to them, no longer exist. Private as well as public buildings have been purified and a vast amount of sewerage and plumbing has been done, until at the present time San Juan, in these respects, will compare favorably with the average American city. The hospitals, barracks and other public buildings have been liberally provided with clos-

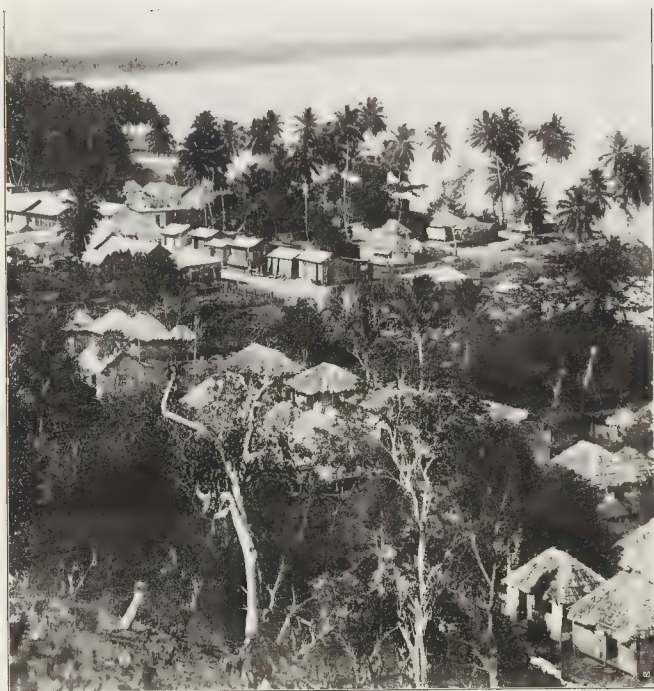


THE BEACH NEAR AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO, WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED

According to local tradition, our artist, Mr. Walter Towsend, is standing on the precise spot where Columbus first landed on Porto Rico, November 19th, 1493.

her course, which dispelled every lingering doubt as to her motives. Moreover, what tended to confirm our belief as to her identity was the fact that we had been daily expecting the arrival of two Spanish transports loaded with troops. The general lines of the approaching vessel also bore us out in our opinion, for that she was of Spanish build there could be no doubt. As a last precaution we ran up to our foreyard an international signal commanding her to heave to. But she paid no attention to the signal, which seemed only to increase the speed at which she was bearing down upon us, for a twenty-three knot gait had enabled us to successfully lay across her course. On she came,

ets, bath-tubs, shower baths, lavatories, etc., thereby rendering life endurable and adding vastly to the comfort of the occupants. The water supply is brought from a pure source about six miles away, and is both abundant and healthful. This is one of the most agreeable provisions introduced by the Americans for the health and comfort of the city, and it has already made San Juan a safe place of residence even in the sickly season. When we took charge of the city the health inspectors found 1,500 cesspools within its limits, most of them adjoining cisterns. They were nearly all full and all filthy. Many of them had not been cleaned for years. The majority were without cemented bottoms, and all



THE TOWN OF AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO, NEAR WHERE COLUMBUS FIRST LANDED

were more or less leaky. It was indeed a wonder that the whole population was not down with typhoid fever. One of the most singular features of the Spanish character is the apparent absence of all care or dread either of sickness or death. They invite infection by their mode of living, and some of their funeral customs seem like weird imitations of holiday frolics. The most noticeable feature about their habitations, both in city and country, is the total lack of any sanitary arrangements whatever. This was a matter that seemed never to occur to them. When the Americans took possession the accumulation of centuries of filth and dirt in the towns was beyond description, and the only wonder is that any of the inhabitants lived to endure it. The mode of life among the lower classes is wretched in the extreme, and yet they are contented and light-hearted. Their houses are made of any kind of materials they can get to piece together, principally poles and palm leaves; and it is a common sight to see six or eight persons, or even more, living in a wretched hut barely large enough for two. There can be no privacy in such an arrangement, and the con-

ditions would seem to produce a scale of morality but little above that of animal life; and yet there is no apparent lack of modesty among the people, and strangers always note their urbanity and politeness. They live so close to nature that the things which would seem improper to us are with them the innocent affairs of their daily life. In many respects they are still in that Edenic state which thinks no evil and consequently knows none. Before the American era it was a common custom for all children under eight or nine years of age to run naked in the streets and everywhere in the country, and the American teachers were shocked by having them apply for admission to the schools in this primitive state. In some instances parents who were well-to-do provided their little ones with shoes and stockings, and left the remainder of their bodies uncovered; and many of those good people became seriously offended at the suggestion that such costumes were hardly up to the requirements of modern society. Their perfect innocence made it impossible for them to see any indelicacy in the exposure of the human form.

Reading and writing were wholly unknown to the common people, and their food was less abundant and nourishing than that of convicts in our most severe penitentiaries—food that would sustain life in an idle person, but which meant slow starvation to the working man, whose tissues require daily renewal. The peons are usually married, that is to say, they have one, and sometimes two or more wives, with whom they live in perfect amity without having concerned themselves about the marriage ceremony, the latter having been dispensed with on account of the expense. Such families huddle together in one small room, bare of furniture



POSTOFFICE AND U. S. QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO

of any kind, and frequently with nothing better than the ground for a floor. Think of a family of several grown persons and eight to a dozen children living in such an abode! Fortunately for them, they occupy their houses only at night or when it rains. What a wretched existence for little children, who are in no wise responsible for the conditions that environ them. It would seem that when civilization comes to such a pass it would be better to return to the primitive stages of savagery. A well-known writer, referring to these conditions, says:

"Morals, in the technical sense, they have none, but they cannot be said to sin, because they have no knowledge of law, and therefore they can commit no breach of law. They are naked and are not ashamed. They are married, but not parsoned. The women prefer the looser tie, that they may be able to lose the man if he treats them unkindly, yet they are not licentious. The system is strange, but it answers. There is evil, but there is not the demoralizing effect of evil. They sin, but they sin only as animals, without shame, because there is no sense of doing wrong. They eat the forbidden fruit, but it brings with it no knowledge of the difference between good and evil. They are innocently happy in the unconsciousness of the obligations of morality. They eat, drink, sleep and smoke,

government imposed its burdens by favor and influence, and the poor, whose voice could not be heard in protest, carried the heaviest part of the burden. The unjust scheme of taxation, and the fact that there was no adequate system for the recording of titles, made it practically impossible for a poor man either to acquire or hold real estate. No base line of surveys was ever established, and the boundaries of estates were so indefinite and uncertain that endless confusion and disputes arose, resulting generally in the weak being compelled to yield to the strong. Original conveyances were never recorded, no provision having been made for such entries. It was customary to file copies of originals for record with notaries, who charged outrageous fees for their services; and when copies of these records were applied for, the notaries demanded commissions for producing them based on the value of the land, which frequently amounted to more than the price asked for the property. Under such a system, the insignificant office of a notary was worth from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year. All estates were at the mercy of these avaricious vampires. No provision was ever made for the probating of wills. These instruments were drawn by the notaries and retained in their possession, and the mere presentation of a will by the notary



THE PLAZA AND PRINCIPAL STREET, ARECIBO, PORTO RICO

Every one who visits Porto Rico is surprised at the substantial character of the buildings in the principal towns, especially when compared with the inferiority of those in the country.

and do the least in the way of work they can. They have no ideas of duty, and are therefore not made uneasy by neglecting it."

The Spanish law provided for divorce against the wife if guilty of adultery, but it did not apply to the husband unless his adultery had caused public scandal. The crime might have been committed in the presence of his wife; but if it were not public and notorious, the law afforded her no redress. Until the Americans came there was no trial by jury in Porto Rico, and the habeas corpus was unknown. Men were arrested on the most trivial charges, or without any legitimate charge whatever, and thrown into vile prisons where they languished for years or until death brought them relief, with no opportunity to face their accusers or prove their innocence. Wealthy and influential Spaniards had it within their power to cause the arrest and indefinite imprisonment of any person against whom they had a grudge. Hundreds of persons were thrown into jails and dungeons and forgotten by their friends and relatives as completely as if they had been buried. They disappeared and the world knew them no more. Men amounted to nothing; money and influence were everything.

There was no assessed valuation of real or personal property for taxation. Land was never taxed according to its value. The

was accepted as final. The system was rife with opportunities for fraud and injustice, and the facts indicate that the notaries were not indolent in the cultivation of their peculiar field of industry.

The laws of the island seem to have been framed with a view to creating opportunities for corruption and oppression, and the results were manifest in the conditions that prevailed on every hand when the Americans came to the relief of the stricken people. General Davis asserts that there were more than 100,000 families in Porto Rico at that date, consisting of father, mother and from three to a dozen children, whose entire worldly possessions, including the clothes they wore, were not intrinsically worth \$5. The masses had been reduced to practical slavery of the most degrading and hopeless character. They were ignorant and debased, and lived with less comfort than the domestic animals on an American farm. If it had not been for the mildness of the climate and the astonishing productiveness of the soil, the race would have been extinguished. To these people the "flag of the stars" was like a vision from heaven, and their welcome to it was an outburst of hysterical joy. The imagination revolts at the contemplation of the state of these unfortunate creatures. Their food consisted almost entirely of bananas; during the day their bare skins were

scorched by the tropical sun; at night they bunched together like shivering pigs, on the dirt floors of their miserable hovels, without beds or covering, and each day and night was but a repetition of the accumulated miseries of centuries of similar days and nights that had gone before. General Davis, when asked if he thought, with proper educational facilities, we would have educated communities there in a few years, replied:

"If you give them industrial conditions that will enable them to earn enough to wear clothes and shoes and walk upright, yes, sir; but you cannot attempt to educate children who are naked and dirty—always naked—and whose father is pretty near it and whose mother is close to it."

We shudder at the horrors of Weylerism in Cuba, but it is a question whether quick relief by outright starvation or the

bullet is not preferable to the lingering death that was ever present and bequeathed from one generation to another. Yet, after all, these people have not the truculent spirit of slaves. They love freedom and appreciate the opportunities of life. As laborers and mechanics they excel those of many of the more favored nations. It is a fact that the Porto Rican masons, blacksmiths, leather workers, silver smiths, etc., are superior in their various branches to similar workers in nearly every part of the civilized world. Their trials and sufferings seem to have brought out and improved their best qualities. In spite of the fact that ignorance in letters of the densest character prevails universally, the people are intelligent and thoughtful; and while they are seemingly debased to the lowest depths of human depravity by the wrongs of their former government, they have a high sense of justice and right, and are profoundly grateful for every good thing that is bestowed upon them. They are a people in whom there is the making of freemen, as well as good citizens. Drunkenness is practically unknown among them, in spite of the fact that they consume annually an average of nearly two gallons of rum for each man, woman and



A FARMER'S BOY CARRYING PLANTAINS TO MARKET AT AGUADILLA



GROUP OF NATIVES IN A STREET AT AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO

The shaggy little pony on which the man sits is characteristic of all the horses of the island. But in spite of their looks, they are possessed of a speed and endurance that are remarkable.

child. Rum is the national drink, but its use is confined principally to the men who labor. It has come to them by inheritance, and seems necessary to their existence. They consume it in place of more expensive food, which they cannot get. A gallon of rum, which costs from 25 to 40 cents, will impart as much strength and sustain life for as long a period as any kind of solid food that they could buy for three times the price. It is an unfortunate condition, and let us hope that the coming of the flag of freedom will prove to be the beginning of an era when wholesome food will be cheaper than the poison of cheap rum. The Government has done all it could to help the people by furnishing them with work on the roads and other public enterprises, and paying them for their labor; but old conditions must be outgrown before the full measure of relief can reach them. The dormant energies of the island must be developed and made to supply the teeming population, with not

shape of material comforts, though the mother's kiss is often given and the father pats the little head. They soon toddle, at the command of the mother, to do small errands, to help weed the garden, to bring in the handful of wood needed for the fire, to dig the tubers for a meager meal, and, lastly, to hold up their tiny hands and with pleading eyes gain a copper from the passer-by on the roadside. They are a good investment to the family; the majority of them die at an early age, and it costs but a few strained hours to the mother's heart, a bit of cloth for a shroud, and the energy needed to carry the tiny form to the potter's field. Offsetting this is the usefulness of those who, by the law of the survival of the fittest, pull through with sturdy forms, to pick berries, work in the cane and tobacco fields, and add to the common fund, until, at a varying age, they rebel against the paternal banker, and live for themselves in poverty and in bondage to the landed kings, just as the generations who came before them."

The children are naturally bright and anxious to learn. As soon as our Government made opportunities for them to attend school they accepted them eagerly. But the great majority showed plainly that they were suffering from lack of food and hygienic neglect. They did not go to school with a hop, skip and jump, laughing and shouting in their glee, as our little ones do. They were unnaturally quiet and demure in their manner, with an ever-present look of hunger in their little eyes that appealed irresistibly to human sympathy. At the beginning, as there were no public school buildings, rooms were rented in private houses, and furnished as well as they could be with the facilities at hand. Some were provided with long benches of primitive back-country style, without backs or book rests; but others did not even have benches, and the children brought little boxes for seats, many carrying their precious boxes to school in the morning and back home again in the evening. Primary books and readers were sold at cost to those who could afford to pay, and given free to the poor. Most



VIEW ALONG THE ROAD BETWEEN CAMUY AND QUEBRADILLAS, PORTO RICO

only the common necessities, but some of the luxuries of life as well. There are many people in the country districts who are literally half starved, a condition which they inherited from their ancestors and have been accustomed to all their lives. It is a terrible thing to be hungry during one's entire earthly existence; and this should never be when there is an abundance on every hand if it were only properly distributed and utilized.

The state of the children is pathetic in the extreme. "Children are an ever present and abundant economy of the peasant's life," says a distinguished writer. "It is called domestic economy, since it costs nothing to supply the air of day for the lungs of these little waifs; it costs nothing for their clothes, for they run about in the sunshine and the rain just as God made them, and sleep in odd corners without cover for the first half-dozen years of their baby lives, and when older a single discarded, tattered garment adds to their natural grace the shield of decency. So they live, without expense, and with little tenderness bestowed upon them in the

of the teachers were natives, who had themselves to learn our language before teaching it to the children; but they were quick and industrious and contrived by earnest application to keep ahead of their pupils. The teachers, as well as the children, were extremely poor, but they were well educated in Spanish, and refined and cultivated. Some of them came from excellent families. Among the Spanish people teachers are greatly respected. The authorities would no more think of dismissing a teacher than they would of burning down the school house. Some of the best teachers in Porto Rico have followed the profession all their lives; and several of them are more than sixty years old. One old lady in Ponce, who is seventy, a lady of rare culture and refinement, continues to teach with success and great interest in her work. The entire population seems eager to acquire knowledge, a circumstance often observed among a people who have been denied the advantages of education, its loss adding to their appreciation of the benefits. There must be an immense sum of money appro-

prated every year for the next ten or fifteen years, if the children of the island are to receive a common school education.

Americans are constantly impressed by the density of the population; a person is scarcely ever away from a crowd. Even in the country the little houses and shanties are numerous up to the very tops of the highest ranges and mountains. The tourist may pass an immense hacienda—a ranch, it may be, of 8,000 acres—cultivated to sugar cane—and no human being is in sight—but on that ranch there are some 400 peons, who, with their families, make a population of at least 1,200 souls. So in the coffee regions—often difficult of access—on mountain slopes and on high plateaus—the children are there in great numbers.

Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, a prominent Catholic priest, and son of the late Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, supplies a number of interesting items regarding the educational and moral status of the people of Porto Rico. Father Sherman went to the island as the Government's representative, and this fact, as well as his prominence in the church, gave him unusual facilities for accurate observation. He says that he found the people gentle, docile and kindly, and that the Spaniards living there rejoice with their Porto Rico friends in the change in sovereignty. The disorderly element is a very small fraction in the teeming population of the island. There is some

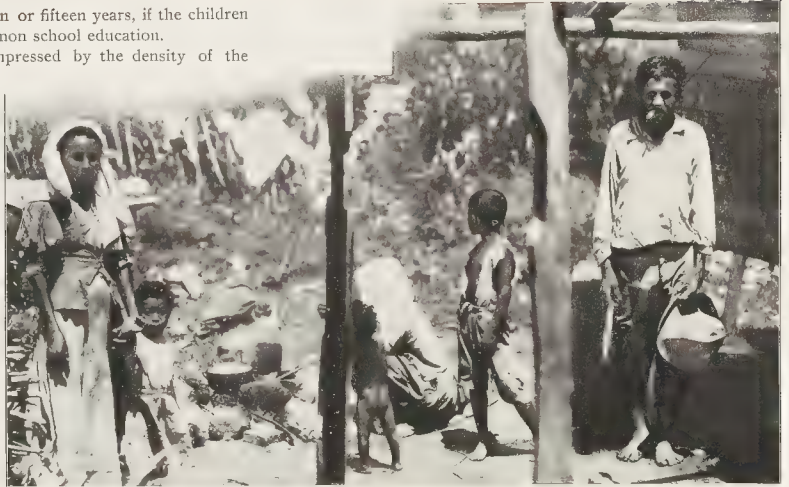
timidity expressed on the part of the property holders, but this is largely due to the paternal system to which they have become accustomed. Father Sherman rode about the island alone and unarmed for more than three months, and met only with kindness and hospitality wherever he went. He visited many priests and alcaldes and prominent merchants and planters, and was impressed everywhere with the respect felt for American authority and the confidence and trust that the entire populace manifested in our

people. He thinks the Porto Ricans will make good citizens if treated with kindness and candor, and that the country will prove to be a veritable paradise.

But the state of religion among the people is very unsatisfactory. While there is in every town of any size a large and handsome church edifice, as shown in many of our illustrations, the services are poorly attended. The inhabitants, with few exceptions, are nominally at least, Catholics, but very few of the men are more than Catholic in name. They are baptized and buried, and supposed to be married, by the priests, but that is the extent of their conformity to the requirements of the church.

The church in Porto Rico has been so united with the state, and so identified with it in the eyes of the people, that it must share the odium with which the Spanish rule is commonly regarded. Complaint is made that the priests were too much interested in political matters; that they preached Spain instead of the gospel, and that many displayed the mercenary spirit. But there are many excellent priests in Porto Rico, and the women and children are in great part practically Catholic.

The religion of the masses is largely emotional and legendary. An instance in illustration of this



DINNER TIME IN PORTO RICO

This is a scene witnessed by our artist near Aguada. The mother is cooking dinner, which consisted of four small strips of meat and a little rice. The little fellow in nature's costume was too deeply interested in the dinner to care anything about his photograph.



SOME PORTO RICANS AS OUR ARTIST SAW THEM

This view was taken in one of the streets of Aguada, near the spot where Columbus landed. It is the custom for the little children to go naked, even to school. Some of those whose parents are well-to-do wear shoes and stockings, but nothing else.

fact is related in connection with the Church of Our Lady, of Montserrat, a short distance south of Mayaguez, in the province of that name. This church is situated on a high hill, the peak of which was so sharp that it had to be cut off in order to make a foundation for the building. It is approached by a stone stairway hewn out of the solid rock. The legend associated with the establishment of this church runs as follows:

Many years ago a man was plowing upon the hill, when the ox that he was driving turned upon him and nearly gored him to death. He prayed to the Virgin for help, and the ox fell to the earth with his legs broken. The Virgin appeared in the clouds, and the man in the depth of his gratitude obligated himself to obey her commands. A second time she appeared to him and ordered him to build a sanctuary on the hilltop for the miraculous healing of infirmities.

He built the church as instructed, and the afflicted have flocked to it from all parts of the island. Those who were cured have pre-

more than thirty years, and most of the rich offerings have been made during his pastorate.

With regard to education, Father Sherman says there are many schools, both in town and country. Those in the country are poorly and irregularly attended. The children are bright and quick, develop earlier than ours, and many are capable of learning to read and write much sooner than the American children. The prompt sending of teachers of the lower grades, acquainted with both English and Spanish, would, he thinks, be the best step to facilitate a change in the system of education and to enable the rising generation to become Americanized. The Catholic colleges, both in San Juan and Ponce, had such a falling off of support, owing to the war, that he could form no estimate of the work they have done or are capable of doing.

The system of burial has been barbarous. In some places corpses are thrown into



A SQUAD OF THE FIFTH U. S. CAVALRY.

Taken as they were passing through the town of San German. The soldiers were greatly pleased with Porto Rico and its people, and expressed an earnest desire to remain in the country.

sented to the church gifts suggestive of the infirmities from which they have been relieved. Silver legs and arms, gold ears, eyes of precious stones, etc., have been given in such quantities that a vast amount of wealth has accrued to the church in this way. Much of the gold and silver has been melted into fixtures and ornaments which can now be seen in the church; among others, an altar of solid silver weighing sixty-six pounds and a candlestick of solid gold weighing fourteen pounds. There are also figures of the Virgin and child in solid gold, as photographed on page 348. Over \$100,000 is the estimated value of articles belonging to the church, the interior of which is exceedingly rich in ornamentation acquired in this way.

The pilgrims who visit this church provide their own food, but they are furnished free of charge with clean coats and beds. Rev. Father Gonzales, a venerable and kindly priest, who courteously shows visitors the attractions of the church, has been its pastor for

shallow graves, sometimes without box or casket. The cemeteries are too small and frequently crowded.

Plural marriages are said to be common, and are not sufficiently discountenanced, either legally or socially. The problem in Porto Rico that is most difficult is the eradication of this great evil, owing to the mixture of races. It is often asserted that the Catholic clergy are partly to blame for this deplorable state of affairs, because, as previously stated, the forms which have been thrown around the marriage ceremony render it so expensive that the poor cannot afford it. At the same time, Father Sherman asserts that the people are not to be judged by these eccentricities. Many of them are highly civilized and educated men, able lawyers, excellent doctors, and merchants and manufacturers whose establishments aggregate many millions of annual output.

There is very little intemperance among the people of any class. The peons, while they drink rum as regularly as they eat

their meals, do not imbibe to excess. A dram three times a day is about their limit, and the food they eat possesses so little nourishment that they seem to require the stimulant afforded by the liquor. It is a very rare thing to see one of them intoxicated.

Smoking is very nearly a universal habit, even among the women. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere—on the streets, in public conveyances, in the restaurants and cafes, and in all the private houses. You cannot escape from the odor of burning tobacco. Servants smoke in the house, and waiters in the hotels and restaurants scarcely dispense with their cigars

and cigarettes long enough to serve the guests. Smoking is about the cheapest luxury that the Porto Rican can indulge in. You can get fifteen good, all-tobacco cigarettes for about three cents, and three cigars that would pass for Havanas in the States, for one

cent. There is a very fine cigar of a particular brand which sells for three cents, but it is smoked only by merchants, bankers and tourists. The native never thinks of wasting his money on such an extravagant luxury. The cigars as a rule are roughly made,

and smoke unevenly. They would not meet the requirements of the American market, and if the manufacturers of Porto Rico desire our trade they must improve in their methods of turning out their product. The quality of the tobacco, however, is all that could be desired.

The natives are very sociable among themselves. It is a universal custom for the family to congregate during the evening in their large front room and enjoy each other's company in true family style. They are devoted to one another and evidently sincere in their manifestations of affection. Children are always respectful to their parents, and it is a rare thing to see a father or mother manifest the least harshness in the management of their offspring.

The homes of the rich are usually furnished with taste and elegance, and the children of such families are reared in an atmosphere of luxury and refinement; but up to this time there has been no opportunity for them to be spoiled by an excess of riches.



A NATIVE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING ALONG THE BEACH NEAR AGUADA, PORTO RICO.

The respect for the dead is shown by the little mourners who kneel on the beach, and the man who makes an awkward military salute by touching the crown of his hat.



FARMERS RETURNING HOME FROM MARKET AT AGUADA.

These farmers frequently walk fifteen or twenty miles with small bundles of fruits or vegetables for sale, returning with them in the evening if they are not so fortunate as to find purchasers.

THE LAST OF THE AGUILLES

BY JOSÉ DE OLIVARES.

Chapter XVII.

Some got shot and some got hanged,
And some beyond the seas
Got scraped to death with oyster shells,
Among the Caribbees.

"Bean't marstar un th' arrumy, sar?"

I turned from watching the boys of the 2d Wisconsin piling ashore out of the barges at Ponce, toward the source whence the foregoing solecism emanated. As I did so my eyes encountered a most extraordinary character. Unlike the multitude of natives

bandana, which, were it not for the Andalusian languor of his fine dark eyes, might have combined with the color in his cheeks and the unmistakable shamrock inflection of his otherwise Carib dialect, to suggest a generous fusion of Celtic blood in his veins.

Now, the substance of the inquiry with which this individual had accosted me is much easier of interpretation from a written standpoint than from his peculiar style of delivery. Therefore, I hesitated a moment before hazarding a reply, filling in the pause

with a mental diagnosis of his obscure utterance. Finally I bethought myself to try him with Spanish, whereupon I addressed him in that tongue. To my surprise he raised his forefinger to his lips and slowly shook his head. Here, indeed, was an enigma. A native West Indian unfamiliar with the prevalent language of that section.

My interest was thoroughly aroused, and returning to his former dialect, I succeeded, after much conjugating, in comprehending his question, whereat I replied:

"Yes, I'm with the army. What for you want to know?"

"Tomasoo, he's loike go, too."

"How's that?" I rejoined, conscious mainly of the rhythmic jingle in his otherwise irrelevant response.

"Tomasoo—"

"But, hold on," I interrupted. "What's tomasoo?"

A shade of impatience lit up his erstwhile tranquil eyes, and, with less deference and decidedly more volubility than before, he declared:

"Thot's me, begorra!"

For an instant I was dumfounded. Then I exclaimed emphatically:

"You're Irish."

My convictions, however, were in the next moment entirely upset, for with indubitable frankness the islander rejoined:

"Oireesh—wot be thot, sar?"

"Give it up," I answered in despair; but, aside, I added, "everything about you but your eyes and your innocence."

Here my newly-made acquaintance abruptly returned to the topic of our colloquy.

"Marstar loike take

Tomasoo in th' arrumy?" he ventured, hopefully.

By this time I had effected a consolidation of my elementary English, Irish and Carib with such success that I was enabled to follow him with comparative facility, hence I rejoined:

"But what could you do in the army, Tomasoo?"



CEMETERY AND BONEYARD AT AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO.

The cemeteries are owned by individuals or companies, who rent the graves for one, two or three years, and at the end of the time paid for the bones are taken up and thrown promiscuously into the common pit. The owner in the present instance is the Spanish gentleman sitting in front with the two skulls in his hands, smoking a cigarette. From this spot the place where Columbus first landed can be plainly seen, marked by a cross in the photograph.

who thronged the island strand on this momentous occasion, he was possessed of a powerful physique, while his skin, instead of representing one of the local predominating shades, intermediary between ebony and saffron, was of a ruddy bronze hue. Wound snugly about the crown of his well-poised head was a green silk



MARKET SQUARE AT SAN GERMAN, PORTO RICO

San German is situated on the Rio Grande, in the southern part of Mayaguez Province. The surrounding country is very rich and the people are generally in good circumstances, and are noted for their hospitality and politeness to strangers.

"Keel Spunyards," was the brief but vigorous estimate of his martial adaptability.

"But," I explained, "some days no have fight; what you do then?"

The islander reflected a moment, then replied:

"If marstar take Tomasoo, he's ibry day breeng cheekin an' swate praaties, an' ibry theengs marstar loikes to ate."

So it was agreed that this resourceful Titan should be allowed to accompany the army of invasion into the interior of Porto Rico, as the chief stipend for his services as principal forager for the correspondents' mess.

That evening, as I sat alone in the entrance to my tent, watching through the openings in the surrounding palm grove the gorgeous colorings reflected by the declining sun against the tropical skies, I suddenly became aware of a light footfall in my immediate vicinity. Before I could turn to ascertain the personality of my visitor, he stood before me. It was Tomasoo. But what a transformation had

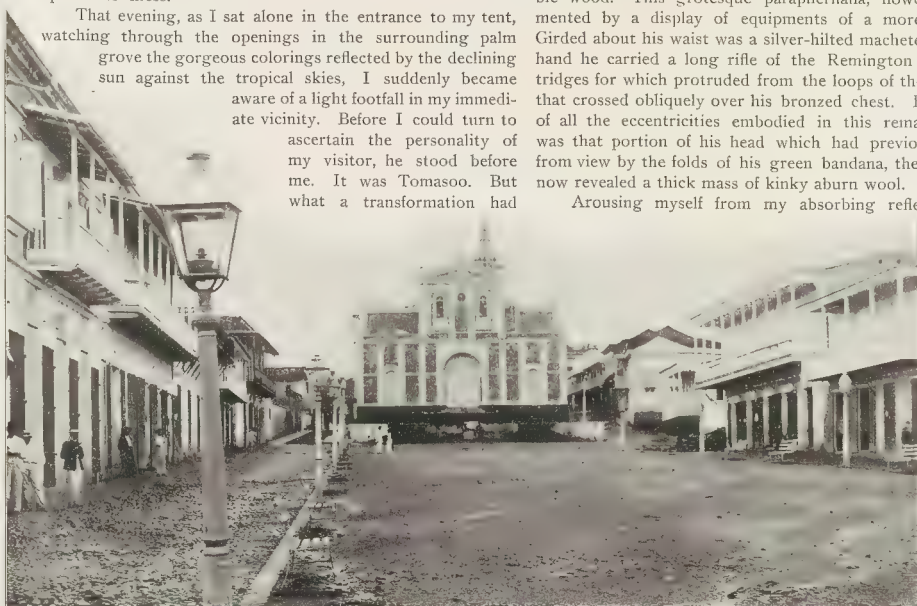
been wrought in his appearance! In place of the conventional white cotton garments, such as had characterized his attire earlier in the day, he was now arrayed in the semi-barbaric panoply of a West Indian chief of anterior times. From his waist to his knees he was clad in a kilt-like contrivance of parrot skins, with their brilliant green plumage still intact, while suspended from one shoulder about his otherwise naked arms and chest was a gorgeous cape of like material and luster. Bound to his feet with leather thongs which crossed and recrossed over his high insteps and about his splendidly muscled calves, were a pair of sandals of light, flexible wood. This grotesque paraphernalia, however, was supplemented by a display of equipments of a more recent pattern. Girded about his waist was a silver-hilted machete, and in his right hand he carried a long rifle of the Remington model, the cartridges for which protruded from the loops of the broad bandolier that crossed obliquely over his bronzed chest. But most singular of all the eccentricities embodied in this remarkable character was that portion of his head which had previously been hidden from view by the folds of his green bandana, the absence of which now revealed a thick mass of kinky aburn wool.

Arousing myself from my absorbing reflections upon the

strange appearance of my yet stranger compatriot, I determined, if possible, to assuage my intense curiosity concerning his antecedents.

"Tomasoo," I began, "why you like this color so well?" indicating the emerald hue of his feathery kilt.

The islander for a moment



CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA, SAN GERMAN, PORTO RICO.



THE MARKET AT PONCE, PONTO RICO

This is the most noted market on the island. All classes of articles are sold here, from fruits and vegetables to shoes, clothing, hats, etc. of quality and design the famous pottery of Panama and Mexico.

A great deal of pottery is also sold at this market, especially in figures.

gazed thoughtfully at the overhanging foliage of the date palms, then, running his eyes sadly over his primitive costume, replied:

"Thees color same loike trees—an' trees al' th' fr'end Tomasoo gots lef' now." Then, after a second brief pause, he added: "Tomasoo gots no one but self now—peoples al' gone."

"Why!" I exclaimed, with increasing interest, "I see many other people around here. Are you not same as they?"

At this the islander drew himself up proudly and replied: "Ah, no, marstar; Tomasoo b'long not these Port' Rico peoples. None hees peoples lef' now but self. Tomasoo he's stay al' by self un th' trees teel th' whoite sojers come. Then he want go weeth th' arrumy fer keel th' Spunyards."

"And why do you want to kill the Spaniards?" I asked.

"He's keel all Tomasoo peoples, an' he's loike berry much fer keel Tomasoo, too," explained the islander.

Then, as if in further extenuation of his vindictive attitude, he settled himself in the grass before me and continued:

"Berry long time 'go, Tomasoo he's leetle boy, an' have father an' mother an' some brother an' sister. We're lib al' on one island long way from thees place, an' there's berry much peoples there, same loike Tomasoo. An' Tomasoo's father he's chief fer thees

peoples. They're none ob 'em got skin nor hair same loike Caribs nor Port' Rico peoples. An' our men they're al' berry strong an' great fer make fight when th' Caribs come with much canoe fer to keel them. An' the weemen much loike these kind color" green bandana knotted loose—"fer toi th' hair,

they al' berry —indicating the ly about his neck an' th' chief, he's got flag loike thees kind color, too.

"Wel, thees peoples they're have berry much hard toime fer get 'long, fer some toimes, berry often, th' Spunyards they're come long in big canoe with much gun an' make great fight. So berry much mien they're got keel thees way, an' the weemen they're took off in th' big canoes by the Spunyards. Wel, when Tomasoo he's grow up loike man there's no more hees peoples lef' on thees island, only he's father an' two brother. So Tomasoo's father he's say to us one day: 'The Spunyards they're keel al' our peoples which have harm them not, an' soon they're come again fer keel us, too. No



BRINGING COFFEE FROM THE MOUNTAINS.



DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD TO THE DESERVING POOR BY THE GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES AT AGUADILLA.

more we're stay here loike childer'. We're go to their island an' fight them whoile we live.

"So we're take two canoe—Tomasoo's father, hees two brother, an' self—an' make sail for thees place where live th' Spunyards. Wel', we're sail three, four days an' then big wind starts fer blow on water. Berry soon we're see some island, an' troi fer land on shore. But th' wind it's blow berry hard, an' one canoe it's struck on sharp rock. That's Tomasoo two brother canoe. They're not land on shore same loike Tomasoo an' hees father. They're drown. Wel', we're find thees island berry large, an' then we're know thees is where lib th' Spunyards. So we're leave th' canoe, an' find place fer lib on great hill, where much trees grow an' other men come not.

"But we're not come here fer do nothing, an' sometimes, berry often, we're go down from th' hill an' make fight with th' sojers we're find on th' island. Th' Spunyards they're berry much

yards have been there while he's gone. An' Tomasoo he's know he's al' lone now. Then he's throw heeself on th' ground an' call hees father's name. But he's not answer. He's dead."

A profound silence succeeded the close of this simple but tragic narrative, while a strange feeling of mingled awe and veneration stole over me for this devoted remnant of a shattered tribe—this lone avenger, whose sole interpretation of life was retribution for the wrongs of his departed people.

It seemed odd indeed—nay, incredible, that history should have failed to record some token of the passing of so remarkable a tribe. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. Strange it had not dawned upon me before. "Tomasoo," said I, "did your people have a name like other tribes?"

"Yes, marstar," he replied, "Tomasoo' peoples was call th' Anguilles."

Here, then, was the solution of the mystery. Before me was



JAIL AND OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE, AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO.
The space in front of the buildings is also used as a market where hucksters congregate to sell their wares.

'fraid fer Tomasoo' father. Hees feet they're same loike th' wind, an' hees arm it's quick loike th' storm fire. Berry many years we're live in thees island an' th' Spunyards they're theenk we're had speerits an' call us th' 'red demons.' Fer th' sojers they're say our hair have turn they're bullets an' make they're hearts 'fraid. Wel', some day Tomasoo' father he's ole man, an' no more can fight, so he's give Tomasoo hees war knife"—here the speaker laid his hand caressingly upon the silvered hilt of the machete at his side "which hab keel much Spunyards, an' he's tell Tomasoo keep up fight fer heem so long as he's lib. So after that Tomasoo he's make fight al' by self, an' take keer fer hees father. Wel', one day Tomasoo he's gone 'way, fer hunt alligator pears fer feed to hees father. When he's come back to th' hill where he's lib hees heart it's berry sad, for there's hees father hanging down from tree by rope 'round hees neck. Then Tomasoo he's know th' Spun-

the last descendant of that brave but unfortunate Irish fraternity which essayed to colonize the Island of Anguilla, in the Windward group, two centuries before.

A week passed, and the invading army had advanced from the seacoast and was drawn up in battle formation before the Spanish stronghold of Coamo. Everything was in readiness for the impending fray. Column after column of eager, impatient troops stretched away, like the waters of a mighty flood about to be loosened from their straining confines. At the center of the assaulting line were concentrated the sturdy young athletes of the 2d and 3d Michigan. As their forefathers had hewn a great commonwealth out of the mighty forests of their native land, so had they been chosen to cleave a pathway through the Spanish defenses, over which the invincible cohorts of the American army might sweep to victory. But among all that ardent, awaiting host



VIEW OF SAN GERMAN FROM THE SPANISH BARRACKS

there was none more radiantly expectant than the doughty islander, Tomasoo. Never before during the brief period of our acquaintance had this superb gladiator appeared to such splendid advantage. He had once more donned his native regalia, which, since the evening when he first reported for duty, had, for salutary reasons, given place to the less conspicuous campaign attire. Every muscle of his brawny arms and sinewy chest now seemed to expand under the exhilarating influence of their natural element. The islander evidently regarded the approaching conflict as the one longed-for opportunity of his life—that of meeting his foes upon an equal footing.

The seconds lengthen—and the minutes lapsed tervals, but still the imheld in abeyance. Obvi- had developed in the ar- the last moment. By way of reconciling myself to the suspense, I diverted my attention to the rifle carried by the islander. As I had previously remarked, it was longer than the average arm of its pattern, and now, upon closer scrutiny, I observed that its caliber was correspondingly large. Indeed, the weapon throughout quite fulfilled my idea of an elephant gun of the most formidable type.

"Say, Tomasoo!" I exclaimed, wonderingly, "what kind of gun you call that?"

A glint of humor twinkled in the islander's eyes, as he replied:

"Oh, that gun; she's made fer keel Tomasoo."

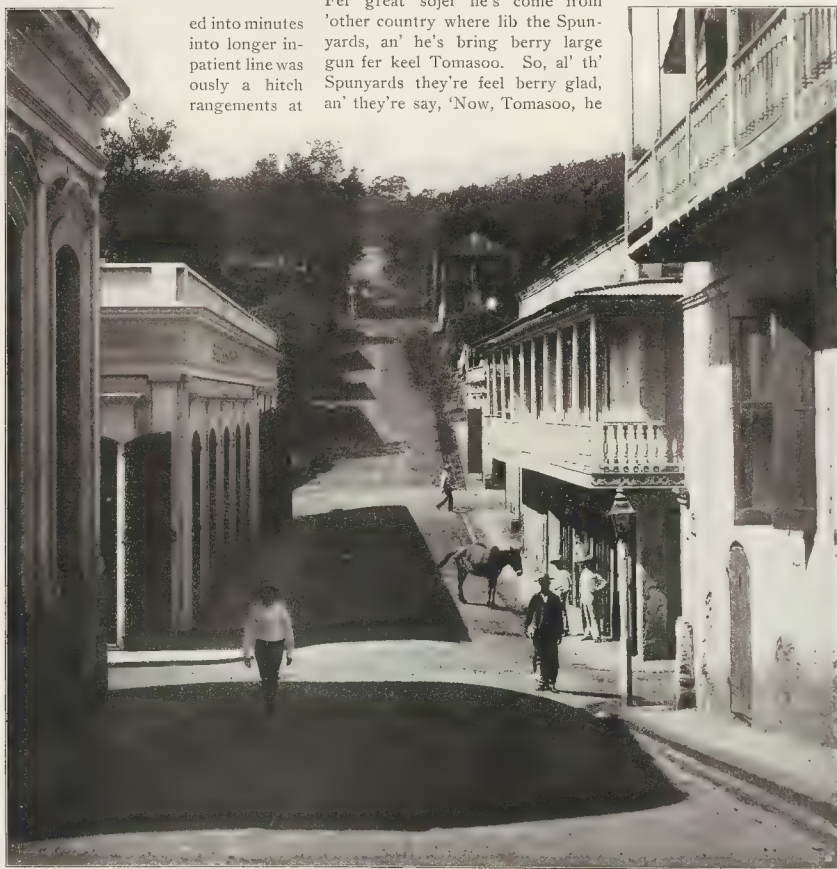
"Made to kill you!" I echoed, dubiously; "then how you come to have it?"

"Wel', it's happen thees way," explained the warrior. "When Toma-soo' father he's been keel by th' Spunyards, they're feel berry brave, an' so much sojers they're come back to hill where Toma-

ed into minutes into longer in-patient line was ously a hitch rangements at

Then many these sojers they're get 'fraid, fer they're think Toma-soo he's devil, an' they're want go back. So, then, Tomasoo he's make great noise and jump out from trees, an' run at sojers with hees father's war knife. Then al' the sojers they're think Tomasoo hees father's speerit, an' they're make great cry an' run 'way from hill. But Tomasoo he's run more fast than sojers, fer he's think al' th' toime how they're keel hees poor ole father. An' Tomasoo he's keel many sojers that day. Wel', after thees, no more sojers want come fer keel Tomasoo. So, berry long time it's go by, an' one day al' th' Spunyards in th' island, they're make gran' feast. Fer great sojer he's come from 'other country where lib the Spun-yards, an' he's bring berry large gun fer keel Tomasoo. So, al' th' Spunyards they're feel berry glad, an' they're say, 'Now, Tomasoo, he

soo lib, fer keel him, too. But Tomasoo he's see them come long 'fore they're reach hees place. Then, I'm say to self, 'Tomasoo you play treak on these sojers.' So, I'm take long feather coat loike thees, an' fix on pole, so it's look loike man, and stand him up 'gainst Tomasoo' house. Then, I'm go hide in trees near by. Wel', soon sojers come an' they're think they're see Tomasoo. So they're shoot many toimes at feather coat, but it's not fall down.



EARLY MORNING IN THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF SAN GERMAN.

sure must die.' Wel', when al' th' peoples they're done eat an' dreenn, thees sojer, he's take hees great gun an' come lone in th' trees fer hunt Tomasoo. Then I'm feel berry glad, fer now I'm say to self, 'Thees sojer, he's berry brave for come out al' lone fer make fight. I'm go an' meet him.' So Tomasoo he's take hees father's war knife an' come down from hill fer make fight with thees sojer. Wel', when sojer he's see Tomasoo come fer him he's raise up hees gun fer shoot. But Tomasoo he's fall down berry queek, an' the bullet it's gon eover hees head. Then Tomasoo he's jump up berry queek an' run fer sojer fore he's can put 'nother cartridge in gun. Then sojer he's take hold other end of gun an' troi fer hit Tomasoo. But Tomasoo he's raise up hees father's war knife an' stop th' gun. Then he's catch hold of sojer's gun with other hand an' take it 'way from him. Now thees sojer he's think Tomasoo sure going fer keel him, but he's not troi fer run away loike other sojer. He's just hold up hees head an' look Tomasoo in th' eye. But Tomasoo he's know thees sojer he's not one them wot keel hees father an' hees peoples. An Tomasoo he's not want fer keel thees sojer, for he's berry brave man. So I'm

strong men sank down overcome by its heat and turmoil, his ardor became only the more pronounced. Every thunderous discharge of his wonderful gun seemed to impart additional vigor to his already superanimated physique, and his practiced vision was never at a loss for an enemy at which to direct his deadly aim. At length, however, his ammunition ran out, just as a fortified barricade confronted the advancing forces. The resistance at this point was more determined than at any previous stage of the conflict, and for the first time our progress was checked. Above the top of the impeding bulwark the figure of a Spanish major could be seen, as he rode to and fro in his efforts to encourage his men to stand firm. Suddenly, as our lines wavered before the withering fire, a familiar form darted from an adjacent thicket, and with his long, curving machete unsheathed in his right hand, leaped to the top of the embankment. With his sabre uplifted, the mounted officer dashed forward, but the islander's keen blade flashed in a circle of light about his head and in an instant the Spanish major rolled out of his saddle with his head half severed from his body. The next moment a tremendous volley crashed from behind the



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL AT AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO.

Every town of any importance has its plaza, beautified with trees, shrubbery and statuary, and in the cool of the evening the people gather here to exchange compliments and learn the news of the times

jus' point to thees belt full cartridge wot th' sojer he's got over hees shoulder, an' he's take it off an' gib it to Tomasoo. Then I'm point to th' place where thees sojer he's come from an' he's know then Tomasoo not goin' fer keel him. So he's look berry glad an' he's reach ober an' take Tomasoo hand, an' he's kiss it berry much. Then he's gone 'way. An' thot's how Tomasoo he's got thees gun wot's meant fer keel him."

Scarcely had the islander finished relating this incident, so oddly associated with his ponderous firearm, when a final wave of expectancy surged along the restless line. An instant later the bugles rang out the advance, and with an answering cheer the eager columns hurled themselves forward. Ere a dozen yards had been cleared, however, a deafening crash of musketry directly ahead told how bitterly the coveted territory would be disputed. Throughout the spirited conflict which ensued, my attention was necessarily confined to the most heated portions of the field, and there in the thickest of the fight my eyes invariably encountered the green-clad figure of the island warrior. Fear and fatigue seemed alike unknown to him, and as the battle progressed and

rampart and the intrepid warrior fell forward, pierced by a score of Spanish bullets. Then, inspired by the magnificent heroism exemplified by the fallen islander, our rallying columns, with a mighty cheer, swept over the works, driving the enemy before them to an overwhelming defeat. But ere the sun set upon our hard earned victory, a party of us returned to the spot where the tide of the battle had for a moment been stayed, to search for our stricken champion. We found him lying where he had fallen, side by side with the enemy's slain, his fingers still entwined about the silvered hilt of the blade his honored sire had wielded before him. Near by we hollowed out a grave in the green sward, lining it with his cherished mantle of emerald plumes. Then, folding the hands that had wrought so valiantly, alike in the cause of a vanished race and of a common humanity, upon his silent breast, we laid him away to sleep beneath the green trees he loved so well.



VITAL CONDITIONS IN PORTO RICO.

The Act of Congress, passed during the progress of this work, levying a tariff tax on the trade of Porto Rico with the United States and returning the proceeds to the islanders in the form of charity, is evidently not approved by a majority of the American public. It is in direct opposition to the advice of all of our civil and military officials who became familiar with the vital needs of the island by residence and investigation, and of the President himself, who, in his annual message of December, 1899, declared that it was our plain duty to extend free trade to the Porto Ricans. But it is not our purpose to discuss political measures. If wrong has been done it will be corrected by the American people, whose love of justice is their most pronounced national characteristic; and, on the other hand, if time and experience shall demonstrate that the recent departure from an established principle is for the best interests of all concerned, it will be cheerfully acquiesced in by a loyal public.

In line with this discussion and for the purpose of throwing light on conditions as they now exist, we glean the following items of interest from the official reports of American civil and military officers and the United States Insular Commission:

The people of Porto Rico are earnest in their

devotion to their new country, and profoundly solicitous to be regarded as an integral part of the great American Republic. All classes express a ready willingness to accept American institutions

and to be content with them.

as our people have been for more than a century; but at the same time they ask and expect that the full measure of our privileges as a self-governing people, especially with regard to local and municipal affairs, be extended to them, in order that they may be quickly relieved from the oppressive laws to which they have been so long subjected by the injustice of Spanish rule.

One of the greatest evils which prevailed under the old Spanish régime was the creation of innumerable offices, intended as rewards for court followers and to strengthen the power of the government, whose chief object seemed to be the oppression and robbery of the people. This system extended not only to the general government of the island, but to the municipalities as well; and these hordes of office-holders, nearly all of whom were mere sinecures, consumed a very large part of the taxes imposed upon and collected from the people. Many of these offices were looked upon as personal property, to be transmitted or assigned for a consideration. The general government was regarded simply as a place to which the more favored following of the party in power could be assigned, with a view to reaping a rich harvest and gathering quick and profitable returns from public plunder. Most of these useless offices



SUGAR PLANTATION ON THE ROAD FROM MAYAGUEZ TO SAN GERMAN.



SCENE ON THE CULEBRINAS RIVER, NEAR PLATA, PORTO RICO.

are still in existence, and the greed of their incumbents is no less obtrusive under American rule than it was during the era of Spanish sovereignty. These conditions have been suffered to continue because the American authorities did not think it would be wise to introduce sudden innovations or attempt immediate and radical reforms. They preferred that the people should grow up to the new conditions of their own volition and by gradual and natural processes. But there is no good reason why palpable wrongs should continue, and the request of the Porto Ricans for local self-government is natural and commendable.

The American Commissioners state that there is much wealth and great intelligence among the more favored classes, while there is unbounded hospitality on every hand. The doors of Porto Rican homes are wide open to the country's guests, and the extent of their hospitality is as unmeasured as it is cordial. These statements confirm those of our own writers and correspondents, and establish the reliability of the information condensed in this work.

But on the other hand, while there is a vast amount of wealth in the island, and evidences of great prosperity among certain

classes, with rich plantations and bright promises of a great future for Porto Rico, there is also great poverty and ignorance among the lowly and oppressed masses. Especially throughout

establishment of public schools and the education of their children. At the close of the Spanish era only 27,000 children, out of 125,000 reported as being within the required age, were enrolled in the schools. Teachers were underpaid, and thousands of dollars due them by the Spanish Government have not been paid up to the present time. There were practically no buildings devoted to educational purposes, except the religious institutions, nearly all of the public schools being taught in private families. The entire system was treated with indifference and contempt, with the evident intention of degrading those who patronized the public schools and making them feel that they were objects of charity. The independent spirit of the people naturally revolted at such gross injustice, and as they had no influence with the government that they might exert for the betterment of their condition, they became indifferent on the subject of education. It was natural that they should care but little about a system that degraded their children to the level of mendicants and put themselves on the list of legalized recipients of charity. It appeared to be the fixed purpose of the Spanish officials to throw every possible obstacle in

the way of those among the common people who manifested any desire to acquire an education. The houses where the schools were taught were far apart, and an intelligent citizen of the island de-



THE ROAD NEAR AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO.

Since the American occupation a vast amount of work has been done on the public roads by the Government, and evidences of the benefits of this work are to be seen everywhere.

the interior of the island are the homes of the people of the poorest possible character, consisting almost entirely of "shacks" constructed of the palm and covered with a straw thatch or palm leaves. The people, as a rule, are industrious and willing to work if given an opportunity; and in every instance those employing them speak in terms of commendation of their faithful earnestness. They are generally a peaceful and law-abiding people, and while there is unquestionably some lawlessness, and some minor offenses, they do not exceed, if they equal, the number of similar offenses committed in our States of a like population.

Under Spanish rule education among the masses was practically unknown. Parents who had inherited centuries of ignorance did not appreciate the importance of requiring their children to attend school, and the condition of the schools, as well as the system of teaching, were not such as to encourage attendance. Now there is an awakening on the part of the people. They seem to appreciate the fact that popular government must rest on a basis of intelligence, and they manifest a commendable eagerness for the

clares that in many instances the children had to cross several rapid streams on their way to school, sometimes up to their armpits in water, and at the risk of their lives. It is inconceivable that such conditions should have existed, and the people certainly could not be blamed for neglecting such opportunities. Under these circumstances ignorance extended and broadened until it covered the entire island.

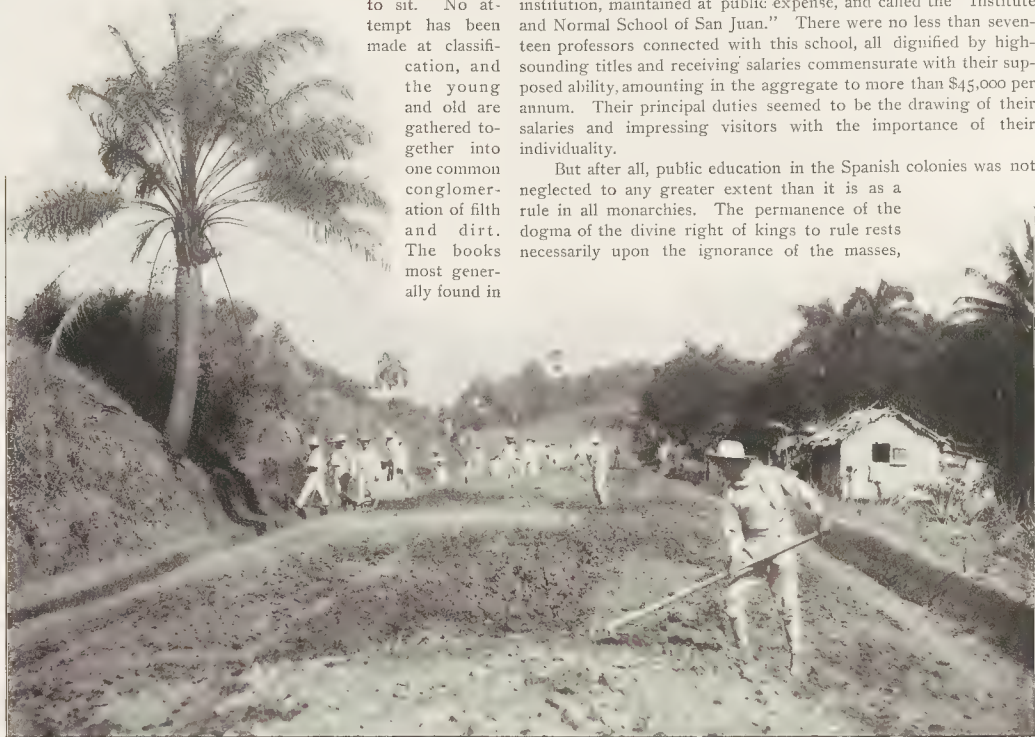
Referring to the so-called public schools established by the Spanish authorities, and the conditions surrounding them, the Commissioners say:

"The schools we visited are simply pretensions to education, and in the United States would not be regarded as being worthy of the name. The miserable hovels into which these schools are crowded, the unwholesome and unhealthy conditions surrounding them, the lack of the smallest conveniences, and the entire absence of a good system of school books is everywhere noticeable. In but a single school did we find any pretensions to desks, and in most of them the plainest and roughest benches, upon which the children

were compelled to sit. No attempt has been made at classification, and the young and old are gathered together into one common conglomeration of filth and dirt. The books most generally found in

At San Juan the Commission found a pretentious educational institution, maintained at public expense, and called the "Institute and Normal School of San Juan." There were no less than seventeen professors connected with this school, all dignified by high-sounding titles and receiving salaries commensurate with their supposed ability, amounting in the aggregate to more than \$45,000 per annum. Their principal duties seemed to be the drawing of their salaries and impressing visitors with the importance of their individuality.

But after all, public education in the Spanish colonies was not neglected to any greater extent than it is as a rule in all monarchies. The permanence of the dogma of the divine right of kings to rule rests necessarily upon the ignorance of the masses,

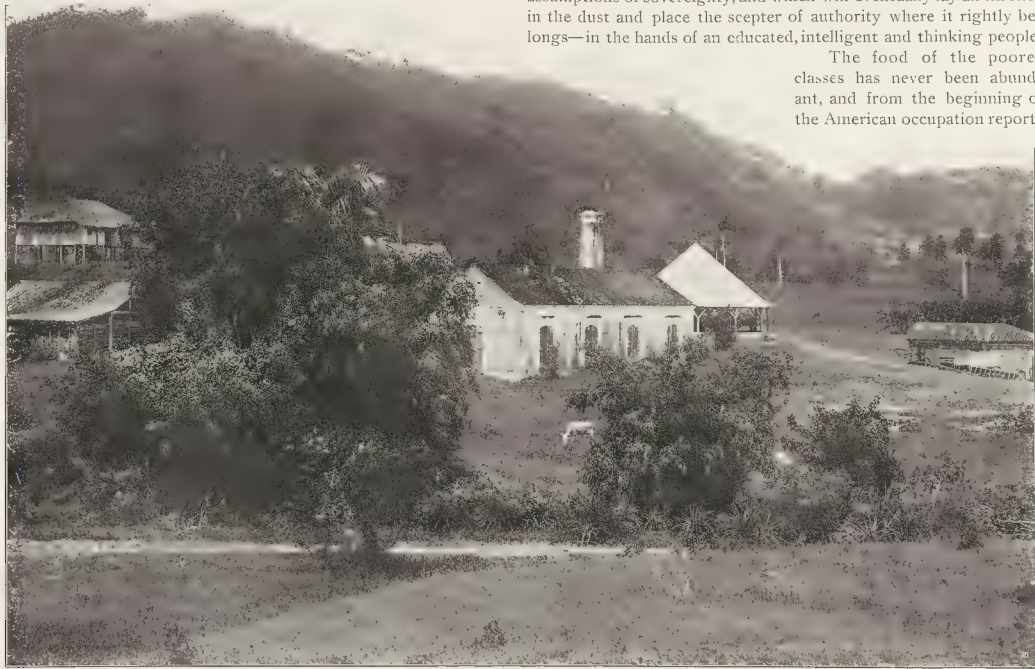


GOVERNMENT WORK ON A PUBLIC ROAD NEAR HORMIGUEROS, PORTO RICO

these institutions are a primer, a catechism, and a mental philosophy, and the system of education consists almost entirely of memorizing."

who constitute the strength and ought to possess the intelligence of all nations. Kings and their adherents are not anxious to educate the element that is most deeply wronged by their groundless assumptions of sovereignty, and which will eventually lay all thrones in the dust and place the scepter of authority where it rightly belongs—in the hands of an educated, intelligent and thinking people.

The food of the poorer classes has never been abundant, and from the beginning of the American occupation reports



OLD SUGAR PLANTATION AND MILL NEAR HORMIGUEROS

This plantation has not been cultivated for some five or six years, and both land and mill show the effects of inattention, produced by the burdens of Spanish taxation.

were circulated from time to time, stating that there was great distress and actual starvation in many parts of the island. It was asserted that in the country districts the people were dying of hunger, but the authorities carefully investigated all such reports and generally found them to be untrue. Of course it was natural that some suffering should exist among a population so dense and embracing so many persons who were extremely poor; but there was very little, if any, actual destitution until after the great hurricane of 1899. Since then there have been many cases of the most acute necessity, and a few instances of actual starvation, all of which the authorities did their best to alleviate. The people of Porto Rico live so frugally and are content with so little, while the climate is so mild and the soil so productive of the simple necessities of life, that it would be impossible under ordinary circumstances for any among them to perish for want of food.

The Commissioners declare that the people seem to be abundantly satisfied with their transfer to the care of the United States, and upon every opportunity give free expression to their loyalty and devotion to the Government which relieved them from Spanish

world and its opportunities spread out before them. No one can appreciate the wild joy and elevation of spirit that came to these people with the announcement of their disenfranchisement. It was like one who, unjustly condemned to hopeless servitude, suddenly receives notice of pardon or reprieve. In some quarters there was a disposition to make light of the demonstrations of these poor people, who it was claimed set a higher value on their freedom than it was worth. Let us hope that this may never prove to be true. Those who have always been free cannot understand or appreciate the ecstasy that liberty brings to the slave. It is like opening the doors of heaven to those who have been condemned to the torments of the wicked. "These men," writes Consul Hanna, of Porto Rico, "believe that the dawn of a new day has come for them, and our Government has it within its power to continue to inspire this people with a laudable ambition to make something of themselves. I believe that the whole question concerning the laboring man in Porto Rico very largely depends upon free trade between the island and the United States. * * * There are nearly a million people in this group of islands. It is said to be



ST. VINCENT'S STREET, SAN GERMAN, PORTO RICO

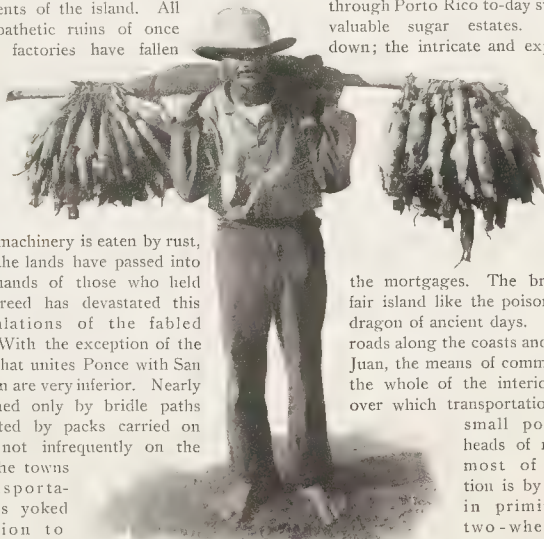
Showing the foothills of the mountains' s' that lie to the south of the city, whose lofty peaks temper the climate and add to the picturesqueness of the scenery.

oppression. They only ask to be taken under the kindly care of the United States and to be given as many rights and liberties as may be consistent with their present condition; and that opportunities may be afforded them for increasing their education and intelligence in all respects equal to that of citizens of a free country. They long for the introduction of our institutions. The laboring class manifest an earnest desire to rise to the dignity of the American working man. They realize that in the United States honest toil and labor are regarded as honorable, and that the man who works in any part of this country is looked upon with respect by his fellow citizens. They are aware that many persons in the United States who were once laborers have become wealthy, and this fact stimulates them to a laudable ambition for their own advancement. They believe that the dawn of a new day for them is at hand, and that they can trust our Government and our people to do what is right in their behalf. Under Spanish rule there was no hope for the struggling masses; they were the drudges and mudsills of society, born to be ridden for the benefit of the favored classes. Now they are free citizens of a great republic, with the

the most densely populated portion of the globe. The greater part of the people are poor, but I believe they are more inclined to work and earn an honest living than the people of any Latin-American country that I was ever in. When the duties are entirely taken off of American products, so that American manufacturers can have branch factories in Porto Rico, thousands of these people will be educated in the factory. They will be inspired with the desire not only to make a living, but to become home owners, as many workmen are in the United States. * * * Porto Ricans are not bad people. Remove from them the terrible temptation produced by enforced hunger and nakedness; give to these people an opportunity to earn an honest living; teach them that toil is honorable; build for them factories instead of forts; teach them to handle tools instead of bayonets, and we shall produce upon them a moral effect which the Spaniards failed to produce, and make of them a people whom we shall not be ashamed to recognize as fellow-citizens of our grand republic."

Consul Hanna also states that there is only about one tenth of the land of Porto Rico now in actual cultivation. This explains

the wild waste appearance of the country as reproduced in our photographs. The heavy taxes which Spain laid upon her colonies crushed out the prosperous farmer and planter and sent into bankruptcy many of the wealthy residents of the island. All the pathetic ruins of once great factories have fallen down; the intricate and expen-



NATIVE CIGAR PEDDLER, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

sive machinery is eaten by rust, and the lands have passed into the hands of those who held of greed has devastated this exhalations of the fabled

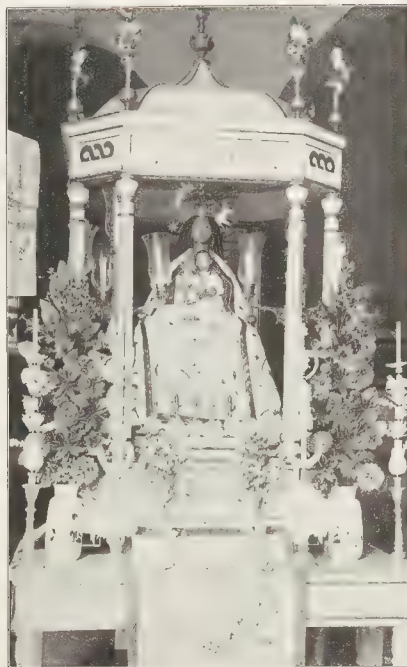
With the exception of the one that unites Ponce with San cation are very inferior. Nearly reached only by bridle paths effected by packs carried on and not infrequently on the In the towns transporta-locks yoked fashion to carts and work by a pole in the

native driver, who walks in front of his team, turning to give them a vigorous punch when they do not follow with sufficient speed. The horns of the patient beasts are lashed to the yoke by means of ropes, so that the entire strain of the load rests upon the head and horns, causing constant pain, which, however, does not seem to disturb the native, who for his beasts of burden. The superior class, resembling sey breeds, but having

the mortgages. The breath fair island like the poisonous dragon of ancient days.

roads along the coasts and the Juan, the means of communi-the whole of the interior is over which transportation is small ponies heads of men, most of the tion is by bul-in primitive two-wheeled urged to their sharp-pointed hands of a na-

manifests but little compassion cattle of the island are of a the improved Jer-branching horns



AN IMAGE IN SOLID GOLD.

This image of the Virgin and Child is made of solid gold. It is in the Church of Our Lady of Montserrat, at Hornigueros, and is fully described in the text matter.

like their Castilian progenitors. There are no milk wagons, and the cows, like those in Cuba, are driven from door to door in the towns and milked into bottles in the presence of the customers, while the calves stand patiently on the sidewalks awaiting the signal to move on to the next place. This plan is not so expeditious as the one that prevails with us, but it suits the temper of the people and insures the purity of the milk supply.

The habits and necessities of a large proportion of the rural population are extremely simple and limited. A little rice, a very little flour now and then, a few beans, and a constant diet



OLD CHURCH AT SAN GERMAN.

This building was erected in 1540, and is supposed to be the oldest church in the island still in use

of bananas, plantains, bread-fruit and vegetables, supply their physical requirements; a few yards of cotton cloth for the adults and nothing for the children furnish all that they seem to require in the way of clothing, while a few boards and a plentiful stock of plantain and palm leaves afford material for the humble dwellings throughout the country districts and in many of the villages and more important towns.

Spain left the financial affairs of the island, as well as all its other material interests, in wretchedly bad shape. In 1895 the government took up all the Mexican and Spanish silver coins in circulation, and substituted special coins struck in the mint of Spain for them. On one side they bear the Spanish coat of arms and the words, "Isla de Porto Rico," and on the other the face of the boy king and an elaborate inscription in Spanish. The peso is the largest of these coins. It corresponds in size to our silver dollar and is spoken of as a dollar. There are smaller silver coins of 5, 10, 20 and 40 centavos, the 20-centavo piece being known as the "peseta;" also copper coins of 1 and 2 centavos. The Spanish Government made no attempt, even if it possessed the power, to

ated by the superior water facilities of the island. The cigar industry would undoubtedly be highly profitable, with the abundant supply of good tobacco and cheap labor that already exists and can be greatly enlarged. The prevailing depression in Porto Rico's affairs is produced solely by the embargo laid upon her products, and when this shall have been removed the island will blossom like a garden and enter upon an era of prosperity unsurpassed by any other region known among civilized men.

The principal seaport cities of Porto Rico, standing in the order named, are San Juan, Ponce, Mayaguez, Aguadilla, Arecibo, Fajardo, Naguabo and Arroyo. In addition to these the island is thickly dotted with smaller towns and villages, many of them mere collections of shacks and hovels where the poorer elements dream away their existence without hope or ambition for the future. One who visits the small towns of the interior can readily imagine himself in the heart of Spain, so similar are the people in their customs and dress to those of the mother country. Everything is Spanish, from the names of the towns to the signs over the shop doors, the naked children playing in the streets and the black-eyed



IRON SPRING AT AGUADILLA, PORTO RICO.

This spring supplies the town with water, which is sold by carriers at the rate of 10 centavos per bucket.

maintain the parity of its silver coins, and they represent but little more than their bullion value—an evil, by the way, that necessarily attaches to all forms of commodity money. This principle is forcibly demonstrated in the fact that the merchants and bankers of Porto Rico are glad to exchange \$1.75 in Spanish silver for \$1 of American paper money.

Economic and material conditions are such that a free exchange of products between the United States and Porto Rico must necessarily be greatly beneficial to both. An acre of land in the island will produce more of value in sugar, coffee, tobacco or fruit, than if planted in corn or potatoes or used as pasture, while there are single counties in the United States, larger than all Porto Rico, which are only suitable for these general food supplies. On the other hand, our great factories can furnish the articles needed by the Porto Ricans cheaper than such articles could be made on the island, without large investments in local plants, which the demand would probably not justify. But it is believed that certain classes of factories will do well there, such as breweries, ice plants, etc., which could be operated by electricity gener-

señoritas with mantillas thrown over their heads. The very high-ways and bridges, the churches and cathedrals, and the pillared and balconied fronts of the houses have a Spanish look of ancient, frayed-out grandeur. A very large proportion of these inland places can be reached only by bridle paths, on the backs of ponies or mules, and frequently the traveler is compelled to pick his way carefully over dangerous precipices, on foot. The tourist with a Spanish fancy can satisfy it as readily in central Porto Rico as he could in ancient Castile. He will miss nothing but the ruins of Moorish castles and the musty flavor of worn-out chivalry.

San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, with portcullis, gates, moat and battlements. The walls are picturesque, dating back to the seventeenth century, and represent a stupendous work and cost within themselves. Inside the walls the city is laid off in regular squares, six parallel streets running in the direction of the length of the small island upon which the town is built, and seven at right angles. The population of about 20,000 is densely packed in closely-built houses, the better classes occupying the second floors, while in the rooms on the ground the seething

masses crowd upon one another in the most appalling manner. In a single small room, separated from its neighbors on either side by flimsy partitions, a whole family will reside, reeking with filth and constantly exposed to all manner of tropical diseases. The condition of the poor in the cities is far worse than that of the same class in the country, for the latter can at least breathe the pure air and bathe themselves daily in the cool streams that flow down from the mountains. Outside of the main walled city are two small additions, called the Marina and Puerta de Tierra, containing two or three thousand inhabitants each. There are also two suburbs, San Turce and Cataño, the former approached by the only road leading out of the city, and the latter located across the bay and connected with the city by ferry. The entire population, including the suburbs and additions, is about 30,000. The island on which the city stands is connected with the mainland at the eastern end by a bridge, while at

the locality, or when a norther is blowing, this entrance is difficult and



GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT MAYAGUEZ, NOW USED AS A CUSTOM HOUSE.

the opposite end, and covering the entrance to the harbor, stands Morro Castle, on a bold promontory that rises out of the waters of the sea more than one hundred feet high. The channel is very narrow, with a rocky bottom, and hugs the shore so closely that one can almost leap upon the decks of a passing

ship. To a mariner unacquainted with

dangerous. After rounding the bluff a broad and beautiful bay spreads out smooth as a sea of glass, landlocked and affording safe anchorage for the largest ships. With the exception of Havana, this is regarded as one of the best harbors in the West Indies. When the sea is rough the "boca," or entrance to the harbor, becomes a mass of seething, dashing waves, roaring like a dozen Niagaras and presenting a spectacle of imposing grandeur. At such times to see an ocean steamer enter the channel is a sight to be remembered. The waves lift the vessel high up on their foaming crests and hurl it forward as if to dash it in pieces against the rocks of the cliff, but as they recede it glides smoothly down into the placid harbor and rounds to in a sheet of water as quiet and unruffled as a mountain lake.

Ponce, the next city in importance, has a population of about 15,000, while the port, or playa, five miles distant, and connected with the city by a good road, has a population of about 5,000. The harbor is spacious and will accommodate vessels drawing twenty five feet of water. The

inhabitants of the city are principally engaged in mercantile pursuits, but carpenters, bricklayers, joiners, tailors, shoemakers and barbers find ample employment. Many of the mechanics excel in their various lines, producing a quality of work that is not surpassed in any country. Ponce is a thriving city, and, having an abundant supply of pure water, is regarded as one of the healthiest.



BRITISH AND FRENCH CONSULATES, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

Mayaguez, on the west coast, has a population of about 20,000 and, what is unusual in Porto Rico, a majority of the inhabitants are white. The climate is excellent, the temperature never exceeding 70° Fahrenheit. The city is connected by tram with the neighboring town of Aguadilla, and a railroad is being constructed to Lares, one of the large interior towns. Mayaguez is the second coffee port on the island, the average annual export being 170,000 hundred weight. About 50,000 sacks of flour are imported into this place from the United States every year, constituting nearly one third of the flour consumed in the whole island. In addition to coffee, Mayaguez exports large quantities of sugar, oranges, pineapples and cocoanuts, most of these products going to the United States. There are several small manufactories of chocolate for local consumption in the city.

Aguadilla, situated on the northwest coast, on a direct line north of Mayaguez, has a population of about 5,000. The climate is hot but healthy, fever very rarely prevails. The principal industries of the vicinity consist in the cultivation of sugar cane, coffee, tobacco and cocoanuts, and the distillation of rum from molasses. Considerable coffee is also exported from this place.

molasses, with some tortoise shell, are the principal exports. Naguabo, about eighteen miles southwest of Fajardo, is a small place with a population of about 2,000, while its playa, or port, has about 1,500 inhabitants. Humacao, the capital of the province, is only a short distance from the latter, and has a population of about 4,000.

Arroya, on the southern coast, is familiar to Americans as one of the landing places of General Miles' army. It is a small town of about 1,200 inhabitants, but is the outlet of a rich agricultural district, and exports large quantities of sugar, molasses and rum.

The cities that will be most attractive to Americans are San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez. The former has the advantage not only of being the capital, but its location and harbor will always command a good trade. It is more distinctively Spanish than either of the other two cities named, but it has improved wonderfully since the American occupation and is making rapid strides toward modern conditions. Even now it is hardly recognizable as the dirty, unprogressive, medieval city abandoned by the Spaniards in 1898, and the changes that have already been wrought for the



FRENCH THEATER, OR GRAND OPERA HOUSE, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.
The architecture of this theater is on the Moorish style, and it presents a very ornamental and striking appearance, reminding the visitor of many buildings in Spain.

Arecibo, with a population of 6,000 to 7,000, is located on the north coast fifty miles west of San Juan by rail. The harbor is poor, being nothing more than an open roadstead, in which vessels can hardly lie in safety during the prevalence of northerly winds. The Rio Grande River empties into the harbor at this place, and goods are conveyed on the river to and from vessels lying in the roadstead, on flat-bottomed boats propelled by means of long poles. In spite of its unsafe and inconvenient harbor, Arecibo is an important port and does a considerable business with the surrounding district, which has a population of more than 30,000 inhabitants and is rich in the products of the island.

Fajardo and Naguabo are both located at the eastern extremity of Porto Rico, in the province of Humacao. The first has a population of about 9,000, a handsome harbor with a third-class light-house at the entrance, and a custom house open to the commerce of the world. The climate is temperate and healthy. Sugar and

better will be rapidly followed by others of even greater importance, until within a few years the place will become a thriving, progressive, clean and healthy American city. The only articles manufactured in San Juan during the Spanish era, aside from small lots of cigars and cigarettes made by hand, principally for local consumption, were matches, brooms, a little soap, a cheap class of trunks and a few other minor articles. There were also ice, gas and electric light works, and an establishment across the bay for refining crude petroleum.

Mayaguez is a thriving and progressive place—more so, perhaps, than any other town on the island. It also has a good climate and is the shipping point for one of the richest districts of the island. All of these advantages render it attractive to Americans, and it may be safely predicted that this beautiful western city will receive a goodly share of their attention and become in the near future a thriving mart of trade.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

This is one of the most important cities of the island, located on the western coast and connected by tram with Aguadilla. Many wealthy citizens reside here, and the public buildings, parks, statues, etc. are of a superior character.

Ponce is a commercial city, and will hold its own in that respect. General Miles thought so well of its location, harbor, and facilities for distribution, that he selected it as the principal point of disembarkation for his army of invasion. Before that event Americans hardly knew there was such a place in existence, but now it is so well known that no one can think of Porto Rico without associating the name of its great commercial city with that of the island. Those who go to Porto Rico solely in quest of business, will usually be attracted first to Ponce.

It is generally conceded that our Government made a mistake in permitting the laws established by Spain, and many of her public abuses, to remain so long in force after the change took place. The object of course was to give the people an opportunity to work out their own reforms, in order that they might not feel the mortification of being subjected to an alien race; but while the intention was good the results were in a number of instances deplorable. One of the worst of these incidents was the execution of five murderers by the garrote, at Ponce, on April 7th, 1900. The crime, which had been committed nearly two years previously, was particularly atrocious, and no one questioned the justice of the death penalty; but the mode of its infliction sent a thrill of horror through the entire nation. The garrote is the most brutal of all instruments devised for executing criminals. It is peculiarly Spanish in its adaptability to the infliction of torture, and its constant use by the Spaniards in all of their colonies, especially in Cuba, was one of the provoking causes of our war for humanity against Spain. A photograph of this inhuman instrument and the method of its operation

is given in the department of this work relating to the Philippine Islands, where its pernicious activity produced an almost daily tragedy. When the time fixed for an execution by the garrote arrives, the victim is seated and leans his head back against a wooden beam prepared as a support. An iron collar closely encircles the throat, its rear ends passing through the beam and uniting with a screw and lever at the back. The screw terminates in a sharp, needle pointed projection, and by a sudden wrench of the lever this is forced through the back of the neck and into the spinal marrow, causing instant death. When operated in the manner described it is perhaps no more painful than hanging or decapitation; but it was the custom of Spanish executioners, trained like bull fighters to their horrid work, to force the needle to the fatal point by degrees, thus torturing the helpless victim for an hour or more, or as long as their vicious dispositions prompted, and finally ending his agony by a sudden wrench of the lever.

The employment of this hideous machine under American authority should never have been permitted, and the fact that it was so employed is universally and keenly resented by the public. It was the first and will probably be the last time that the garrote will ever be seen in active operation within the limits of American authority.

The origin of the garrote is traced through the Moors to the oriental punishment of the bowstring, which in its primitive style it exactly resembled. In its original form it was merely a cord put around the neck and suddenly tightened by the twisting of a stick inserted between the cord and the back of the prisoner's head. Hence the name of this mode of execution, *garrote* in Spanish signifying stick. Subsequently the iron collar was introduced, and the neck of the victim broken by a sudden tightening of the band against his throat. At a still later period the sharp-pointed screw was added; and this is still the form in which the death machine is used throughout the Spanish dominions.

There are many things that we can borrow from Spain without staining our hands with the instruments of her cruelty. The monuments of her past greatness are to be found on every continent, and if she had united mercy and statesmanship with the ancient power of her arms, Spain might have remained to the present time the most powerful of all the empires of the world. But inhumanity and greed have wrought her ruin, just as they will bring retributive punishment to any nation that follows in her footsteps.



REAR VIEW OF THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT MAYAGUEZ.





COCOANUT GROVE ON THE SEA SHORE.

DIRECT REPRODUCTION FROM COLORED PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW COLORTYPEL OR NATURAL COLOR PROCESS.

PORTO RICAN SOCIAL LIFE.

There is a genuine aristocracy in Porto Rico, and its members are very exclusive in their social functions. The women of this class are rarely seen upon the streets, they do not hang out of the windows nor lean dreamily over the balconies, and only a few of them go out to walk in the plaza when the military band plays. There are any number of bewilderingly beautiful girls in Porto Rico, but the visitor will hardly become aware of their presence until he visits some aristocratic ball or exclusive social entertainment. These pretty Porto Ricans differ from their Cuban sisters and the women of the South American republics. The island never succeeded in escaping from the leading-strings of the mother country, and the Spanish aristocracy has left its impress upon that portion of the population which came within the sphere of its influence. Heretofore it has been the custom of the Porto Rican belles to take their

tom every town and village of any pretensions has its plaza, laid out in clean walks and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, grass plats and statuary of a more or less expensive character. During the week the señoritas are kept under rigid restriction, never permitted to walk abroad alone, and constantly watched by parents and duennas, as if expected to rush to the bad if allowed the smallest opportunity. This system of vigilance would doubtless become as irksome to the guardians as to the opening buds were it not so soon over. At the age of thirteen the fair Porto Rican is considered quite old enough to marry, and her parents hunt up a son-in-law without delay unless, as is more commonly the case, some sub-rosa lover announces himself, or a match, satisfactory to pater familias, was arranged for her with the son of a friend while the pair were as yet in their cradles. The beauty and charm of these tropical girls are as evanescent as irresistible while they last. Like the lovely flowers of their island, they mature very early, but fade as rapidly. The prettiest girl will be plain before she is thirty, and a handsome middle-aged woman is rarely seen.

According to the etiquette of Spain, which prevails in Porto Rico, a young man cannot engage in conversation with



COCOANUT VENDER AT MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO.

It would be difficult to secure a more thoroughly representative Porto Rican scene than the one embraced in this photograph. The ox-cart and vender of green cocoanuts, the coffee farmer with his load of fresh sacks, the boy with his first trousers, and the native policeman in all the glory of his new uniform, are all eminently Porto Rican.

outings in Europe, where many of them found titled husbands and aristocratic homes; but now their dark eyes are turned languishingly toward the United States. They are taking lessons in English, which they speak with an accent that is delightful, and when they visit our fashionable watering places in the near future they will be formidable rivals of that charming creature, the American summer girl. Several of them have already married prominent army officers, who, after capturing Spain's crack regiments, fell victims to cupid's wiles ambushed in the bright eyes of these pretty Spanish señoritas.

But while the "four hundred" pride themselves on their exclusiveness, the great middle class amuses itself more openly. One of their highest social functions is apparently the Sunday evening promenade in the plaza, and in recognition of this prevalent cus-

tom every town and village of any pretensions has its plaza, laid out in clean walks and ornamented with trees, shrubbery, grass plats and statuary of a more or less expensive character. During the week the señoritas are kept under rigid restriction, never permitted to walk abroad alone, and constantly watched by parents and duennas, as if expected to rush to the bad if allowed the smallest opportunity.

It seems strange to Americans to have the parlors and reception rooms on the second floor. This is the custom in most of the towns of Porto Rico. The rich people live in the second stories of their houses, the lower floors being given up to the poor. Out in the country the houses of the richest farmers have store-houses, granaries or stables beneath them, and you have to go up a long flight of steps to get to the front door.

The average country house of the wealthy and well-to-do has no glass in its windows, but only shutters which open and close. It is built with a large living room in the center and bedrooms opening into this from either side. There is often a wing containing



PLAZA AND COLUMBUS MONUMENT, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO

According to local tradition, Columbus camped on the spot where the monument stands the second night after landing. There are twenty-one figures surrounding the statue, representing the men who accompanied him on that occasion.

a kitchen with a water closet adjoining it. Bathrooms are almost unknown and the sanitary conditions of even the best houses are bad.

The furniture is commonly of bentwood, the chairs being arranged stiffly about a table. There is often a wicker sofa and some rocking chairs, but no attempts are made at ornamentation in the way of cozy nooks or wall decoration.

The bedrooms are fitted out with iron beds covered either with canvas or with wire springs, upon which thin comforts are spread for mattresses. The mattresses are usually not long enough to allow your whole

body to lie on them without touching the wires.

The Captain-General's palace at San Juan, of which we present several handsome photographic views, is now the White House of Porto Rico. It is an immense building of two stories, divided into twenty or more commodious rooms. A number of these are devoted to offices, and the remainder are occupied by the Governor-General and his family, several magnificent parlors being reserved for social functions.

Entering the palace, you go in between two of our soldiers and walk up a wide staircase, by a stack of rifles, past a mirror draped with two American flags, to the second floor. This is the living part of the palace. Turning to the left you first enter the reception-room, which is as large as the ordinary parlor, and thence pass on into the drawing-room, which is about fifty feet long, twenty-five feet wide and twenty feet high. It is floored with white and black marble. Its walls are frescoed in lilac and gilt, and the room is almost covered with large mirrors.

The drawing-room, like the rest of the palace, is furnished just as it was when the Spanish left it. Our Government

bought the furniture, including the piano, the billiard table and the carriage and horses, which our Governor-General drives. The palace, in fact, looks more like a Spanish dwelling house than an American one. The chairs are of Austrian bentwood, and they are arranged about marble tables in Spanish style. Upon some of the walls are pictures of Spanish scenery painted in oil, and as the



OLD FRENCH MARKET, MAYAGUEZ, PORTO RICO

The erection of the new building on the right of the picture is a feature that has not appeared in any of our other photographs of island scenery; a fact that emphasizes the absence of the spirit of improvement, which, however, will come with the new era of prosperity, when that dawns.



SCENE IN THE PLAZA AT PONCE, PORTO RICO, JULY 11, 1898.

This scene represents the Spanish Garrison at Ponce, some days before the landing of the American forces repelling the besieging of the Church and plotting themselves to defend the town. The American soldiers, dressed in their regular uniforms, are without arms, a man, manifesting their warrior spirit by setting



MOUNT YSLENTA, PORTO RICO

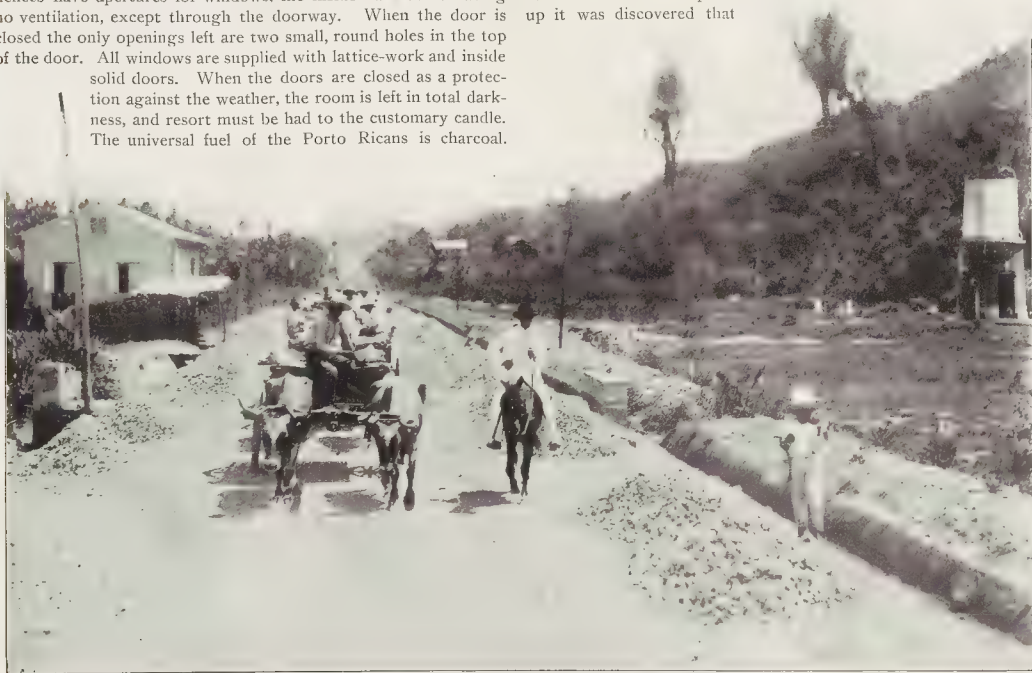
This view was taken from the Court House in Mayaguez, and shows the mountains and Mayaguez Valley, one of the richest districts in the world.

knights in armor on pedestals of black marble. Beyond the music-room is the billiard-room, where the Spanish officials cracked the ivory balls which our officials crack now. This room has windows looking out upon the palace gardens, the bay and Morro Castle. From it can be seen Casa Blanca (the White Castle), another Government building, which stands upon the foundations of a house in which Ponce de Leon lived four hundred years ago. The palace itself was begun in the Sixteenth Century, although it was not finished until 1848.

With all of its magnificence, this splendid palace had no glass windows until they were supplied by the Government after the American occupation. Previous to that time it is claimed that there was not a glass window in the island, and this luxury is still unknown among the country population. Imagine a nation of nearly a million people, many of them wealthy, educated and refined, who never saw a glass window. Only front rooms in residences have apertures for windows, the inside hall rooms having no ventilation, except through the doorway. When the door is closed the only openings left are two small, round holes in the top of the door. All windows are supplied with lattice-work and inside solid doors. When the doors are closed as a protection against the weather, the room is left in total darkness, and resort must be had to the customary candle. The universal fuel of the Porto Ricans is charcoal.

The poor use it for cooking by building their fires in an iron pot, while the better class have a contrivance with a number of holes for containing the charcoal and giving heat to the different dishes.

The Spanish military authorities were as careless of sanitary regulations as the natives themselves. When the Americans came they found the condition of the barracks simply intolerable. The details at San Juan, Ponce, Caguas, and all other places where soldiers had been quartered were too disgusting to bear repetition. A single example of one of the least revolting instances will suffice: At Caguas, where the 47th New York Volunteers had their quarters, the main barracks was a low two-story building, abutting on filthy streets, down which oozed the sewage of the town—for there were no underground sewers. A small rear courtyard, surrounded by a high wall, was filled almost knee-deep with decayed and decaying garbage. In one room the odors were so overpowering that the men became sick and faint in the reeking atmosphere. When the floor was pried up it was discovered that



ON THE ROAD BETWEEN MAYAGUEZ AND YAUCO, PORTO RICO

The scene represents the character of the work done on the roads by the Government. Vast improvements have been made in this particular employed universally, because they are better adapted to the climate than horses or mules, and better liked by the natives

the rain of years had been washing under it cast-away portions of the soldiers' food, until the accumulation was eight or ten inches deep, a bed of reeking and decaying filth. The Spanish soldiers had slept for months at a time on this floor, and when this fact is remembered no one will wonder that the military cemeteries are crowded with their remains and that those who lived to return to their native land had their systems saturated with malaria, and were yellow-eyed and jaundiced. These conditions were soon changed by the Americans, and the beneficial results were immediately observable in the reduction of the sick and death lists, not only among our soldiers, but the citizens also. Our soldiers fought the battle of sanitation against the dread and insidious foe of squalor and microbes in every town where they quartered, and within less than one year from the date of their coming they had transformed Porto Rico from a region of sickness and death into one of the healthiest regions known among men.

to all the enjoyments of social life at home, they were not backward in seeking congenial acquaintances among the pretty girls of Porto Rico; and these, be it said to their credit, let down the bars of their aristocratic exclusiveness and gave the stalwart young Americans a cordial welcome.

Our regular is a dignified sort of a fellow compared to his brother volunteer, who seems to think it essential to attract attention to himself by forced animation, which resulted several times in painting some of the little towns a bright crimson.

The 1st Kentucky, the 47th New York and the 6th Immunes, all volunteer regiments, came pretty near knowing every unattached girl on the island, and the sights were many and amusing, of broad-backed fellows crowded into tiny Porto Rican rooms surrounded by pretty girls, to whom they made love with might and main, not by speech, but by a mongrel sign language supplemented by expressive eyes. The Berlitz method is not in it with this graceful and fascinating mode of acquiring fluency in the Spanish tongue.

Gambling, prize-fighting and horse-racing were forbidden by the military rules, but cock-fighting flourished in all



THE ONLY STREET CAR LINE IN PORTO RICO.

This line runs from the Plaza in Mayaguez to the northern limits of the town, and at the time the photograph was taken it was the only street car line in Porto Rico.

The initial hardships of barracks life in the island, which are now almost wholly overcome, lay in the lack of the little comforts which make life worth living. There were few cots for the men; consequently hundreds of them rolled up in their single blankets and dropped into fitful slumbers on the hard wooden and brick-tiled floors, with their knapsacks for pillows. There were no chairs or benches or dining tables, and in many places lumber could not be procured for their construction. Gun racks were wanting, and there were no pegs upon which the clothes might be hung; hence it was no uncommon sight to find whole companies of men eating their meals from the center of the floor, while around the walls rested their arms and equipments.

Canvas and wire cots were soon substituted for the bare floors, and tables and benches were constructed from American pine lumber by handy artisans from among the soldiers.

But in spite of all their hardships the soldier boys managed to get the usual amount of fun out of their surroundings. Accustomed

the towns and cities, and afforded the sportively inclined soldiers abundant opportunity for speculation. When the evils of cock-fighting were represented to General Henry, and he was informed by a subordinate officer that this exciting sport was indulged in every Sunday at the pleasure resorts of San Juan, he replied: "Cock-fighting has been going on in this island for centuries. The people here see no harm in it. Why should we arbitrarily compel them to adopt our code of morals? I shall not attempt to do it. Whenever the sentiment of this community is against cock-fighting it will cease of its own accord. Until that time I am not prepared to say that it ought to cease, although my own opinion is that it is a brutal sport." And so the national pastime of the islanders continues, and the game cocks hold the fort in all the glory of fuss and feathers. The sport is certainly less objectionable than the disgusting bull fights that have for so many generations degraded and brutalized the population of Spain, but which have never flourished among the gentle Porto Ricans.



SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

This river has its source in the eastern part of the province of Mayaguez, and empties into the Caribbean sea a few miles south of the capital city of the province. A portion of its course is through the mountains, where much wildly beautiful scenery lies its banks.

The following incident, related by one of our correspondents, illustrates the thoroughly friendly terms that were established between our soldiers and the best elements among the islanders. A native priest and judge and two American soldiers started out to explore a little town one night, a combination which should have resulted in a reserved and dignified return, particularly as the exchange of confidences was restricted to friendly handshakes and smiles, but the "smiles" had the best of it, and outside the barracks door, in the early morning, regardless of all military etiquette, one of the American soldiers was heard to say: "Sha, you're a bully good feller, even if you do drink yellow fire-water and eat garlic," while one of the ex-Spaniards fell on his neck weeping and in tearful accents exclaimed: "Americano mucho bueno! mucho wheaskey!"

Whether this enthusiastic "new citizen" was the priest or the judge our correspondent does not say, but they were all in the same crowd and had undoubtedly made a "royal night" of it.

The same correspondent relates another incident, similar in one respect, but quite different in the outcome. He says: "Perfect order exists throughout the island. I traveled everywhere without apprehension. General Henry has the military under splendid control. I did not see but one drunken soldier the whole time I was there. That, by the way, was a funny incident. He was one of our great, tall regulars from the West. His load was too

of rowdism. They were due entirely to the fun-loving disposition of our volunteers, and were not intended to be disrespectful or hurtful. At home they would have been dismissed with a smile or a laugh, as belonging to the ordinary run of camp life and the ebullient spirits of "young America." But they were viewed in a different light by the serious-minded Porto Ricans. Some of the most lamentable of these occurrences took place at Ponce, and their general character may be surmised from a complaint made by a prominent native physician of that place. Said he: "In the past my family



CHARACTERISTIC SCENERY IN WESTERN PORTO RICO.

This scene represents a surveying party laying out improvements on the road between Mayaguez and Yauco. Before the improvements were made the coach fare was regulated by the amount of rain that had fallen, but since the American occupation all this has been changed.

much for him, and he sat down on a curbstone to rest. A Porto Rican dandy came along and began to survey him. The soldier paid no attention to the inspection for awhile. The Porto Rican began to laugh mockingly. Then the soldier got up on his feet and faced the fellow. Suddenly his sinewy right shot out and landed square on the Porto Rican's jaw. The way that fellow toppled over and rolled down the hill was really remarkable. He must have gone fully fifteen feet before he could gather himself together again, and when he managed to get on his legs he used them as he probably had never used them before."

In spite of the general good behavior of our soldiers there were some lamentable incidents

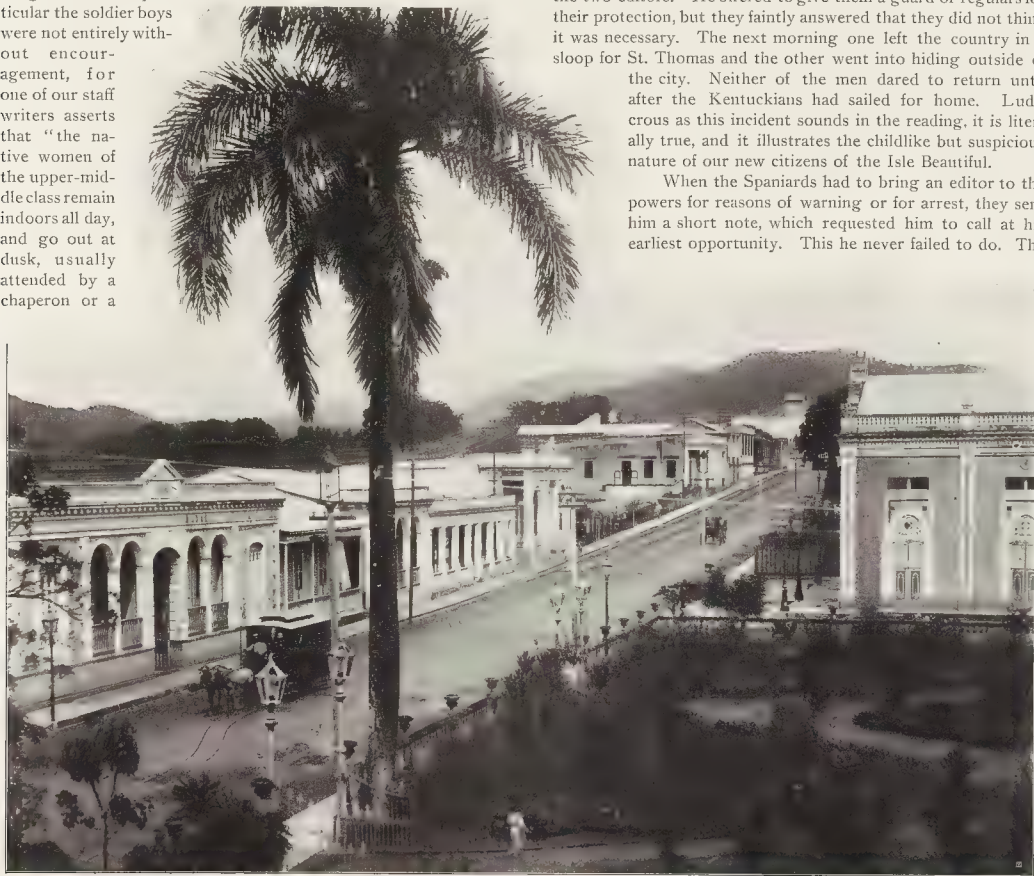
have always been able to attend mass, to walk on the plaza of a Sunday evening, and to sit out on their porch, which is on the second floor, without molestation of any kind from any one; but now my daughters cannot even sit at their own windows without being subjected to insult, much less go on the streets. Consequently my family are prisoners within the walls of their own home, and it is my firm intention to remove them to a country where such things do not prevail."

But there is a suspicion that this gentleman was over sensitive. There are heads of families just like him in the United States. Some of the "insults" and familiarities that he so strenuously objected to were nothing more than innocent flirtations with his pretty daughters. In this particular the soldier boys were not entirely without encouragement, for one of our staff writers asserts that "the native women of the upper-middle class remain indoors all day, and go out at dusk, usually attended by a chaperon or a

told the editors something about the Kentuckians and their customs when at home that made each particular Spanish editorial hair stand on end. He exaggerated a little, to be sure, but he felt justified in the cause of peace in doing so.

He spoke of the Kentuckians' objection to being slandered, and said that they were a people who often took the punishment of offenders against the national and state honor into their own hands. He incidentally described rawhide whips, told them how they were prepared and how they were sometimes used, and spoke of the effects of being beaten by them. "It is seldom a man dies from such a whipping," said the General, "but he is often pretty well disfigured." Then the General said that he was really sorry for the two editors. He offered to give them a guard of regulars for their protection, but they faintly answered that they did not think it was necessary. The next morning one left the country in a sloop for St. Thomas and the other went into hiding outside of the city. Neither of the men dared to return until after the Kentuckians had sailed for home. Ludicrous as this incident sounds in the reading, it is literally true, and it illustrates the childlike but suspicious nature of our new citizens of the Isle Beautiful.

When the Spaniards had to bring an editor to the powers for reasons of warning or for arrest, they sent him a short note, which requested him to call at his earliest opportunity. This he never failed to do. The



VIEW FROM THE PLAZA AT MAYAGÜEZ.

The pillared fronts of the houses, so prominent in this photograph, give a stately and pleasing appearance to the streets of Porto Rican towns. It is a custom that we might borrow from our new citizens with profit to ourselves.

male companion; but they all flirt, and their feelings seem to be hurt if the men do not deliberately stand still and stare at them." This is perhaps rather a broad statement of a common custom, but we are trying to give both extremes in order that we may strike a happy medium and thus arrive at the exact truth; for it was some of the boys of the 1st Kentucky Regiment that gave the offense, and no one in this country would ever dream of attributing anything but the most chivalrous courtesy to a Kentuckian. They were no doubt doing their utmost to please the girls and manifest their devotion to the fair sex. But their motives were misconstrued. Jealously doubtless had much to do with the matter. At any rate, it was taken up by two of the local papers, which published very bitter, scurrilous articles about the American soldiers. The Kentuckians by no means deserved the harshness of the criticisms meted out to them, and General Henry, who then commanded the Ponce district, called the editors of the two papers to his presence. These men frankly acknowledged that their remarks about the soldiers were not all true. Then the General

note sent upon these occasions began with the official's name, followed by the words "*veso sus manos*," which means, "kisses your hands." Thus: "Señor Don So and So, chief of police of the loyal town of St. John the Baptist, kisses your hands, and will you come around to the office as soon as you have time?" Upon receipt of such a note the editor was likely to grow suddenly pale, but generally lit a cigarette and went to prison with good grace. General Henry's method was less severe, but equally efficacious.

It was surprising to see how quickly the rising generation acquired American habits, especially the bad ones. Within a few days after the arrival of our troops, half the street urchins in Ponce could whistle our bugle calls, count money in English, and swear fluently in the same language. It is doubtful if they understood the meaning of the oaths, but the words had a loud and fierce sound that was very satisfactory to the boys.

Another incident of a different and peculiarly pleasant character is thus related by one of our correspondents: "I happened a night or two ago, just before sunset, to be standing on the edge of the

parade ground when Retreat was sounded and the national colors were slowly lowered to the music of the 'The Star Spangled Banner.' A large number of dirty, ragged street urchins, of all ages, sizes and complexions, had assembled to watch the drill and the dress parade. The instant that the band struck up 'The Star Spangled Banner' and the flag began to descend slowly from its staff, every boy who wore a hat or a cap promptly took it off and stood bareheaded in respectful silence until the ceremony ended. I don't know what they thought nor how much they understood, but I am told that they began this practice months ago on their own accord, when they first noticed that American bystanders followed it, and that they have strictly observed the custom ever since."

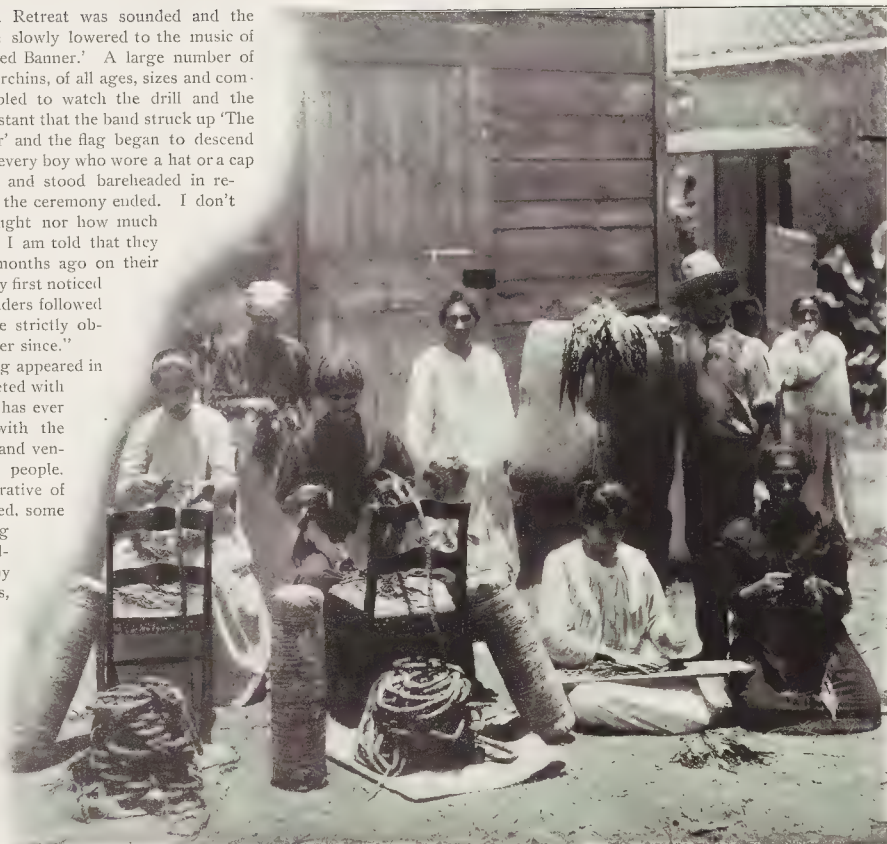
Wherever the flag appeared in the island it was greeted with shouts of joy, and it has ever since been treated with the profoundest respect and veneration by all the people. Many incidents illustrative of this fact have occurred, some of them very touching in character. The following are related by Mr. José de Olivares, one of the authors of this book, who was present and witnessed them:

Soon after the landing of our troops at Ponce, a deputation of citizens from Guayama appeared at headquarters. Guayama is the capital of the province of that name, situated near the coast about forty miles east of Ponce, and it was reported that a considerable Spanish force had concentrated there. The committee represented that the Spaniards had fled, that the citizens were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Americans, and that all were eager to see the Stars and Stripes waving over their town. A company of American

troops was at once dispatched to Guayamas, and on their arrival they were given a most cordial reception. The people had improvised an American flag, which they had hoisted in the plaza, and the whole town was gathered about it singing "The Star Spangled Banner" in a mixture of English and Spanish. As the head of the American column swung into view the citizens interrupted their singing with shouts of "Viva los Americanos," and went into a delirium of ecstasy over the arrival of their liberators. The Americans owned the town that night. Everything was

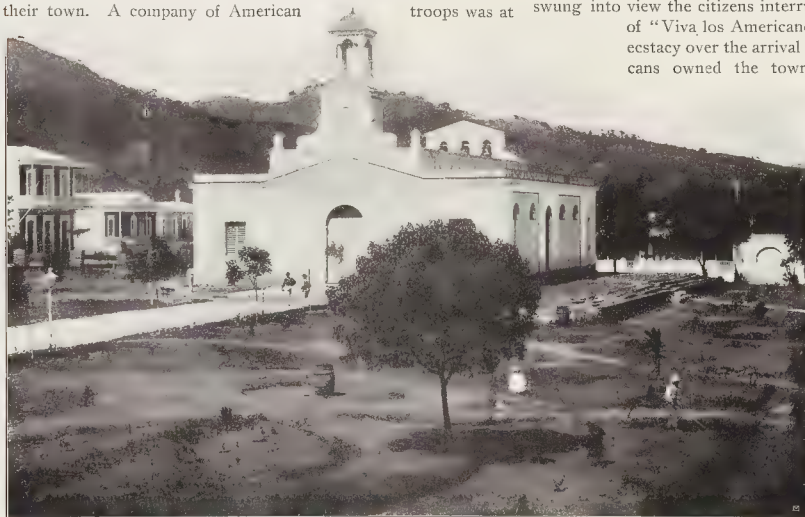
placed at their disposal, and the best was not good enough for the gallant boys who wore the blue.

Mr. Olivares also relates the following incident, which occurred about the same time: It was reported at Ponce that a large Spanish force had gathered about ten miles in the interior, near Juana Diaz, and General Ernst was dispatched with two companies to learn the particulars. Before they were clear of the suburbs they met a party of Spaniards literally loaded down with guns and swords. As soon as they caught a glimpse of the Americans they began to shout, "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" and



MANUFACTURING CHEWING TOBACCO AT SABANA GRANDE, PORTO RICO.

As explained elsewhere, the tobacco is plaited into long ropes and sold by the yard. The cylindrical packages show how it is prepared for shipment to foreign countries. The girls and women who work in these factories receive only 25 cents per day, and many of them even less.



PLAZA AND CHURCH AT VAUCO, PORTO RICO.

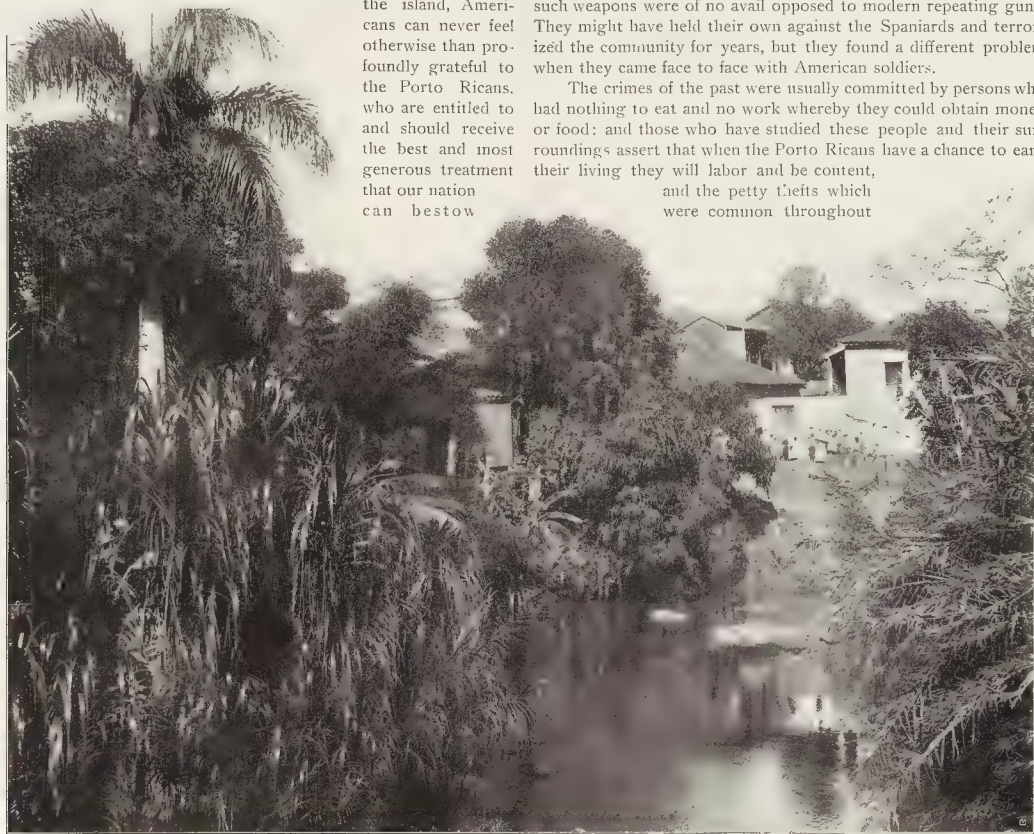
ran forward holding up their hands and intimating by words and signs that they were ready to yield. They said they were coming in to surrender and give up their arms. The party was small, but they had guns and swords enough for a regiment. The American soldiers sent them on to Ponce with instructions to report to General Wilson and give up their arms. They obeyed and signed a parole.

At Ponce, from the very beginning, it was the custom of the people to lift their hats as soon as the flag was raised, and if any neglected or forgot the ceremony the native police reminded them in a way that was calculated to leave a permanent impression. With such evidences of respect for our national emblem and earnest devotion to the principles of liberty which it represents, coupled with thousands of similar instances constantly recurring all over

the island, Americans can never feel otherwise than profoundly grateful to the Porto Ricans, who are entitled to and should receive the best and most generous treatment that our nation can bestow

outlawry by Spanish tyranny, and when the Americans came White Eagle hoisted a flag similar to the emblem of Cuba, and proclaimed the Republic of Porto Rico. But he and his men were essentially outlaws, their object being robbery rather than a struggle for liberty. A troop of our cavalry was accordingly sent after them, and a fight took place near Guanica, in which two of the outlaws were killed and White Eagle was wounded in the head and captured. He subsequently escaped from the hospital, organized another band and resumed his lawless operations; but he was no match for the alert troopers who were again sent after him, and it required but little effort to quell this incipient insurrection. White Eagle's men were a motley crowd, armed with sticks, machetes, and guns and pistols of various patterns, and it did not take them long to discover that such weapons were of no avail opposed to modern repeating guns. They might have held their own against the Spaniards and terrorized the community for years, but they found a different problem when they came face to face with American soldiers.

The crimes of the past were usually committed by persons who had nothing to eat and no work whereby they could obtain money or food; and those who have studied these people and their surroundings assert that when the Porto Ricans have a chance to earn their living they will labor and be content, and the petty thefts which were common throughout



THE FORD AT MAYAGUEZ

The building at the right was occupied as a school house at the time of our artist's visit, and the teachers and pupils, who courteously posed for the picture at his request, form an attractive background for a very beautiful scene

upon them. Our flag is to them a symbol of freedom and justice, and no act of ours should ever cause them to regard it in any other light.

After a thorough examination into conditions existing in various parts of the island, the Insular Commission reported that it found no disposition to lawlessness or insurrection among the people. All were sincerely loyal to our Government and rejoiced beyond measure at their liberation from Spanish tyranny. While it is true that some crimes are committed, say the Commissioners, it is equally true that they are not in greater numbers or more significant than might reasonably be expected of a people so long under subjection and oppression. With increased educational advantages the tendency to crime will disappear, and the inhabitants of Porto Rico will be as free from lawlessness as any other people in the world.

The only serious opposition to American rule was manifested by a band of outlaws led by a native known as White Eagle, who operated for a short time during the summer of 1899 in the southwestern part of the island near Guanica. They had been driven to

the Spanish era, will, in a measure at least, disappear. Many of these thefts were committed by mere children, boys and girls who roamed over the community in a semi savage state, beyond the influence of parents or guardians and subsisting on what they could pick up. When brought before the justice, the starved and hunted look in the little, pinched face, and the lean, half-naked little body, which was never decently clothed, gave a striking emphasis to the plea, "I was very hungry and no one would employ me, and I took the food to keep me from starving." Such cases should excite pity, rather than the law's resentment, and with liberty and the right to work there will no longer be any occasion for such instances in a land where sun and soil unite in producing an abundance of food for every human being.

The variety and profusion of the products of this fertile island are really astonishing. There is hardly any plant, fruit or cereal that will not grow in its soil. In addition to all of the tropical fruits, vegetables of all kinds known to our climate grow there in abundance. Tomatoes, lettuce, onions, cabbage, pumpkins, radishes, melons, peas, beans, sweet potatoes, yams, and a long list



WITH EAGLE'S BAND OF OUTLAWS.

This noted band was captured near Guanica, Porto Rico, by U. S. troops, and released on parole. A portion of the band immediately procured arms again and continued their depredations, but in a fight with the soldiers two of the party were killed and White Eagle, their leader, was shot through the head, but recovered.

of other garden products are as familiar to Porto Rican farmers as they are to us. Irish potatoes are about the only vegetable that does not seem disposed to flourish, and this may be due to lack of proper attention or cultivation, for Cuba and the Isle of Pines, with climate and soil very similar to Porto Rico, produce as fine potatoes as can be grown in any part of the world. No wheat is raised in the island at present, owing to the fact, so it is claimed, that the Spanish government prohibited its growth there, in order to create a market for the crops of Spain; but it is believed that the rich uplands will yet be covered with waving fields of this useful cereal. With only one-tenth part of the land in cultivation there is no reason why any human being should go hungry in Porto Rico, even if the population were five times greater than it is now. Good laws and intelligent cultivation will give plenty of food for all the people, and then with factories employing those who do not till the soil there will be abundance and comfort, and the jails will no longer be filled with miserable humanity driven to crime by hunger and suffering. Men are not naturally vicious. Thieves do not steal for the love of crime. Trace every infraction of the law down to its origin and you will find that want or suffering was its instigator. The well-fed and the prosperous have no excuse for being immoral, and as a rule they are not so. Americans are superior to all other races because they and their ancestors have had liberty and plenty, and the universal application of this principle will make all nations great.

Industry also has much to do with the morality of a nation. Idleness promotes degeneracy and crime. Busy peoples have always possessed the highest standards of morality. Porto Rico has an immense population in proportion to the extent of

its territory, and a large percentage of this population is suited by temperament and preference for efficient factory workers. They are bright, quick and industrious, and trained to persistent labor and regular habits. They are a different race from the sodden populations of the Orient and the humbled and degraded masses of many European countries. When one looks into the intelligent faces of the Porto Rican girls or boys now employed in the various little factories that exist in the island, he realizes that they have souls. They are not the dull, benumbed, ill-shapen creatures that the titled greed of Europe has degraded into the hopeless form of "the man with the hoe." Spanish tyranny, during the three hundred years of its iron rule, did all it could to crush the spirit of the people, but the benign climate and fruitifying soil counteracted the poison of

official repression, and the masses of the Porto Ricans are to day nearer the high standard of American thought and intelligence than the common people of any other country.

Give these good people factories and schools, by means of which they may supply their physical necessities and satisfy the aspirations of the mind; clear the brush away from the languishing plantations and let in the light of the sun, and the time will come when they will be justly entitled to the distinction of American citizenship.



GIRLS ASSORTING COFFEE AT YAUCO, PORTO RICO.

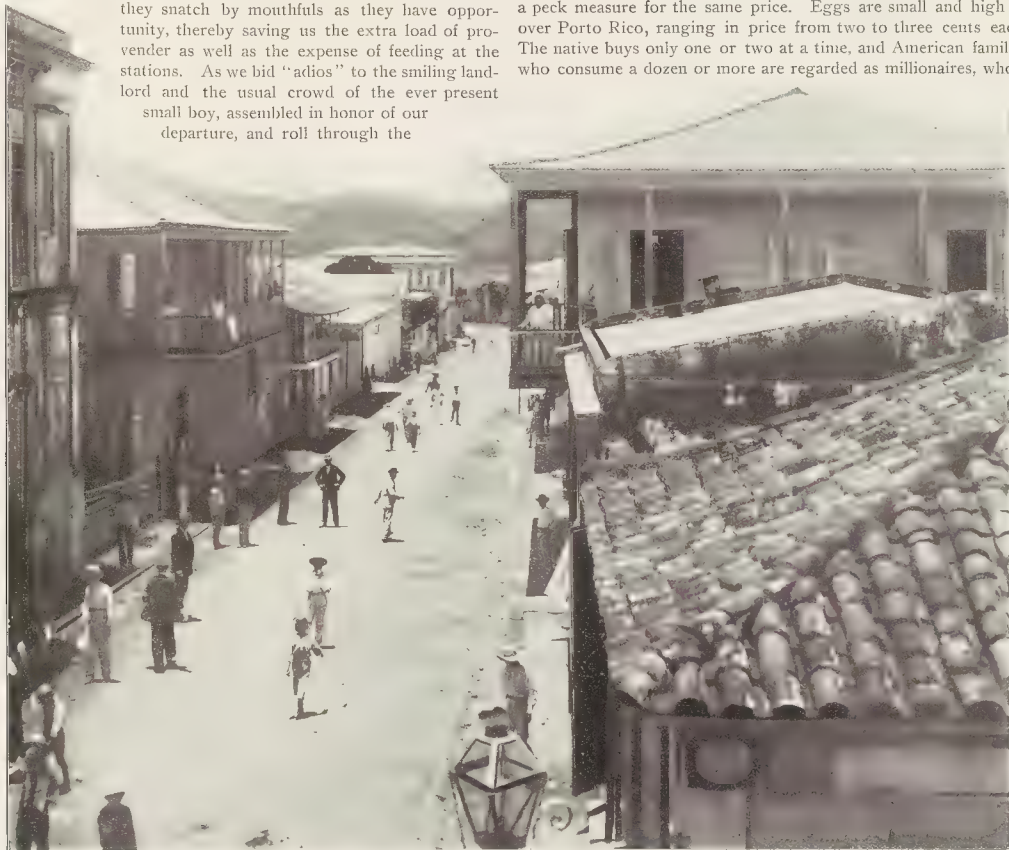
All the girls go barefooted and dress usually in a single garment. Some of them are quite beautiful, and all have bright, intelligent faces.

TRAVELING IN PORTO RICO.

Chapter XVIII.

IN order that the reader may have an outing in Porto Rico, and see the island and its people for himself, we will give him a seat in our photographer's carriage and take him over the military road from Ponce to San Juan. The two little shaggy horses hitched on either side of the pole seem hardly adequate to the undertaking, but they are descendants of the Arabian stock imported by the early Spaniards and can be depended upon. The aristocratic blood in their veins, however, gives them independent ideas of their own, and they disdainfully turn up their noses and refuse to eat common American horse feed like oats, bran and baled hay. They prefer the rough, stiff grasses of the fields, which they snatch by mouthfuls as they have opportunity, thereby saving us the extra load of provender as well as the expense of feeding at the stations. As we bid "adios" to the smiling landlord and the usual crowd of the ever present small boy, assembled in honor of our departure, and roll through the

more perfectly and give them a permanent softness of texture. This dress of the market-men, which is also affected by clerks and tradesmen, and some of the dandies that we see on the streets—with perhaps the addition of a fancy belt around the waist—is comfortable and by no means lacking in pleasing effect. Women stand in groups or sit on boxes, with vegetables, fruits and various articles of merchandise piled up around them; for the market of Ponce is a place of general barter, where you can buy or sell anything from bananas and garlic to shoes, clothing, hats and fine pottery. Here you will see egg plants as large as pumpkins, which are sold for five or six cents, and squashes as big as a peck measure for the same price. Eggs are small and high all over Porto Rico, ranging in price from two to three cents each. The native buys only one or two at a time, and American families who consume a dozen or more are regarded as millionaires, whom



MAIN STREET OF SABANA GRANDE, PORTO RICO.

This place is located on the Rio Grande, in the southern part of Mayaguez Province. It is also near a range of mountains, a portion of which shows in the background.

market, we find ourselves surrounded by several acres of typical Porto Ricans, ranging down through the various grades from the pure blooded white Castilian to the yellow mulatto and the jet black negro. There are men, women, children and babies, buying, selling, chatting and squalling. There are dignified, black-faced women in snowy white or gaily-colored calico slips, and bandanas around their heads reminding us of the picturesque "mammys" of our own loved Southland. There are market men dressed in white shirts cut low at the neck, and pantaloons of the same spotless hue, with palm leaf hats on their heads, and feet bare of all save nature's covering. The hats are white, light and cool, and frequently excel the best Panamas in all the qualities that enter into the make-up of desirable head attire. They range in price from a few cents to several dollars, according to quality and the manner in which they are manufactured. Some of these hats are woven entirely under water, a process which is supposed to bleach them

the police and other local officials salute in passing. Any American who pines for fame can accomplish his object in Porto Rico by eating half a dozen eggs per day. These conditions are due to the fact that all the chickens are game fowls, raised with a view to supplying material for the national sport rather than the market. One of our barnyard hens would be as great a curiosity on the island as an ostrich, and the conditions present a fine opening for enterprising Americans who have a fancy for the poultry business. Large, round baskets, like those seen everywhere on American farms, are used for carrying eggs to market, the baskets being partly filled with leaves to prevent the breaking of the eggs.

The meat market is worth a moment's notice. The first thing that will strike you is the absence of mutton and lamb. About the only meat that you will see offered for sale is beef and pork, and only a limited quantity of the latter. The Porto Ricans eat but little meat, and the little that they do eat is principally beef. It is



SCENE OF THE FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN THE AMERICANS AND SPANIARDS

The Americans were marching from Guanica toward Yauco and were met by a Spanish force at the forks of the road shown in the photograph. A sharp fight ensued, during which twelve Spaniards were killed and the rest were driven back.

cut and sold in chunks, without any regard to quality or the portion of the carcass from which it is taken. It is all beef to the native. When you make your purchase you are as likely to get a piece of the neck or leg as tenderloin or porterhouse steak. There are only two kinds of meat—meat with bones and meat without bones, the first retailing for ten to fifteen cents per pound and the latter from twenty to twenty five cents. They have no cold storage plants, and the meat has to be eaten the same day it is killed.

Naturally it is tough and unpalatable to Americans; and yet the finest beef cattle in the world graze on the Porto Rican pastures. The people consume a great deal of dried beef, which is brought from Venezuela and other South and Central American markets. It is as salty as brine, and is cooked and served in various kinds of stews with rice. Codfish is also a favorite article of food with that



RESIDENCE OF A WEALTHY COFFEE PLANTER

The house on the right with the flagstaff in front, is the home of Señor Philip Pierallidis, who is said to be the wealthiest coffee planter in Porto Rico. The scene represents one of the residence streets of Yauco.

portion of the population which is able to indulge in a meat diet. It is sold in all the cities and villages, and in fact all over the island, for peddlers go everywhere with all sorts of articles for sale. Even the bakers peddle their bread through the country. The bread is baked in long loaves, in ovens that resemble furnaces, and carried in large baskets on the head, as shown in several of our photographs. It is made of American flour, and is as good as any bread that can be found in our own country, being light and crisp, with a brown crust that is delicious. Each loaf sells for about four cents in our money.

The hogs of the island are of the black razor-back variety. They are lean and scrawny, but their meat is delicious, owing to the manner in which they are raised and fed. No hog is allowed to run loose in the island. They are tethered with ropes around the neck, the same as in Cuba, and taught to lead from the time they are little pigs. Their food consists of fruits, nuts, and the waste from the family table—if there be any. Hog-killing time is a festive season in the country, just as it used to be with us. When one is to be killed the neighbors come in and help, and all have a grand feast. No family ever has more than one or two hogs at a time, so that

from the appearance of the bundles. These are wrapped in palm bark, and out of their ends something protrudes that looks like feather dusters. As he turns you get a glimpse of the other end of his bundles, and observe that each one contains a live turkey with its head sticking out of the bark. Then it dawns upon you that the opposite end of his bundles is composed of turkeys' tails. The legs and wings of the birds are bound close to their bodies with strings, and all are then wrapped in the thick bark of the jagua palm, by which means the man is able to carry three or four turkeys and two or three dozen chickens at the same time. Turkeys are not as popular with the Porto Ricans as they are with us, and they sell for much less, in proportion, than chickens do.

As we proceed on our journey we encounter an ice cart, about the size of a dry goods box, hauled about on two wheels by a donkey or an ox. One or two such carts will supply a place the size of Ponce. The ice is manufactured and is sold so high that none



SPANISH TROOPS AT GUANICA.

These troops were sent to Guanica to prevent the landing of the Americans, but fled before the latter were near enough to fire. They were subsequently captured and paroled.

very little of this meat finds its way to market. A favorite way of cooking the carcass is by barbecuing, a method familiar to all country reared Americans. A sharp stick is run through the animal from end to end, and it is then baked by turning it like a spit over a shallow pit filled with hot coals.

The streets are full of hucksters and venders of ice cream and "dulces," or sweets. Each has his peculiar cry and the walls ring with these from daylight until dark, and even away into the night. The soft, musical sound of the Spanish tongue makes these noises much less harsh than similar ones in our large cities. Here comes a man peddling chickens, and yelling a cry that no American can comprehend. He has about three dozen of the little game chickens of Porto Rico, with their feet tied together and slung over his shoulder. The squawking of the chickens and the yelling of the man as he marches along the street is a combination calculated to attract the attention of all strangers, but it is too common an incident to be noticed by the native, unless he desires to make a purchase. These little chickens are worth seventy-five centavos each, about forty-five cents of our money. The same man also carries turkeys for sale, but you would never divine what they were

but the wealthy can afford to use it. Here is another opening for American energy and capital.

One of the most interesting objects to be seen on the streets of Porto Rican towns is the cigar peddler. The cigars are tied up in bundles and covered with palm bark, and a bunch of these is slung at each end of a pole, which the peddler balances on his shoulders. The cigars are superior in quality to any that are usually sold in American markets, and each bundle, containing a dozen or more of these fine cigars, sells for twenty cents. A photograph of a cigar peddler is given on page 348.

As we drive through the streets we observe that the houses are nearly all built of brick, covered with stucco, and many of them have pillars in front, which lend an imposing appearance even to a common shanty. The houses are painted in all the colors of the rainbow, which in our opinion is far more attractive than the monotonous white or brown of our American towns. But they have neither glass nor window frames, and the solid green shutters are made solely to cover square holes in the walls. During the day most of the shutters are open, but at night they are sealed up tight, and the only ventilation comes through a little square hole



GUANICA, PORTO RICO

This is the scene of the landing of the U. S. troops, July 25th, 1898. It is on the southern coast, about twenty miles west of Ponce.

about the size of a playing card in the center of each shutter. How the people manage to sleep and live in such houses and such a climate is a mystery. They certainly could not do so except for the cool breeze that blows in from the sea every night; or perhaps they live on the principle that whatever shuts out the light and air also prevents the heat from coming in. We can see into the rooms as we drive along, and observe everything that is taking place. Here is a woman combing her long, black hair; her next door neighbor is working a hand sewing machine on her lap, while across the way a pretty girl is making her toilet in plain view of the street. Seeing us, and observing that we are strangers, she comes to the window and leans out to watch us as we go by. Many of the rooms along the sidewalks are workshops by day and sleeping apartments at night. A little further along a shoemaker, with his apprentices sitting at benches around him, is pegging away; his wife, a pretty young girl, runs a machine at the back of the room,

while a bright-eyed baby, entirely nude, rolls and plays in infantile delight over the floor of the shop.

Next door is a grocery, and further on are dressmakers' establishments. Each has a half dozen or more black and brown Porto Rican girls working machines or sewing and stitching by hand. There is a shoe store further on. As we pass it we see that it has a little stall just off at one side, out of the top of which a lady's head peeps. That is the stall where women go when they try on their shoes. They are very chary about showing their ankles, although their children and little sisters may be trotting around half naked.

The stores are the only deceptive features of business life in a Porto Rican town. Everything else is open to the public, but the shops are not what they seem. In front of each there is a little cave like reception room surrounded by shelves and usually filled with customers. The entire space will not contain more than a few



VIEW OF GUANICA VALLEY.

This is a rich agricultural district, bordered by a picturesque range of mountains a few miles to the north, and thickly populated with an enterprising class of people.

hundred dollars' worth of goods and the stranger gets the impression that the shops are very insignificant affairs; but back of these little rooms there are immense warehouses filled with bales and boxes of merchandise. The little vestibules are used solely as sales-rooms, where the goods are exhibited and sold; but fresh supplies are brought as they are needed, from the warehouses in the rear. Some of these unpretentious places do a business that aggregates hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

All the signs are in Spanish, and many of them afford no idea whatever of the nature of the business. For instance, La Perla, ("The Pearl") is a notion store; El Gallo de Oro ("The Golden Cock") sells dry goods; a hardware establishment flourishes under the title of "The Flower of July;" La Nina ("The Maiden") has gentlemen's shirts and hats for sale, while La Hijah de Borinquen ("The Daughter of Borinquen") is a barber shop. A merchant very rarely puts his own name into his sign, evidently preferring the designation of some mascot which he thinks will bring him good luck.

The Porto Rican clerk is a rare and splendid creature. His radiance lends a charm to the streets that might appear somber without him. As a rule he wears neither coat nor vest, but arrays himself in white shirt and trousers, held in place by a fancy belt, and a white palm-leaf hat, while his feet are usually encased in white canvas shoes. He is a sleek-looking, dapper young dandy, but a good salesman just the same. He boards with his employer and receives a salary for the first year or two of \$6 per month. After

across the mountains to San Juan on the Atlantic seaboard. It passes through the most picturesquely beautiful country in the world—a veritable Switzerland without the mountain snows and avalanches. The road is as smooth and free from dust as an asphalt pavement, and it winds in gentle grades along the sides of precipices, around frowning chasins and over rusling mountain streams, until one is lost in admiration at the grandeur and marvelous beauty of the scenery. And over it all there is a dreamy haze of tropical restfulness and the deep dark green curtain of dense foliage which covers all the rough angles and imperfections of nature's handiwork. No mere description can give a true conception of this great national highway and the scenic wonders of the country through which it passes. To be rightly appreciated they must be seen either with the natural eye or through the unerring lens of the camera. There is not a pebble nor a rut in the road. It has been cut into the sides and through the faces of the mountains, and is as clean and smooth as a garden walk. It is twenty feet wide and winds

like a brook seeking the easiest levels to the sea. At times it hangs over the sides of precipices, and again

it rises or descends in gentle grades around innumerable horse-shoe curves. Now you will see a portion



CATHEDRAL AT SABANA GRANDE, PORTO RICO.

This building was erected in 1610, and is still used as a house of worship. The people are greatly attached to their ancient churches, around which cluster the dearest memories of their lives.

that, if he proves to be faithful and efficient, his wages are increased to \$20, and sometimes even \$30, a month. Then he begins to put on airs, takes lodgings outside of the shop, and aspires to a partnership in the business—and often to the hand of his employer's daughter. Until this period of full fledged clerkdom is reached he sleeps in the back rooms of the store on a cot, which is folded up each morning and set out of the way, and he takes his meals at the merchant's table upstairs. The first meal consists of nothing more than a cup of coffee and a roll. At eleven o'clock breakfast is served, consisting of rice, beans, generally a chicken stew and a dessert. Dinner comes in the evening, and consists of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert. Excepting the first meal in the morning the clerk has no cause to complain of his fare. His work, however, is long and laborious, beginning at seven in the morning and ending at ten or eleven at night, with an hour's intermission at noon.

Porto Rican towns are more compactly built than ours: there are no distinctive suburbs, so that on leaving the outskirts of Ponce over the military road we plunge at once into the rural sections, where the whole aspect of life assumes a new phase. The road winds like a serpentine trail from the coast of the Caribbean Sea

of its sinuous course both above and below you, and again it will stretch out like a white thread along the sides of the mountains for miles in either direction. The island is less than forty miles in width and yet you travel eighty-two miles in crossing it by this road.

As we drive along we meet or pass gangs of peons, dressed in the picturesque white costume of the country, diligently at work cleaning or repairing the road. These men toil from sunrise to sunset for thirty cents a day, and they are envied by their less fortunate countrymen because their work lasts all the year round. It is a government job, and under Spanish rule was given as a political favor. It was no sinecure, but it afforded steady employment and the assurance of a living—such as it was. Think of supporting a family of one or more wives and perhaps a dozen children on an income of ninety to a hundred dollars a year! It could not be done anywhere except in Porto Rico, where the children take care of themselves and the women help out in the family expense by washing clothes or doing other kinds of work suited to their sex.

As we approach or depart from the numerous villages along the way we meet crowds of farmers on foot, in quaint ox carts, or riding on the backs of little, shaggy ponies, going to or returning

from market. These men will walk fifteen or twenty miles to market, carrying a few handfuls of fruits or vegetables, and, failing to dispose of them, trudge back at night over the same road, carrying their unsold products. Their patience is infinite and their good nature boundless, while their inborn courtesy never permits them by word or sign to say or do anything that might wound the sensibilities of a stranger. Their politeness is so gentle and natural as to be almost pathetic, and is appreciated by all who come within the radius of its influence.

But where are the farm houses and the barns, the orchards, the fields and all the evidences of thrift and comfort which we naturally expect to find in a thickly populated country like this? Farm houses as we know them in the States are not to be seen in Porto Rico. Here and there is the home of a planter, a building made of boards, with holes in the walls for windows, which are closed at night with solid shutters like the houses in the towns. They are frequently built high up off of the ground and supported by wooden posts, for the country people, like their compatriots in the cities, prefer the second stories. Many of these houses are used as factories or coffee warehouses, as well as residences, the family sleeping at night in the same rooms where the coffee was being dried or assorted during the day. There are no barns on the island. The pastures are perennial, the weather is always warm, and the cattle and horses feed out of doors all the year round. When it rains they have to take it as it comes. Occasionally there is a field fenced with wire, reminding us of similar enclosures in the States; but they are the exceptions. In spite of the dense population and the numerous towns and villages, the stranger traveling through Porto Rico gets the impression that the country is unsettled. There is no order or system. The orange, coffee and pineapple orchards are



A SPANISH OFFICER'S GRAVE.

This officer was killed in the engagement with the Americans near Guanica, in July, 1898.

planted without regularity, and have the appearance of wild forests rather than cultivated plantations. Tobacco is often seen growing among the trees. Fences and lanes, fields and farms are rarely seen. The whole aspect of the country is different from anything that we are accustomed to in the States.

All along the roads and scattered over the hills are the homes of the peons. They are little shacks made of boards or palm bark. They are so poor that you would not think them fit for a cow. You could put up any one of them for less than five dollars, and few are more than fifteen feet square. We see more of these shacks as we go on our way up the hills. Some of them are to be reached only by mule paths and are in such steep places that it would seem that even a mule could not climb up to them. Still these little huts are the homes of the peons,



GOVERNMENT ROAD LEADING INTO YAU'CO, PORTO RICO.
The ox-carts are loaded with coffee from a large plantation near Maricao.



CATHEDRAL AT PLAZA PIA, PORTO RICO
The photograph shows a portion of the Plaza in front of the church. This place is located on the Sherry Road between Ponce and San Juan, and about ten miles northwest of the former place.

who are glad to be allowed to live in them, going back and forth to their work. There are no gardens about them, for they must buy all they eat. Some have a few chickens, and now and then you see a razor-backed hog or two tied to the side of a hut. It is always tied. Nothing is allowed to run at large in Porto Rico, and hogs are tethered by driving stakes in the ground and fastening them to these by ropes about their necks, just as they are in Cuba. In some places chickens are tied, and in others you see horses and cattle out in fields all fastened to stakes.

As we cross the mountain streams we see scores of bare-footed and bare-legged washerwomen sitting or standing in the water and pounding the dirt out of the clothes. These women are always washing and always in

the water. It is an inherited occupation and



ILLINOIS TROOPS ENCAMPED NEAR PONCE

This photograph was taken by Mr. José de Olivares, who accompanied General Miles' expedition to Porto Rico. The portraits are so accurate that many of the men can be easily recognized.

they have pursued it all their lives. When the garments are washed they are spread upon the grass and sprinkled until they are bleached to a snowy whiteness. Everything is clean in Porto Rico, except the streets of the towns and the houses that the people live in. In prosperous times most of the inhabitants of the country villages are employed on the surrounding plantations. They rise by four or five o'clock in the morning, and the first thing they do is to take a bath. When they have the opportunity the men bathe three and four times a day, and the women oftener. They are scrupulously clean and believe that frequent bathing improves their health. Work continues until eleven o'clock, when, the sun becoming unbearably hot, there is a general cessation for the mid-day meal and siesta. A popular dish eaten at this time,

by those who are able to afford it, is called "puchero," consisting of a conglomeration of meat or fish, plantains or yams, beans, rice, or garbanzos, a kind of large pea, all boiled together in a single vessel. Fruit being plentiful everywhere, there is always a dessert, which may take the form of plantains boiled or fried, guavas, oranges or other sweet fruits. Of course it is understood that we are now considering the manner of living among the villagers and better classes of country people. The peons, as explained elsewhere, live miserably, subsisting almost entirely upon bananas. With the exception of this class and the common laborers about the towns, for whom unremitting toil is a necessity, everybody indulges in a siesta in the middle of the day. Sometimes this lasts a couple of hours, sometimes longer. At its conclusion the native takes another bath and a cup of cocoa or chocolate, and goes to the fields again, where he labors until sunset. On reaching home the second principal meal of the day awaits him. This is called "cena," or supper, and needs no detailed description, since it consists of about the same dishes as the "almuerzo," or luncheon. A third bath is taken at the close of this meal, clothes are once more changed, and the villager settles down to spend the evening in social intercourse with his family and neighbors.

The village hotels that we encounter are not bad. A short description of the one at Cayey will answer for all the rest, because they are all very much alike. It is a one-story building, with parlor and sitting room in front and kitchen and dining room in the rear. Bedrooms open out into these. We



THE "KITCHEN" OF THE ILLINOIS ENGINEERS.

This is another of Mr. Olivares' war time photographs, the location of the scene being near Ponce. The old tree that forms the center-piece of the group is a historical landmark that is viewed with interest by all visiting Americans.

sleep at night on iron bedsteads with a sheet of canvas stretched over the framework in place of a mattress, and usually cover with an army blanket. Fleas are numerous, and they lose no opportunity to remind us of their presence. They constitute about the only annoying feature. In all other respects these Porto Rican hotels are as good as the average two-dollar-a-day house in the United States, and the prices charged are much less. For breakfast in the morning we have coffee, oranges and eggs, and any other special dish that we care to order. The coffee is delicious. For luncheon and dinner we have soups, stews, roasts and desserts, the fare being about the same as that of well-to-do private families. Desserts are usually a combination of orange peel or coconut, sweetened with sugar into a form of preserves, and after this is eaten we have a ripe banana, a cup of coffee and a small piece of Porto Rican cheese. The latter is inferior, and good butter is hardly ever seen. Olive oil is used in cooking instead of lard or butter, and one has to become accustomed to this before it is entirely palatable.

The villagers are a happy, light-hearted class, and spend their evenings and numerous holidays merrily. Every saint's day is a

The women wear neither hats nor bonnets, but have instead mantillas or shawls of fine lace, generally black, with which they coquettishly cover their heads. None but the well-to-do classes indulge in shoes; the rest either wear sandals or go barefoot.

The first town of any importance after leaving Ponce is Juana Diaz—"John of God"—a small place consisting of perhaps twenty or thirty houses and a lot of shacks made of boards and palm leaves for the poor. It has also the invariable plaza with a big stucco church facing it. Each house has a door and a few holes for windows, but no glass, and in spite of the abundance of room, all the houses are built in solid blocks. Every door stands wide open, affording us an unobstructed view of the interior. Very little furniture of any kind is to be seen. A few hammocks are visible, but only one or two beds. In some of the houses there are cots of the sawbuck pattern, and with canvas stretched over them, so



THE OLD CATHEDRAL ON THE PLAZA AT PONCE.

This church is two hundred years old, having been erected in 1760. The pillared front and the belfries at the corners give it an imposing presence.

holiday, and their number has now been increased by the addition of the Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, Thanksgiving, and others of our national holidays, all of which are patriotically observed. In the evenings guitars are brought out, and song and dance rule the hour. Family dances are numerous, almost any kind of a pretext serving as an incentive for their indulgence. Marriages, births, baptisms, confirmations, are all celebrated in this fashion. The local band plays in the plaza twice a week, on Thursday and Sunday, on which occasions the entire population not otherwise occupied turns out to promenade, smoke and chat. Most of the shops remain open a part of the day on Sunday, and the cafés and "dulce" peddlers do a thriving business. Previous to the advent of the Americans there was not a saloon on the island, but in nearly every store there was a small bar where beer, cognac, wine, aqua ardentia, etc., were freely dispensed. These liquors, however, were drunk sparingly, for the Porto Ricans, like nearly all natives of tropical regions, are a temperate people.

that they can be folded up and set aside during the daytime. All the people come to the doors and watch us with kindly interest, and those who are near enough greet us courteously in Spanish. They are all dressed in cotton clothes, the prevailing color being white, which gives them a clean and picturesque appearance. The poorer women wear little more than a single cotton skirt and jacket, and most of them are barefooted. Some carry little naked babies in their arms, and nude children play and romp in the streets. The children are of all colors, from jet black to a creamy yellow, and all appear to be on a level of perfect equality. They are bright-eyed little fellows, but much more quiet than American children. They do not shout and laugh in their play, and as we drive by they watch us demurely, often accosting us respectfully with "*Buenos días, señor*" (Good day, sir). Many of them have a lean and hungry look, with protruding stomachs, which comes from their diet of vegetables and fruits, chiefly bananas. Soon after leaving Juana Diaz we begin to climb the hills toward the summit of the mountains, which



CAMP OF THE 6TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS, NEAR PONCE.

This is one of the series of picturesque war time views secured by Mr. Olivares during the operation of our forces in Porto Rico. Mr. Olivares has an eye for artistic effect in photography as well as in the construction of classically beautiful English.

we reach at Aibonito. If the season is dry these hills present a yellow and partly barren aspect, but when the rain begins to fall they soon clothe themselves in a mantle of dark green, which they wear the year round without regard to change of season. On the north side of the range, where the rainfall is abundant, the verdure is always green and rich in its tropical luxuriance. The clouds seem to rest on the tops of the mountains, and as we advance along the easy grades of the military road, many of the peaks hide their lofty heads in fleecy white masses that spread their transparent curtains far down the sloping sides. It is a vision of beauty long to be remembered and worth a trip around the world to see. All the year round, in the central regions of Porto Rico, these splendid scenes of nature's painting are visible. There is plenty of sun, bright and hot, but its scorching rays are tempered by the clouds and the cool peaks of the mountains which reach almost to the line of snow. The air is moist and a breeze is always blowing either from the land or the sea, so that even at midday the heat is not uncomfortable for those who do not have to exert themselves. Most of the hills, even to their very tops, are covered with grass, upon which cattle are feeding. But the country has a strangely wild and unsettled appearance. Now and then we come to a single field fenced with barbed wire or bounded by prickly hedges of wild pineapples, which serve as an effective barrier to man and beast. But the whole aspect of the country is that of a sparsely inhabited region.

Slowly we wind our way upward along the military road, hanging to the sides

their summits fade into the eternal blue of the tropical sky. Below us the military road, over which we have just passed, winds in and out among the hills like a painted thread of snow, while above are the frowning earthworks erected by the Spaniards as an ineffectual barrier against the further advance of the American troops. So impregnable were these works that some of our best engineers declared that if they had been manned by men of courage all the armies of America could not have prevailed against them.

The scenery is like that of Switzerland without the ice and snow, and still it has beauties that Switzerland has not. At this altitude the trees are those of the semi-tropics. Long lines of waving green hang down



OFFICERS AND STAFF OF THE 6TH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT PONCE.

No country in the world can put into the field a finer looking and more intelligent body of men than the American volunteers; and experience proves that they are better fighters than any of the trained soldiers of Europe. Spain's crack regiments fled from them like chaff before the wind.

of the hills and crossing noisy mountain streams over substantial stone bridges, until we approach Aibonito, so named for the good atmosphere by which it is always surrounded. We are now half a mile above our starting point and on the backbone of Porto Rico's mountain range. In all the world there is not a more grandly beautiful scene than the one which is now spread out around us. As far as the eye can reach in every direction there is an endless succession of emerald hills, shaded here and there by banks of moving clouds; while still beyond are the rough outlines of rugged mountains, softened by distance like the margin of a picture, rising in dark green billows one above the other until

from their limbs, while immense orchids cling to and wind around their branches and trunks. Many are shrouded in a gray veil of Spanish moss, while others are a brilliant mass of yellow, red and purple flowers. Others still are white as snow, with great balls of cotton bursting from the bolls like the silky fiber of our southern staple. Over on the other side of the mountains fern trees lift their ornate heads thirty feet or more into the air, while at their feet nestle modest "maiden's hair" ferns with texture as fine as the most delicate lace. The roads are lined with cocoanut trees, even on the mountain tops. They are the native's most valued possession, and if he were deprived of everything else a few of these trees would support him and his family in comparative luxury. The milk is his substitute for wine and ice cream soda, and the ripe nut in some form or other enters into the composition of nearly all of his desserts. The most popular sweetmeat of the country is made from the ripe cocoanut, soaked in water for an hour, then grated

ten feet long. The rich green of a banana field, with its clusters of maroon-colored blossoms or yellow fruit, is a picture of rare beauty, well worth the trouble and expense of a journey to Porto Rico to see. It leaves an impression of pleasure on the mind which is not soon effaced. High up in the mountains the most conspicuous trees are the royal palms, lifting their fluted, pale-green columns in stately grandeur into the very edge of the floating clouds. They mark the landscape in every direction with their tall spires and ornamental heads, like the Corinthian shafts of ancient Greece or Rome. Now and then we see bread-fruit trees, with their thick, branching tops rising forty or fifty feet into the air. This tree is very ornamental. Its leaves are dark green in color and more than a foot in length by eight or ten inches in width. The fruit, which is nearly round and half a foot or more in diameter, hangs singly from the branches, like an apple. The seeds when roasted resemble chestnuts in flavor, but the varieties most prized



A SECTION OF THE PONCE MARKET.

This market is divided into ten sections, or departments in each of which different articles are sold. The natives are great shoppers but their purchases are usually small, hardly ever amounting to more than 15 or 15 centavos at a time.

and cooked in a thick syrup of brown sugar and warm water. When dried it is hawked about the streets in tones similar to those of our strawberry and banana hucksters at home. The trees are not planted in groves, but seem to have sprung up and grown, like the children, without a care or thought as to their destiny or purpose. Along the roadside are wild oranges, lemons, bananas, guavas, pineapples, and other tropical fruits growing in profusion and free to the traveler who cares to pluck them. You see pineapple plants ranged along the fences, in the ditches at the side of the road, and in other unexpected and out-of-the-way places, absolutely without cultivation, and the quality of the fruit is surprising both as to size and flavor.

Descending along the north side of the mountains, where the rain is abundant, we see great fields of banana stalks, many of them twenty feet high, with leaves more than a foot wide and eight or

do not bear seeds, and are propagated by means of suckers or cuttings. When the fruit is ripe the thick crust is removed to the depth of half an inch and the farinaceous pulp is eaten fresh, when it resembles bread of close texture made with eggs and milk. Sometimes it is pulverized and packed in bundles, which are buried in the earth for future consumption. A slight fermentation takes place, which improves the flavor of the fruit, and after this the pasty mass will keep for several months. If suffered to remain on the tree until fully ripe, the fruit becomes sweet and resembles clammy cake, rather than bread, with an unpleasant odor. An excellent pudding is made by mixing the pulp with cocoanut milk. A coarse, strong cloth is woven of the fiber of the bark, the wood is used in many ways, and the sap furnishes a sticky birdlime; so that on the whole, the bread fruit tree is almost as valuable a possession for the native as the palm.

On every hand the coffee tree is visible, growing in thick clusters along the roadside and clinging to the steep slopes of the hills and mountains. Women and children are picking the ripe berries, while at the planters' houses are groups of busy natives assorting and drying the product. Beyond

Cayey we enter the great tobacco region of Porto Rico, and ride for miles through a section that produces little else for the market. Tobacco fields stretch out on every side, and the growing plants impart

and less fertile spots are reserved for grazing. It is wonderful to see how steep some of the fields are. Much of the cultivated land would be left untouched in the United States, for the American farmer would be at a loss to know how to make his crops stick to the almost perpendicular hillsides. But here the constant moisture gives the rich soil a thick growth of vegetation and clinging roots that serve as earth-binders, while there is no frost to loosen up the ground and make it slough off with the heavy rains. The whole island is marvelously fertile. The hills, which are abrupt and rugged, are covered with a thick layer of clayey loam, with but few protruding rocks. The air is so full of dampness and so pregnant with life, that seeds will grow anywhere. If you build a wall

and do not paint it, in a few years it will be covered with a thick moss in which you can grow several varieties of garden vegetables. Nearly every square foot of surface on the island can be made to produce something for the comfort or sustenance of mankind.

Beyond Caguas we cross another mountain range, not so elevated, however, as the one at Aibonito; after which we pass on down by easy grades through Guaynabó, Rio



OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS ENGINEERS IN CAMP NEAR PONCHE

their dark green color to the slanting heights of the hills and mountains, interspersed with various long, rambling and dilapidated sheds where the leaves are dried and prepared for shipping. The tobacco is not as fine as the best Cuban product, but it is better than anything we get in the States, and is bound to become an important item in the future wealth and prosperity of this new possession.

A journey across the island serves to impress one with the richness and variety of the soil, as well as the great diversity of products that can be grown. The coconut and sugar plantations begin low down on the coast; then as you approach the foothills you come to the oranges, limes, lemons, bananas and coffee, while on the very summit of the mountains are the pastures. Grass will grow anywhere, but the lower portions of the island are more profitable for other crops, so that the high

Pedras and numerous villages and haciendas, to San Juan, the capital, to be known hereafter in American history as the City of St. John. In all the world there is not a finer or more enjoyable trip to be taken on foot, bicycle, horseback, in stage coach or private conveyance, than the one that we have just passed over with the reader in a mental and photographic journey; and Americans who have a few weeks of leisure, either in summer or winter, ought to avail themselves of the opportunity to become acquainted with this region, which seems to have been intended by nature as earth's richest garden spot.



PORTION OF THE 16TH REGIMENT, PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

This photograph represents an outpost camp near Coamo, on the Military Road about half way between Aibonito and Juana Diaz. These Pennsylvanians are fine looking soldiers, and they proved their fighting qualities in the Porto Rican campaign.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF PORTO RICAN LIFE.

One of the most interesting features in the cities of Porto Rico is the unique combination of domestic affairs with business by many of the leading mercantile houses. The proprietor, his employes and his country customers live as one family, an arrangement which practically relieves the merchant of any anxiety about losing a desirable patron, since he has him almost constantly within the range of his vision. A description of one of these institutions will serve for all, as they are all constructed on the same general plan. The entrance to the entire establishment is through the front room, a small and unpretentious place, where the goods are exhibited and sold to customers, the principal stocks being kept in large warehouses at the rear of the ever-present court. Back of the little salesroom, and with no other entrance except through it, is the domestic part of the establishment—the kitchen, etc. The sleeping and living apartments are all on the second floor. One of these, a large, well-ventilated room, is fitted up with a dozen or more

entered into between merchant and customer, and even his employes learn to know the trade and its representatives more intimately than with us. So long as a customer-guest is in the city his home is with the dealer with whom he trades.

Through the front door of the store the domestics make their way, and through the same door the horse belonging to the establishment is led to his stall in the kitchen. The room set aside for the latter is usually large and semi-detached by a thick stone partition, yet directly connected with the establishment without outside passway between. Entering it, the horse is found in a well-kept stall immediately to the left, with a manure barrel by the side of the stall, his feed being kept in convenient bins. Next to his manger is the wine chest, and next this, not six feet from his head, is the kitchen larder. In front of these is the cook's table. This is well covered with meats and vegetables in preparation for the noonday meal. Further along is the substantial range, on which dinner is cooking, and at the end of this, but a single step away,



CASINO AND PARK IN THE PLAZA AT PONCE.

This was the assembly point of the Spanish soldiers the day before the Americans were expected to make the attack. It was here that they knelt in columns to receive the Bishop's blessing, and pledged themselves to defeat the Americans or die in the effort. They are still living, and the Americans were not defeated.

iron beds with a mosquito net on each. These are customers' beds, to be occupied by patrons who remain over night. This apartment might be correctly termed the "customers' ward," for it is furnished almost precisely like the wards of a hospital. The second story rooms are reached by means of a stairway from the court, which has no roof, and admits light and air to all the rooms. This court is usually adorned with shrubs and flowers, and occasionally a fountain plays in the center; but in many instances it is occupied by chickens and pigeons, and even pigs are not strangers to its precincts.

The dining table for the employes and customer-guests is set in the store. Year in and year out employes who are not married and housekeeping, and some who are married but not keeping house, live at this table. Thus the proprietor keeps closer watch of the habits of his men and they become more intimately connected with him and his interests. Closer relationships are also

is the shower bath. At hand, but a step further removed from the cook's table, is the toilet room. The toilet arrangements are all of ancient pattern, the sanitary conveniences being far from the best.

The stable is really a part of the kitchen, and both are kept as clean as circumstances will admit; but a citizen of the United States would hardly relish a meal prepared in the midst of such surroundings. The strangest part of the whole combination is that the horse in going to his stall must pass through the store, without regard to the number of people who may be making purchases at the time. But the horse is as much a member of the family as a pet dog in the States, and no one objects to his familiarity.

The cooking range is a feature worthy of note. It is usually large and built into the walls of the house. The top and front are veneered with marble or colored tilings of various patterns, some of them quite artistic and lending a degree of beauty and cleanliness to this utensil not often seen even in the best regulated

American kitchens. The range is divided into several distinct cooking chambers, necessitating a separate fire for each chamber. In one respect this is an advantage, for it enables the cook to regulate his fires to suit the requirements of the several articles of food. Charcoal is the fuel used, and the construction of the range minimizes the heat generated, which makes cooking tolerable in this tropical climate. Many of the kitchens are floored with colored tilings of pretty designs or with large squares of marble, the effect being pleasing, especially if tiled wainscoting is also in use, as is commonly the case.

The family room is capacious, with high ceilings and massive doors, the windows being equally large and grated with iron bars like jail windows. The floors are of marble or tile, and the walls are generally bare, though in some residences they are hung with choice paintings by old masters, and other ornaments of value.

The floors of the sleeping rooms, dining room and kitchen are all paved with marble or tiling, some of them made attractive with gay designs. The furniture is exceedingly simple, as a rule. Iron bedsteads, always single, each being surmounted by a framework of iron to support the necessary mosquito net, are the only kind used. A small drugget of gay patterns may be spread in the middle of a good-sized room, or a foot rug may be laid before the bed. Mahogany furni-

ture is that most generally seen, three or four pieces completing the set. Permanent clothes-presses are not built in the houses, large and oftentimes really elegant mahogany wardrobes being substituted.



THE OLDEST COFFEE HOUSE IN PORTO RICO

The building on the right belongs to Señor Juan Amil, who owns a number of coffee plantations near Maricao Porto Rico. The Amil coffee house was established in 1747, and is the oldest institution of the kind on the island.

Around the court there is built for each story an iron balcony, with marble or tiled floor. This avoids the necessity of hallways within the house. The sleeping-rooms are entered from this balcony, and upon it more or less of family sociability is enjoyed during the spare hours of the day or evening. Two-story houses also have front balconies, on which the family may congregate.

Some of the rooms in the better class of residences in Ponce and San Juan are veritable salons, beautifully finished in white marble, with wall decorations to match, and giving evidence of a degree of wealth and splendor in striking contrast with the outside indications of squalor and poverty. It is really an agreeable surprise to enter one of these aristocratic residences.

The French style of cooking prevails among all the better classes, and the cook never condescends to do any other kind of work. Everything is fried and reeks with oil, but the acids of the wines, which are used sparingly, appears to counteract in part the effect produced by too free a use of oil in the food. The meals are served in courses of five or six numbers, and the time consumed in disposing of them is devoted



ROAD FROM PONCE TO PORT PONCE

The city of Ponce some distance from the bay, which is reached over an excellent wagon road, lined nearly all the way with the dense green verdure of the tropics.

to pleasant social intercourse, a custom that busy Americans might borrow with profit to themselves.

It is the rule to burn the coffee until it is almost black, which gives a bitter taste to the decoction, but adds to the relish after one becomes used to it. For breakfast it is taken half black coffee and half boiled milk, but at intervals during the day the natives drink the plain black coffee, so strong and bitter as to resemble aloes. Very few of them use any sugar in their coffee, and no refined sugar is sold on the island, that which you see on the tables being of a medium brown color, and damp.

All machinery in the island, of every kind, is of the most primitive character. In some of the mills ox-power is employed, either on treadwheels or in other ways that were familiar to the people of this country a hundred years ago. Ox-teams compete with the coastwise railroads in carrying freights, and are sometimes regarded as the more expeditious of the two.

time he prepares to mount, and yet the burdens that they are made to carry are simply enormous. The natives apparently feel no compassion whatever, although they are not cruel by nature. At one place in Porto Rico it was necessary for our photographer and his assistant to make a special trip some distance into the country. The only outfit they could get was a heavy four-wheeled carriage, somewhat on the order of the Cuban "volante," drawn by a single pony. He was a plump little beast, rather on the cob order, and on this occasion made an average of a little over six miles an hour for four consecutive hours. His load, in addition to the lumbering vehicle—which was all that he should have been required to draw—consisted of three men, a large camera, and a box of photographic plates. His gait was a little, short, jogging trot, which he maintained with unvarying rhythm throughout the trip. He never stopped, or varied, or hesitated. His feet struck the ground with the uniform regularity of clockwork. No whip was used to urge



VIEW IN COMMERCIO STREET, PONCE.

This is one of the principal business streets of Ponce, and representative crowds of the islanders are always to be seen upon it.

Thoughtless cruelty to animals is one of the lamentable features of the Porto Rican character. They do not intend to be cruel, but that does not lessen the pain inflicted. They fail to appreciate the fact, for instance, that the system of lashing the yoke to the horns of their oxen produces constant and intense pain; neither do they seem to realize that it greatly reduces the effectiveness of the animals. This custom prevails all over the islands, and was borrowed, like many other evil things, from Spain, where it has existed for centuries.

The horses are treated no better than the oxen, and except for the fact that their muscles are like iron they would sink beneath the burdens that are placed upon them. It is a common sight to see one of these little runts of ponies carrying from one to three sacks of coffee with a full-grown man perched on top of the load. They are so small that an American feels like apologizing every

time he prepares to mount, and yet the burdens that they are made to carry are simply enormous. The natives apparently feel no compassion whatever, although they are not cruel by nature. At one place in Porto Rico it was necessary for our photographer and his assistant to make a special trip some distance into the country. The only outfit they could get was a heavy four-wheeled carriage, somewhat on the order of the Cuban "volante," drawn by a single pony. He was a plump little beast, rather on the cob order, and on this occasion made an average of a little over six miles an hour for four consecutive hours. His load, in addition to the lumbering vehicle—which was all that he should have been required to draw—consisted of three men, a large camera, and a box of photographic plates. His gait was a little, short, jogging trot, which he maintained with unvarying rhythm throughout the trip. He never stopped, or varied, or hesitated. His feet struck the ground with the uniform regularity of clockwork. No whip was used to urge

him on, no pull was made on the lines to hold him in. It was the gait to which he had been trained, and he knew nothing else; and when he rounded up at the end of the journey he was apparently as chipper and fresh as when he started.

The trip was one long to be remembered. Mr. Townsend was dressed in the costume of a Porto Rican dandy—that is to say, white shirt and trousers, held in place by a fancy leather belt, white canvas shoes and an immense palm-leaf hat turned up in front and falling down low over the shoulders. It was a costume to attract attention anywhere in the world, and it made an impression on the susceptible Porto Ricans that they will remember while they live. The whole journey was an ovation, bordered with a ripple of good-humored smiles. Bright-eyed señoritas waved dainty white handkerchiefs from balconies and barred windows, sedate workmen stopped to look and shout "Viva Americano!" and the small boy



THE BAY AT PORT PONCHE

Showing U. S. warships at anchor, and infantry preparing to embark for home.

resolved himself into an appreciative roadside audience. The natives evidently supposed that our handsome young photographer was some millionaire American traveling for pleasure.

But all this did not help the feelings of the pony nor alleviate the cruelty of his treatment. These ponies are a race by themselves, and deserve much better than they receive. They are gentle as a pet dog, they never kick or bite or plan unseemly tricks of any kind. They seem to understand that the cruelty inflicted upon them is not intentional, and hence they do not resent it. In the

towns the pony receives almost as much consideration as a member of the family. He enters through the front door and has a stall adjoining the kitchen. When not tied or confined in the stall he wanders about the courtyard, pokes his head familiarly into the kitchen window to inquire when his dinner will be ready, and on occasions when the disposition moves him he walks into the family room and makes himself at home. And yet when it comes to the performance of his regular duties he is loaded beyond his strength and ridden or driven at a speed that destroys his vitality and makes



GENERAL VIEW IN ONE OF THE BUSINESS STREETS OF PONCHE.

Before the war there were very few saloons in any of the Spanish Islands, but since the American occupation saloon signs are common sights in all the principal towns. They seem to be the pioneers of Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

an old pony of him at middle age. These are some of the paradoxes of the Porto Rican character. The pony is also subjected to numerous indignities, some of which must be very humiliating to his pardonable pride in his aristocratic lineage—for he sprang from the pure-blooded Arabian stock. For instance, when the roads are bad and the yellow mud sticks like glue, the Porto Rican braids the tail of his pony and ties it up over his back to the saddle or the harness, giving him a ludicrous appearance that is calculated to excite the mirth of all light-minded spectators. It would seem that no self-respecting horse could stand such treatment without some show of resentment, but these even-tempered ponies take it all in good part and cheerfully acquiesce in every indignity that is imposed upon them. Among the mountains, where the ponies are employed in carrying coffee, they are tied together in long processions, one's head to another's tail, and thus with one man at the head of the column to serve as a leader, they wind their way down.

At the time of the American occupation there was but one steam railway in operation in the island. This extended from San Juan to Camuey, beyond Arecibo, on the north coast. The strip of road from Mayaguez to Aguadilla is referred to by the Insular Commission as a "tram," and the same designation is applied to the other strip from Ponce to Yauco. The original intention was to build a coast-line road all around the island, but appearances indicate that the tracks were laid on the level spots only and dropped out where the land was hilly. The contract was let many years ago to a French company, under a very liberal concession from the Spanish government. The company was to construct a



A CIGAR FACTORY IN PONCE.

This establishment manufactures the celebrated "La Internacional" cigar, large quantities of which are shipped annually to Germany and other foreign countries.

and fairly well upholstered; the second-seats, while the third-class are furnished lengthwise of the cars from end to end the middle. The engine with coal, which is loaded baskets. Long stops are and an alarm bell is always starts. When the Americans

class have plain pine with benches running on either side and in furnaces are heated into the tenders with made at every station, rung before the train came, the company



MARINA STREET, PONCE.

All the principal wholesale houses have branch offices in this street, and most of the foreign shipping is done from here.

belt line around the island, at a cost of \$30,000 per mile, under a guarantee of eight per cent interest on the cost of construction. This explains the disconnected manner in which the work was done. The tracks were laid only where the ground was level and no grading or cuts required. It cost very little to do this work, for which the company received eight per cent interest at the rate of \$30,000 per mile. The Spanish officers, who probably stood in with the company, approved each section as it was completed, and the concession was paid by laying an additional tax on the people of Porto Rico. It was one of the numerous schemes by means of which the government bled the public for the enrichment of its favorites. The tracks are narrow gauge, and the little toy locomotives and cars are a curious combination of the European and American patterns. The first-class coaches are cushioned in leather

asked permission to continue operating the road, offering to surrender one half of its guarantee and accept a dividend of four per cent from our Government on the amounts it claimed to have invested. This would have been a good bargain for the company, for four per cent is probably all it ever received under the Spanish regime, and the actual cost of the road could not have been a fourth part of the amount claimed. But there is not the least probability that our Government will fall into this neatly constructed French-Spanish trap.

Numerous enterprises in the way of railroads and street car lines are under way or contemplated, and in this respect Porto Rico will soon be thoroughly Americanized.

An American express company was organized soon after the occupation, with its chief offices in San Juan, and lines of wagons



TRANSPORTS AND WAGONS AT PORT PONCE.

The U. S. Quartermaster's wagons shown in the photograph have just arrived from San Juan, over the Military Road, being the first American vehicles to cross the island. They made the trip—52 miles—in three days.

running to the principal points on the island. A line of automobiles was also placed on the road between San Juan and Ponce, and great reductions made both in the fare and the length of time between the two points. Similar lines will pay well in other portions of the island as soon as good roads are established.

During the early part of the present year (1900), the military authorities built a good wagon road from the Utuado and Adjuntas coffee districts, in the mountains, to Ponce, thus affording easier access to the sea and rendering it no longer necessary to transport the crops over the trails on pack animals. Many of the coffee plantations suffered so severely from the hurricane that this product will be light for two or three years, but the area planted to trees

is being increased and the future of this industry is more promising than it ever was in the past. Americans accustomed to the careful cultivation which makes a coffee plantation in other countries appear like a model farm, can hardly convince themselves that the Porto Rican farm is under cultivation at all. It looks more like a hillside covered with scraggy saplings. One American prospector rode for an hour through a coffee plantation and thought all the while he was in a wilderness.

The growing of sugar cane is necessarily confined to the valleys, and each valley prides itself on being the most productive region in Porto Rico. To a stranger's eye there is but little difference between them. South of the mountains irrigation has



LOADING SHIPS WITH COFFEE.

The coffee sacks are loaded into lighters and floated out to the ships, which lie at anchor in the bay, the water being too shallow for large vessels to approach the docks. This is the celebrated Utuado coffee, which is claimed to be the best in the world, and commands special markets in several European countries.

to be resorted to, and the fertility of the respective valleys depends largely upon their facilities in this respect. None of the sugar plantations will compare with those of Cuba or Hawaii; but nevertheless they are of such importance as to constitute one of the greatest industries of this island. Their area is necessarily limited, and it seems unreasonable to suppose that their total production will ever cause serious competition with similar industries in the United States. Only about one-half of the land adapted to the growth of sugar cane is yet devoted to this product, and when the remainder shall have been brought under cultivation, and improved methods applied, a marvelous change will be wrought in the material interests of the island.

Shell-fish are abundant in Porto Rico, but they are so affected by the warm climate as to be inferior in quality. The oyster, to be crisp and tender, must have frost and ice, whether he takes any particular interest in the letter "R" or not. The rivers, bays and inlets are well stocked with many varieties of fine fish, but these are forbidden to the people by the land owners, who claim ownership also of the water courses. Turtles abound in the shallows and reefs, and upon the sandy

came into possession of the island there were between 1,500 and 2,000 persons confined in the various jails awaiting trial, and an equal or greater number on the outside, subject to call under criminal charges. Many of the prisoners in the jails were confined on the most trifling accusations. In one of those institutions a man was found who had been imprisoned for twenty-one months for stealing a pan of beans; another had been in jail for a similar length of time because some one possessing influence with the government said he had stolen a loaf of bread worth two cents; another had been awaiting trial for twenty months charged with stealing half a bunch of bananas, worth about eight cents. One of the most peculiar cases was that of a man who had been confined for a period of seventeen months on the charge of stealing a chicken. The Insular Commission made a special investigation of this man's case and succeeded in bringing to light the following curious facts: The chicken named in the charge was a fighting cock, and therefore a bird of special value in the estimation of all Porto Ricans. Vegas, the prisoner, had loaned the owner of the chicken a dollar and a half, and taken the bird as security. While so holding it he yielded to the promptings of his sporting



EXPORTING RUM AND MOLASSES TO SPAIN.

A large business is done at Ponce in the exportation of rum and molasses; also dried fish, which are shipped in great quantities to Havana and other points

beaches, and they are put to all sorts of uses, from the chief composition of an excellent soup to the manufacture of a peculiar and very beautiful walking cane. In the making of these canes the shell of a species of turtle known as the "carey" is used. First a strong stick is cut the desired length of the cane; then the shell of the turtle is boiled until it becomes a thin liquid, and into this the stick is dipped and allowed to cool. The process is repeated until the beautiful tortoise shell covering is of the proper thickness, after which the cane is polished, fitted with a head and ferrule and is then ready for sale. The usual price for such a cane is \$4 to \$5. Another curiosity in the form of a cane is made of the dried skin of the manatee, or sea cow. The skin is as transparent as glass, and when rightly prepared is flexible, but strong enough to be used as a rapier. These canes, mounted with gold or silver, are very handsome, as well as expensive, the price asked being sometimes as much as \$50.

One of the worst features of the Spanish administration in Porto Rico was the manipulation of the criminal law to suit the purposes of malice, vengeance or avarice. When the Americans

disposition and carried the cock to the pit, where it was killed in a fight that ensued. Thereupon the owner preferred charges against Vegas and had him arrested, with the result above named. It is probable that the owner of the bird was a man of influence in sporting circles, and that he brought this influence to bear upon the Spanish judges for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on his creditor.

In numerous instances prisoners had been arrested on pretenses of the most flimsy and ridiculous character. For instance, one poor creature was unearthed who had been in jail five months for stealing an empty sack, probably to help cover his nakedness; and another was discovered who had been imprisoned for twenty-two months without accusation of any kind, and neither the man nor the prison officials knew what he was charged with or why he had been arrested. Another man was found who had been confined for nearly seven years awaiting trial, and he was then and had been during the entire period demanding that he might be heard in his own defense. One of the most pathetic cases was that of a man named Lasalle, in the jail at Mayaguez, where he had lain for

nineteen months awaiting trial on the charge of stealing a sack of coffee. This man had a family of five children dependent upon him for support, who were reduced to the verge of starvation by the protracted imprisonment of their father. The Commission found a probable explanation of these outrageous abuses in the fact that the prison boards received an allowance for the care of prisoners, and most of this allowance went into the pockets of the officials. Immediately following the discovery of these conditions the American military authorities ordered a general delivery of the prisons, and all persons against whom there were no specific charges, or mere trivial accusations, were set free. Such a jail delivery was never heard of before, and it brought satisfaction and pleasure to the hearts of all except the prison-keepers, whose profits were regulated by the number of their official boarders.

The people were not only imprisoned on trivial charges, or none at all, but they were taxed for many things that they did not get, and every conceivable form of taxation was invented to force money out of them for the enrichment of those who were in power. Reforms in this respect were quickly instituted by the Americans. But Spain had practically wrung the island dry, and this was followed by the destructive hurricane of 1899, which laid waste plantations, factories and houses, and reduced thousands

even of the most wealthy to poverty and beggary. Many of the plantations had previously been mortgaged to Spanish money-lenders for as much as they would carry, and these men, believing that there would be a rapid advance in property values under the new order of things, manifested a disposition to take advantage of their opportunity and acquire titles at forced sales. But at this juncture the Government interposed and protected the planters by giving them a year's grace in which to meet their obligations.



A FAMILIAR SCENE ON THE ROAD BETWEEN PONCE AND PORT PONCE



GROUP OF CIGARETTE FACTORY EMPLOYEES IN PONCE.

There are over 500 girls and boys employed in one of the Ponce factories, who live in the cottages shown in the photograph. The dirt heap in the middle of the street is an indication of the conditions that existed in such quarters during the Spanish era.

Nevertheless great suffering ensued. Educated and refined women who had been reared in affluence and luxury were obliged to depend on public relief for the necessities of life. During the transition of the government, and while Congress delayed in establishing the trade conditions of the island, the crops of two years, which had escaped the storm's destruction, accumulated in warehouses, deteriorated in value and were practically worthless so far as immediate relief was concerned.

When the wealthiest people of the island were forced to become recipients of charity, it is hard to imagine the wretched condition of the poor, who have always been accustomed to living on the results of each day's labor. Actual starvation on an appalling scale would have resulted except for the generous liberality of the people of the United States, who contributed millions of dollars to the relief of the tax-ridden and storm-crushed people of Porto Rico.

monasteries—does not include such common branches as arithmetic and cooking. Their rearing is so different from that of the independent and practical American girl that it is hard for any one in this country to understand or appreciate its purpose.

When womanhood draws near they are sent to Madrid or Paris to acquire that touch of European polish without which the high-born maid of Porto Rico would fall just a shade short of perfection in the eyes of her adoring parents. By this system do the families of Porto Rico perpetuate a race of women endowed with all the old-fashioned ambitions. Shut within the walls of their beautiful gardens, screened from all gaze of strangers, they have no more concern with the world than a flock of caged singing birds.

On these graceful creatures falls the most cruel share of the burdens of poverty, and all the more cruel because they are so entirely unprepared to meet it.



THE U. S. CUSTOM HOUSE AT PONCE.

The carts are from the plantations in the interior of the island, bringing rum, coffee, bananas, pineapples, and other tropical products to the port for shipment to foreign countries.

Spanish social customs have always prevailed in the island. Wealthy families not only rear their daughters in an atmosphere of idle luxury, which unfits them for the hard, practical duties of life, but they grow up in the midst of a seclusion almost as rigid as that of a nunnery. They are taught the graceful accomplishments, but remain ignorant of the great outside world and its sorrows and hardships. Embroidery, music and painting are the pursuits that occupy the fragrant mornings and the dreamy afternoons. Every luxury is supplied, and the duenna is always at hand to see that no improprieties occur. Even the smallest duties of household work are performed by servants. The daughters live in indolence and luxurious ease, constantly attended by deft-handed maids and waited upon at every turn. If they were princesses royal they could not receive more careful and devoted service. Their education, conducted by governesses and tutors—often by lay brothers from the

An American writer who attended an aristocratic ball in San Juan thus describes these beautiful, modest, but helpless Porto Rican girls:

"I have never seen better types of pure Latins or Spanish. It was a Caucasian crowd and a remarkably good-looking one. I venture you have never seen a prettier sight. They are straight and slender and every one is a brunette. What beautiful hair they have, and what a lot of it! It is as black as the patent leather shoes of the men, except where it has been dusted with powder and turned thereby, for the evening, to gold. How well the hair is put up! It is dressed in a knot just back of the crown, and is puffed out a la pompadour, so that it makes the dear little heads of the maidens look larger.

"Now cast your eye at the faces. Are they not sweet? They are full of fun, but refined. They look like nice girls, good girls, modest and pure, as I doubt not they are. See how they laugh



A LONE SOLDIER.

Early one morning, while looking about Ponce in quest of news, Mr. Olivares came upon this lone soldier, leaning against the fence that surrounds the Plaza and suffering from a severe attack of home sickness. He took his picture and at the same time secured a very fine view of the Plaza and a portion of the Cathedral.

and chat with their partners, and how they keep up the dance throughout the evening. It is only while dancing that they have the chance of being alone with their beaux, for, according to Spanish custom, when they sit down they must take their places by their married sisters, mothers or aunts, who act as duennas.

"What pretty eyes they have! They are large, black and liquid, with long lashes and rather heavy brows, which are accentuated by their pale brunette faces.

"Notice how they use their fans. Every girl has one, and she keeps it always in motion. She fans herself three times and then with a twist of the wrist throws

tion that these beautiful exotics will produce when they visit their practical and matter-of-fact sisters of the great modern Republic.



A PLANTER'S HOME NEAR PONCE.

There are many large estates in this part of the island, and the planters live a life of ease and luxury, surrounded by every comfort that could be desired.

the folds of the fan together. Another twist and it is open in the opposite way and she is fanning herself most coquettishly. These girls could teach us a great deal in the fan language."

The women of the aristocratic class of Porto Rico represent the higher and better civilization of Spain as it existed a hundred years ago. Born and reared in their secluded isle, they have neither receded nor advanced, but remain to-day just what their mothers were three generations ago. We can imagine the unique sensa-



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